Collier's

AUGUST 24, 1946

TEN CENTS

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW

by FRANCES PERKINS

page 11

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Color Photograph by Léon DeVos

"TRIUMPH" Valiant

—THE HE-MAN'S QUALITY PEN!
A WORD TO THE WIVES IS SUFFICIENT

SHEAFFER'S

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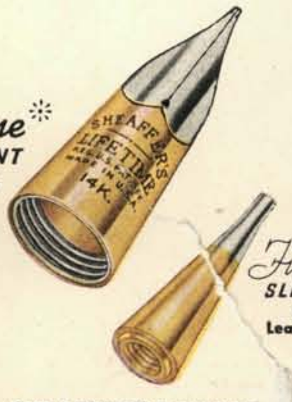
"TRIUMPH" PENS • Fineline Pencils



The *Lifetime** POINT

Unconditionally Guaranteed For First User's Lifetime Without Repair Charges if sent to Sheaffer factory!

New *Fineline* SLEEVE TIP°

Reduces Lead Breakage!

Lady, here's the perfect gift for that man of yours—Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" Valiant! It's big and rugged, yet graceful and finely balanced. The cylindrical, 14-K gold *Lifetime** POINT is stronger, smoother, longer-lasting! The "TRIUMPH" Valiant is the pen of dignity, of bearing, of performance-perfection never before equalled in a writing instrument!

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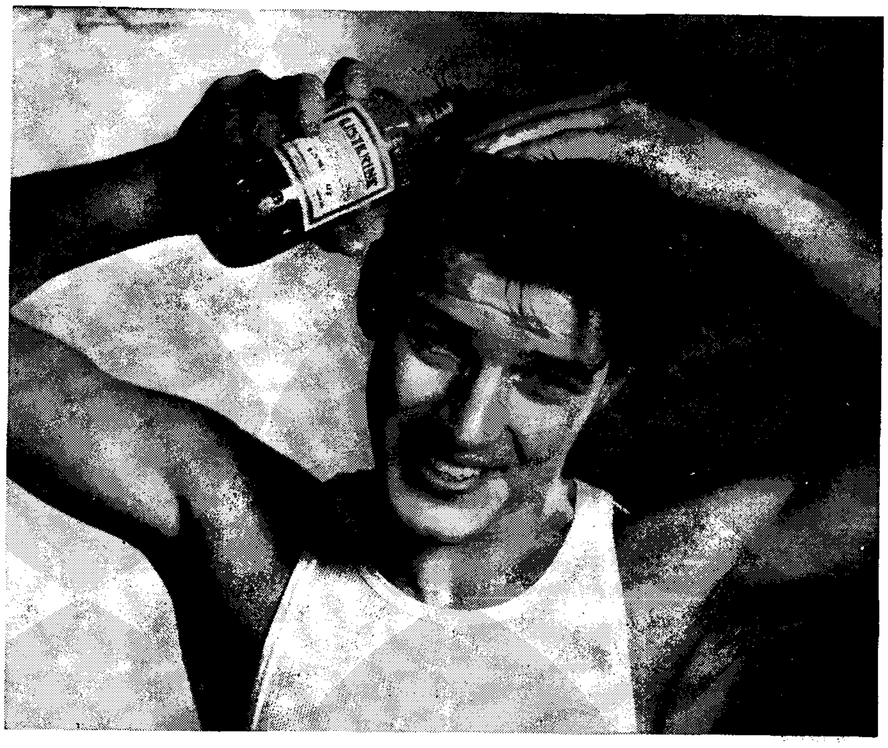
LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S PARADE · th Carmen Cavallaro—NBC *Complete Network:* 2 P.M. Eastern Standard Time; 3 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time.

It's getting to be a weekly "Must" with men

"You bet I use Listerine Antiseptic and massage every time I wash my hair! I'm no dummy! I know how common and how catching infectious dandruff can be, and how hard it is to get rid of. And, in my book, Listerine Antiseptic is a jim-dandy precaution as well as a slick twice-a-day treatment. Nothing complicated about it at all . . . it's as easy as it is delightful.

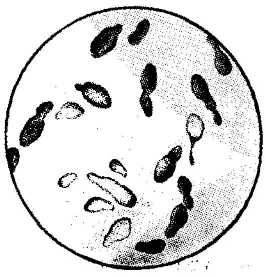


"It's really fun to use Listerine Antiseptic; no greasy salves, no smelly lotions—just good clean Listerine Antiseptic doused on full-strength. Right away the old scalp gets a real antiseptic bath that makes it feel simply great. And, get this: Listerine Antiseptic kills the stubborn 'bottle bacillus' by millions. That's the baby that a lot of top scalp experts say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

"Next comes vigorous fingertip massage. That's to loosen those ugly flakes and scales that embarrass a guy. I let Listerine Antiseptic stay on as long as I can. Boy, is my scalp clean! And does it feel wonderful! No wonder men go for this routine! And don't think the little woman overlooks it either. She knows a good thing when she sees it.

"No kidding! It's a grand and glorious feeling to realize that your scalp and hair look fresher and are fresher. It's satisfying to know that you've taken a swell precaution against the infectious type of dandruff which can be such a doggone nuisance. All I can say to every man is, try Listerine Antiseptic. You'll like it!"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Infectious Dandruff



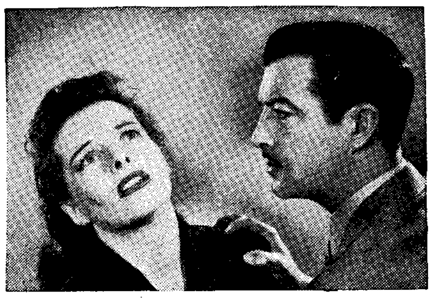
This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
KATHARINE ROBERT
HEPBURN • TAYLOR
ROBERT MITCHUM
in
"UNDERCURRENT"

Screenplay by EDWARD CHODOROV
Based on a story by THELMA STRABEL

Produced by......PANDRO S. BERMAN
Directed by....VINCENTE MINNELLI



We spent last night seeing M-G-M's new film, "Undercurrent". And we haven't shaken off its spell even yet. We spent the greater part of this morning poring over our well-thumbed dictionary trying to find words to tell you how fascinating it is. We made notes of a flock of fancy words; but, all in all, we failed to find anything that would convey the complete idea of the moods, of the lights and shadows that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

Katharine Hepburn plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love; then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life. In the midst of attempting to describe the strangeness and beauty of this breathtaking romance, it is perhaps superficial to mention Katharine Hepburn's wardrobe, but she wears such attractive clothes with such wonderful grace, that we predict untold millions of sighs of envy.

As for Robert Taylor, most anything in the nature of words about his personality turns out to be understatement. However, we feel it is safe to say that "Undercurrent" not only brings him back to the screen with the finest acting of his career, but produces one of the most sensational male roles in film history. We would be tempering the suspense if we told why we think so. But we feel sure that, having seen him as brilliant young Alan Garroway whose life is haunted by a strange dread, you'll agree that he turns in a very startling and remarkable performance.

Seldom has a cast been chosen with such unerring dramatic judgment as that which brings "Undercurrent" to life upon the screen. And because the story is so exceptional, the dialogue so incisive, we wish to offer a special commendation to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script. And to Pandro S. Berman, who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli, who directed it, go our thanks for a truly amazing and memorable film.

Collier's
FOR AUGUST 24, 1946

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RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
WILLIAM B. HART *Fiction*
MACLENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

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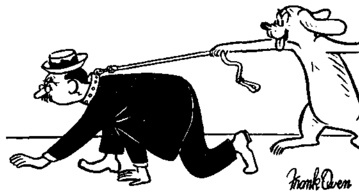
any week

IN OUR current crop of midsummer intelligences we learn that a beautiful young woman is forcibly rescued from drowning in Lake Michigan. She wanted to die because, she said, she was "tired of living in a world of jerks." And a gentleman in Seattle, Washington, having read the political news, threw aside his newspaper, removed his dog's collar, buckled it around his own neck and said to the dog: "Caesar, from now on you do the thinking. From now on you're the boss around here." The Honorable Honus O. Baerbalding of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has written to the United Nations Security Council, resigning from the Human Race and demanding that hereafter in their deliberations all thoughts of him be eliminated. These just as samples.



A LADY informs us that she is about to send us "the first three volumes of my latest work—The Truth About Alcohol and Yale." And Mr. Henri Jules Pinchon IV, of Honolulu, notifies us, among other things, that "I have voted the straight Republican ticket since 1891. I have almost lost faith in the party." Similarly Mrs. Lotta T. Bradlane of Bennington, Vermont, weakens. "Sometimes," says she, "I despair of the bad influence young and unseasoned youth have upon the Republican Party. I am sure, however, that our party will not surrender to the misguided immature."

OF COLUMBUS, Ohio, Mr. Howard Mays pretends to know a young Air Force veteran who, when asked by a gushing auntie what his war job was, said: "As a lowly buck private my job was the least known of all. I was the guy who ran from wing tip to wing tip flashing first a green light and then a red one."

"DURING your wanderings through the South," writes Mr. Clarence E. Bosworth of Providence, Rhode Island, "did you see that anti-inflation sign on the window of the Florida Bank and Trust Company? It reads: Pay Your Bills With Ten Cent Checks. It seemed like a thrifty practice to adopt but the public-utility people and the merchants up here in New England don't seem to like the idea. Probably just another New England reluctance to adopt anything new."

WELL, a few of us old school ties got together the other night to discuss our youth. Kyle Crichton told us that he attended a prep school which cost ten dollars a month for room, board and tuition, which was (Continued on page 64)

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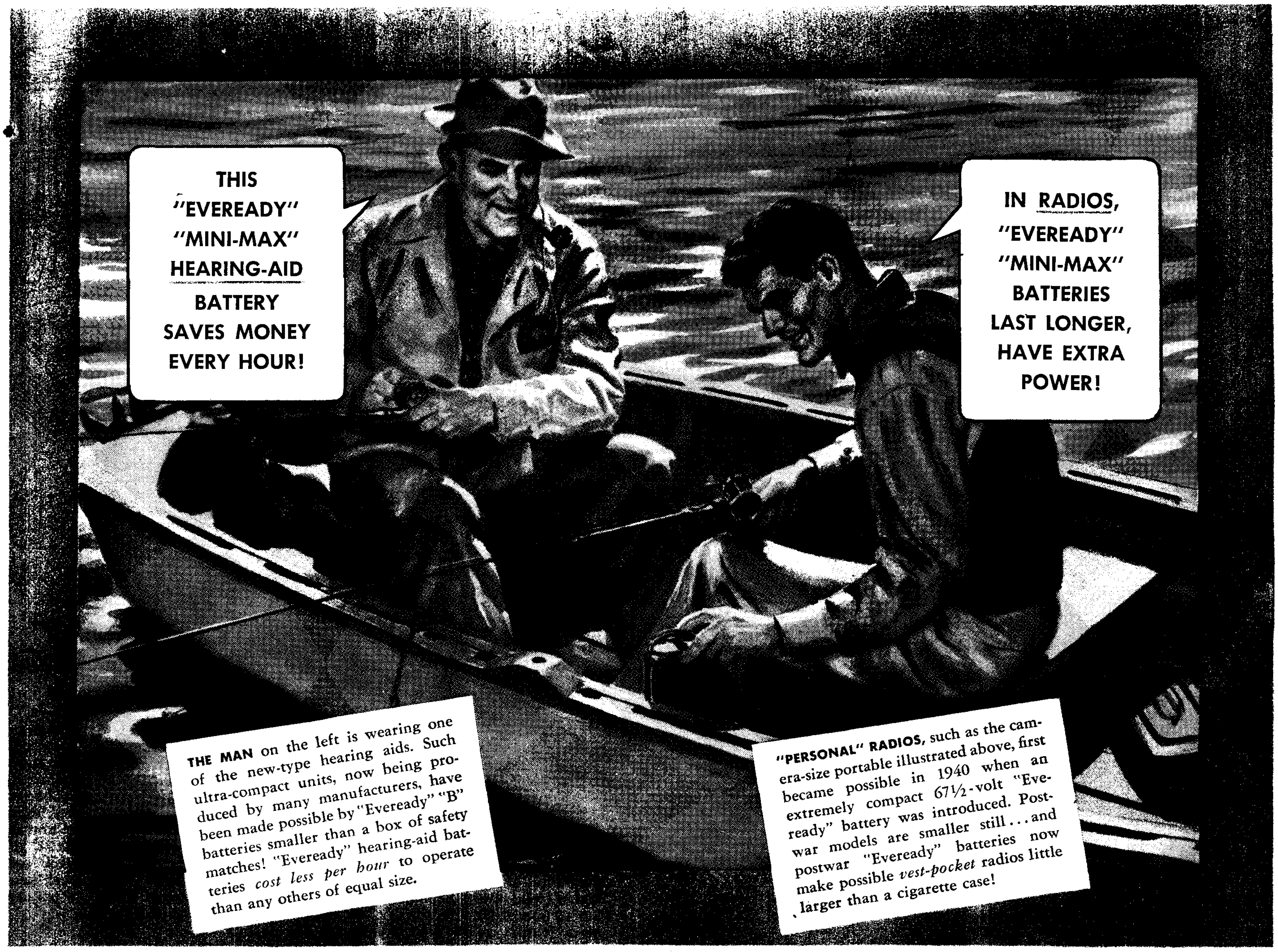
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion


THIS "EVEREADY" "MINI-MAX" HEARING-AID BATTERY SAVES MONEY EVERY HOUR!
IN RADIOS, "EVEREADY" "MINI-MAX" BATTERIES LAST LONGER, HAVE EXTRA POWER!

THE MAN on the left is wearing one of the new-type hearing aids. Such ultra-compact units, now being produced by many manufacturers, have been made possible by "Eveready" "B" batteries smaller than a box of safety matches! "Eveready" hearing-aid batteries *cost less per hour* to operate than any others of equal size.

"PERSONAL" RADIOS, such as the camera-size portable illustrated above, first became possible in 1940 when an extremely compact 67½-volt "Eveready" battery was introduced. Postwar models are smaller still . . . and postwar "Eveready" batteries now make possible *vest-pocket* radios little larger than a cigarette case!

AMAZING "POCKET POWERHOUSES"

outlast other batteries—give you exciting new products!

DOWN ON THE FARM, away from power lines, radios now need no longer be heavy and cumbersome, thanks to the "Eveready" Farm Radio Pack No. 758! This pack permits manufacturers to design farm radios light enough to be carried from parlor to kitchen to barn—yet without sacrifice of battery-life or economy of operation. It's also the modern, lightweight battery unit for most older farm radios using "A-B" Packs.

THE HEART of every hearing aid or battery-powered radio is the "B" battery—the source of its power.

That's why "Eveready" "Mini-Max" "B" batteries—which, because of their radically different construction, pack more power into a given space than any other battery you can buy—are so important.

For new or old hearing aids or radios, you'll want "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name.

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Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
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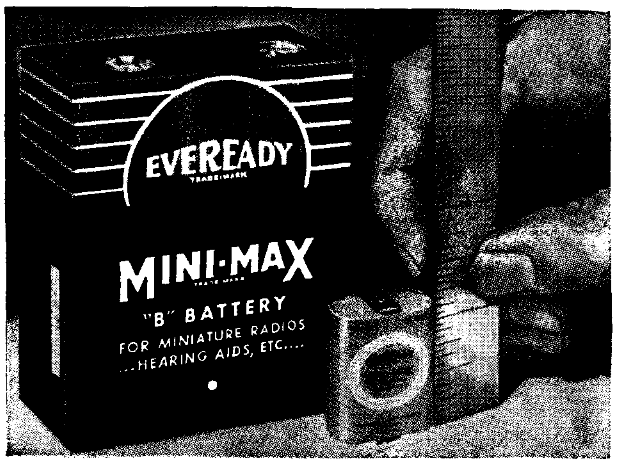
The trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.



(Left) The famous "Eveready" battery No. 467 for camera-size portable radios gives more hours of service than any other battery of equal size. *(Right)* The tiny 15-volt "Eveready" Hearing-Aid battery — less than 1½ inches high. This is one of the developments that made possible the new lightweight single-unit hearing aids.

For *all* types of hearing aids, "Eveready" batteries give you the most economical power — save you money.

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PASTE
JEFF KEATE

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

An unusual method of increasing the value of a book on history or biography is to grangerize it—separate the pages from the binding, insert pertinent pictures, letters and other literature, and then rebind the entire lot. An outstanding example is a copy of Benson Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, now owned by the New York Public Library. Through the insertion of hundreds of items relating to personages and events mentioned in it, this two-volume work was enlarged to ten volumes.

The Parade of the Feast of St. Anthony of Padua, held every September in an Italian section of New York City, has as its main feature a 100-foot monument topped by a large statue of the saint, which is so heavy that about 150 men are needed to carry it.

Fourteen states allow a governor to serve only one term, three states allow two terms, one state three terms and 30 states an unlimited number of terms. Of the 34 governors whose terms expire next January, 27 are eligible for reelection as one is in the second group, one in the third and 25 in the fourth.

Few men have had as many places and things named after them during their lifetime as has Dr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society. Among them are a sea shell discovered in Greenland, a mountain range and a trail in the Antarctic, a lake in Alaska, an island in the Canadian Arctic, a fish and a glacier in Peru and a plant and a mountain peak in China.

One of the largest models of a city ever made in this country is the recently completed miniature replica of downtown Los Angeles, the purpose of which is to aid engineers in planning civic developments. Built on a scale of one inch to 50 feet, the model occupies 576 square feet, contains 65,000 buildings, required 120 man-years of labor and cost $100,000.

At least 1,000,000 American men, including numerous actors, now wear elevating shoes which invisibly increase their height from one to two inches. . . . A human abnormality, so rare that but ten cases are cited in medical literature, causes the afflicted person to weep copiously whenever he eats.

Between 1930 and 1941, an average of 80 summer repertory theaters were operated successfully in the leading summer resorts along the Atlantic seaboard, the majority using reconverted barns, mills and school auditoriums. Closed for four years, these "straw-hat" houses are booming again. More than 100 of them expect to present about 150 old and new plays during the ten-week season of 1946 and many will again feature some famous stage or screen star.

Among virtually all species of salamanders, adults rarely exceed six inches in length and five ounces in weight. Yet the giant salamander that inhabits the mountain streams of China and Japan has been known to attain a length of five feet and a weight of 95 pounds.

Probably no mechanical device operates on as little energy as a lady's small wrist watch, which requires, for example, only about 1-35,000,000th as much power as a 25-watt electric light bulb.

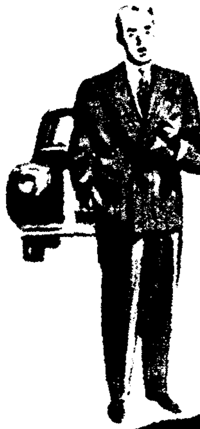
Since the Central Railroad of Georgia installed the first section of welded or "continuous" track in 1930, sixteen other roads have laid varying lengths of it. Yet the total length of welded track in this country today is less than one hundred miles.

Walking downstairs is not an effortless activity as commonly believed, but virtually a strenuous exercise. For example, it requires eight per cent more energy than walking moderately fast at 3.75 miles an hour.

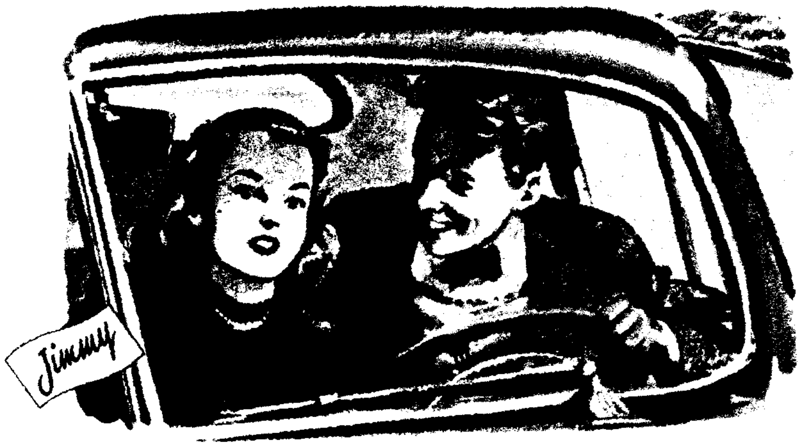
The recently announced 1946 prices of 13 popular makes of American automobiles show an average increase of 15.4 per cent over their 1942 prices. . . . Italy now has a law that prohibits the clergy from urging their congregations to vote for or against a particular person or party in political elections.

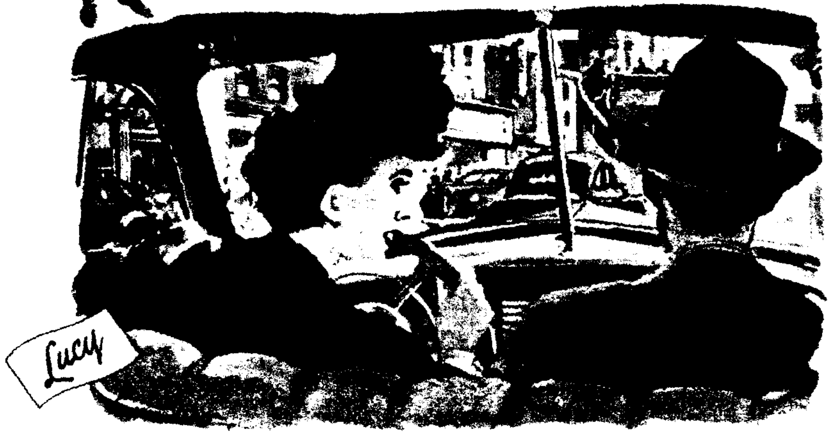
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. *This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission*

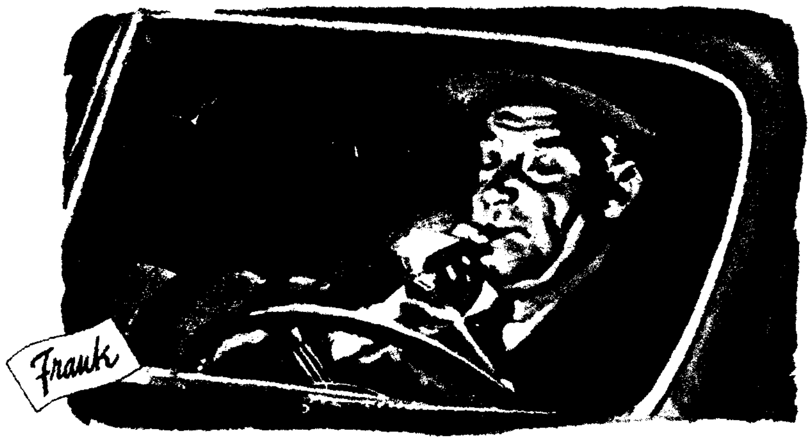
Which of these people would you let drive your new car?

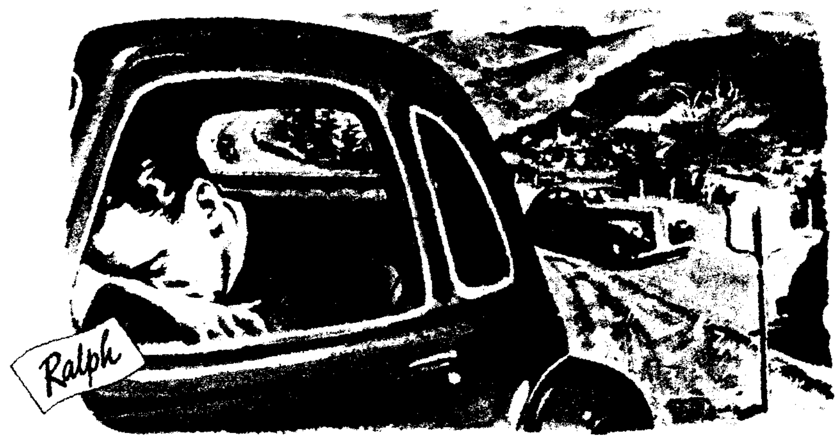


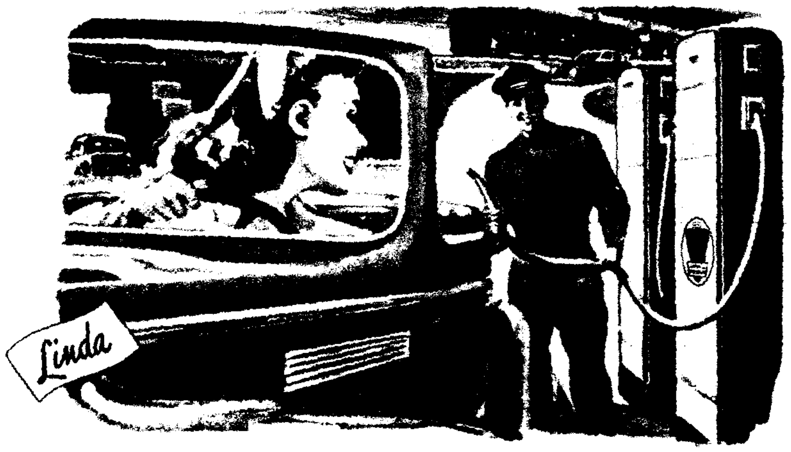
They might be your best friends, but you wouldn't want people to drive your car who were likely to get you into trouble. Three of the five drivers pictured are doing things that stamp them as poor driving risks . . . two are showing extremely good driving sense. As an experienced driver yourself, you shouldn't have much difficulty in picking out the good drivers. Check the names of the people you'd let drive.











ANSWERS

DON'T let Jimmy, Lucy or Frank drive. Here's why:

Jimmy is a nice lad, but a bit too romantic when he's driving. That one-arm technique at the wheel is bad business on today's busy highways . . . and might even rate a summons in many states.

Lucy has the unhappy habit of turning her head and taking her eyes off the road when she has something to say. Even if she were going only 30 miles an hour, she'd travel 225 feet in the five seconds her head is turned.

Frank shouldn't use a flame when the car is in motion. The glare will temporarily blind him. He'd be much safer using an electric or flameless lighter to light his "smoke" . . . and he certainly should keep one hand on the wheel.

IT'S OKAY to let Ralph or Linda drive. Here's why:

Ralph has stopped at the side of the road for a little cat-nap to rest his eyes and avoid fatigue. That's one of the smartest things anybody can do on a long drive, both for the sake of safety and for the enjoyment of the trip.

Linda shows a lot of good driving sense, too. Note that she's getting her gasoline from the pump with the Ethyl emblem. Millions of experienced drivers look for the Ethyl emblem wherever they drive. They know that high-quality gasoline in a properly tuned engine makes for a more responsive car and therefore a safer car. It's the mark of a good driver to *ask for Ethyl.*

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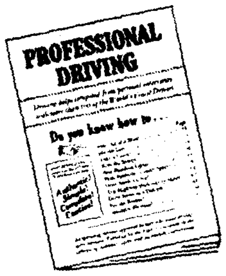

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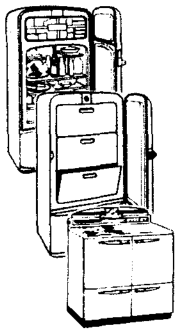

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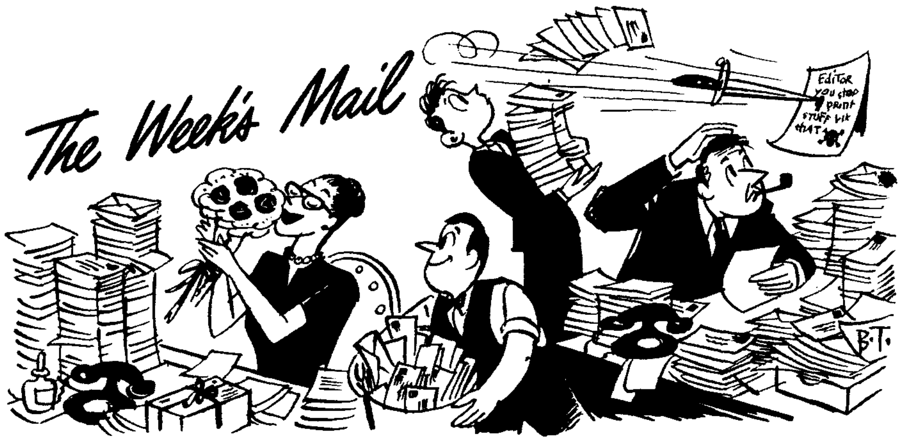
Home Freezers
Electric Ranges

You'll like its fine reproduction of your favorite records . . . the safe, easy treatment it gives them . . . the speedy, sure way it changes them. Plays up to twelve records, automatically. You'll get fine radio performance, too. New improved Superheterodyne circuit. Bass compensation for excellent tone. Beautiful walnut cabinet. See your Admiral dealer, today, and choose your Admiral Radio—America's Smart Set. Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Illinois.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonographs with Automatic Record Changers

The Week's Mail


EDITOR you stop print stuff lik THAT
B.T.

DEAR EDITOR: Your pro-British propaganda piece by Frank Gervasi leaves me cold. Not that I am anti-British—far from it! But I am very definitely anti-anyone who wants to make us pay for the beginning of World War III. World War I was started in Europe. We had to go over there and clean it up, and the only thing we got out of it was the name "Uncle Shylock."

World War II was also started in Europe, and once more we had to go over and clean up. That time we got the name of "Uncle Sucker" for our pains. Now your precious Frank Gervasi wants us to lend Britain more money to establish a precedent on which to base an appeal for a similar loan to Italy on the theory that we need her trade. Nuts!

Is it any wonder that guys (dumb guys like me) are praying for a "Man on Horseback" to lead us out of this mess? We need one to say "No" to those chiselers. C. H. BRUCE
Longmeadow, Mass.

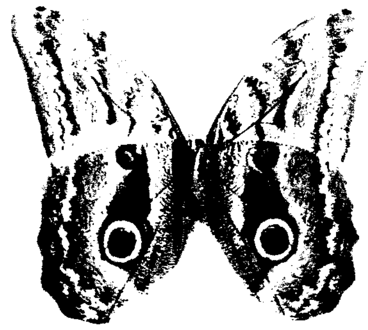
The Gervasi article, Billions for Britain, appeared in the issue of December 22d. Mr. Bruce may recall in the course of his prayers that the two World Wars were started by "Men on Horseback"—including one named Hitler, whose ride ended in "this mess."

DEAR EDITOR: What does Aimee Larkin do on your staff? Your masthead says she's concerned with "distaff." My dictionary says "distaff" means "the staff to which a bunch of flax or tow is tied, and from which the thread is drawn to be spun by the spindle." What does Miss Larkin do? I'd like to know.
WILFORD LEACH
(No address.)

The female members of a family, who once did the spinning, are sometimes referred to as the distaff side. Miss Larkin heads the department handling articles of special interest to women.

DEAR EDITOR: In his article on butterflies (Collier's of July 20th) Don Dornbrook said that the owl's face is found in Mexico. No doubt it is found down there, but I found a specimen in Fall River, Mass., about 3,000 miles from Mexico. LOUIS FINE
Fall River, Mass.

Have any other readers ever found an owl's face, which looks like this?



DEAR EDITOR: During the war we had three men in the service, and I read millions of words about what was going on. But nothing I read had the sheer power and beauty of The Irish Lassie Gets Home. I thrilled to every word of it.
EVALYN WRIGHT STEVENS
Salem, Ohio.

The article that Mrs. Stevens likes appeared in Wing Talk, the issue of July 6th.

DEAR EDITOR: Perhaps Mr. Ira T. Withers of St. Louis, Mo., isn't a golfer. I, too, read the story, Mr. Digney Has a Dream, and enjoyed it very much. As for no golfer ever wearing two gloves, ask a golfer with small hands how tender his right hand becomes from playing too much golf. REECE ALEXANDER
Nocona, Texas.

Mr. Withers stated that no golfer ever wears two gloves. It would seem that he was wrong. We've received many letters correcting him, since publishing his comment in The Week's Mail (July 13th).

DEAR EDITOR: Anent the letter of Mr. Wilson Thorpe, Washington, D. C., saying Jefferson Machamer's cartoon was not for civilized people: Mr. Thorpe lives in Washington, D. C., so what does *he* know about civilized people? Personally I grab Collier's each week *just* to see if there is a Jefferson Machamer cartoon in it. These Machamer cartoons mean a whole lot to me.
JEFFERSON MACHAMER
Santa Monica, Cal.

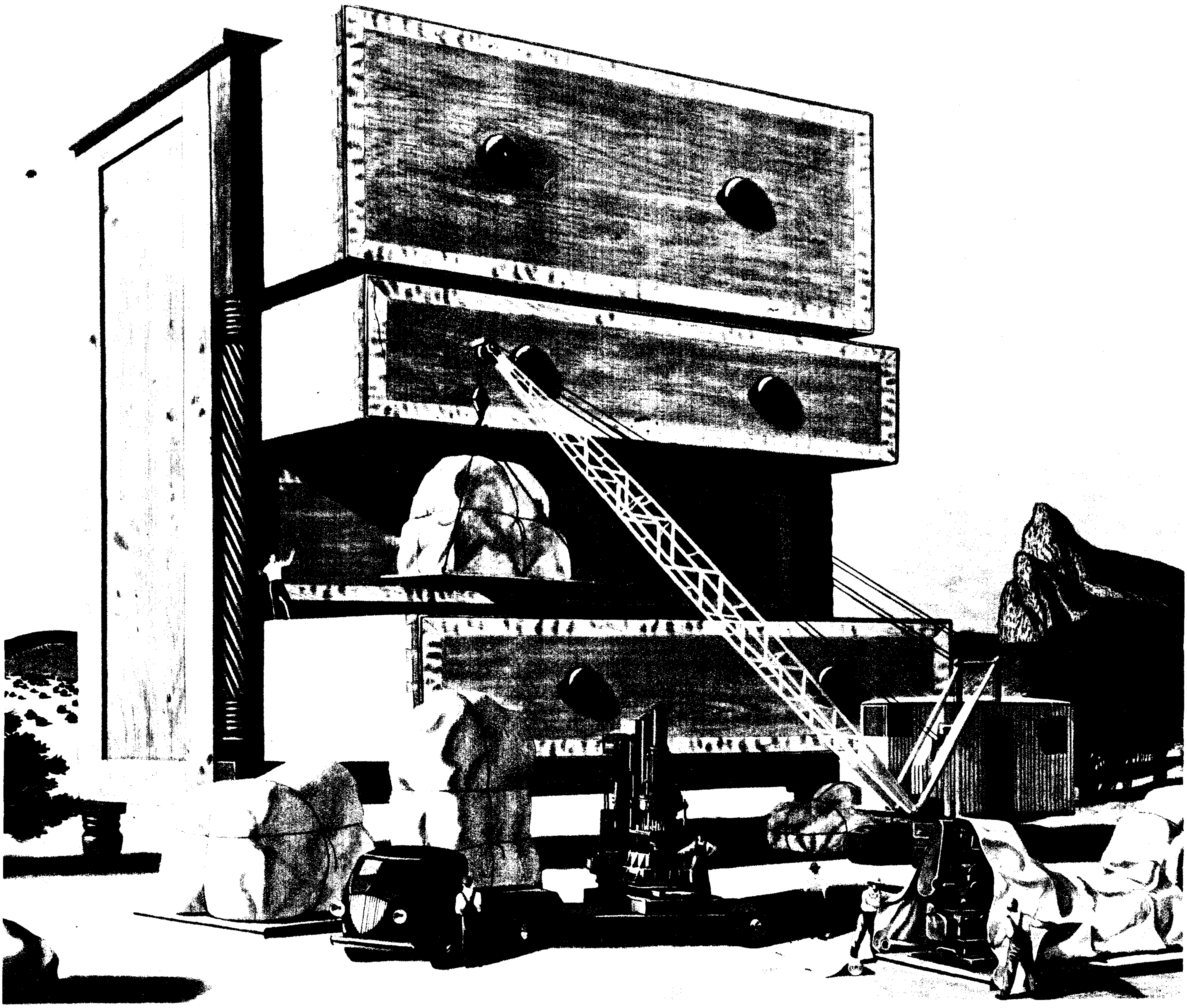
DEAR EDITOR: The article on vivisection by Surgeon General Kirk entitled Mice—Or Men? deserves commendation. It bristles with facts which can easily be substantiated by anyone working in the field of medicine. JOHN C. SCOTT
Professor of Physiology,
Hahnemann Medical College
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations on your new department, The Week's Mail—a definite improvement. I do not feel the same about the article Mice—Or Men? I presume Surgeon General Kirk would have us believe that the 4,400 defenseless creatures used in the atom-bomb test enjoyed the experience. What does he think we are—stupid morons?
F. J. WORRALL
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Can you, by any chance, tell me why a number of Americans of no special distinction are endeavoring to make it appear that General Dwight D. Eisenhower did not prove himself in Africa and Europe to be one of the greatest military leaders, diplomats and grand human beings this country has ever produced?

That he *did* so prove himself, there can be no question.
WILLIAM B. BURROUGHS
Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued on page 80)



LAVENDER AND OLD ARSENIC

WE—THE UNITED STATES—are laying away tools and equipment with more care than a housewife ever gave her woolen blankets . . .

These dismantled, tidied, and rust-proofed machines are critical parts of our 6 billion dollars worth of arsenic . . . parts of the vast American Industrial Plant whose output was poison to the Axis.

Now, under the War Assets Administration, essential instruments and machines—weighing from ounces to tons—are being moved and stored in Government warehouses. Specifications: they must not deteriorate; they must be ready for use when needed.

Shell Research became a major factor in this undertaking well before it began—when Shell scientists developed their Ensis Rust Preventives . . . an outgrowth of their original discovery of a secret ingredient which conquered "black rust" in U. S. Navy turbines.

Ensis Fluids, Oils and Compounds, applied by dipping, spraying, swabbing, or brushing, are "lavender" that will keep our defense machinery "sweet" and in working order. Their anti-rust ingredient welds itself to the metal, forming a protective coating that is virtually part of the metal itself. *And this protection, unlike a packing of grease, doesn't "gum up the works." With the protective "blankets" removed, and the machine reassembled, it's ready to go!*

Helping store away America's essential defense machinery is only one of the big jobs Shell Ensis Rust Preventives are doing. An Ensis fluid is protecting steel sheets against rust in outdoor storage, as they come from the steel mills. Another takes over the protection of product parts, between manufacturing operations, in many factories. Another is the guardian of finished parts—piston rings, pistons, ball bearings—during shipment to the user, and storage before use.

Down on the farm, too, they're using a Shell rust preventive to protect machines and tools—even in outdoor storage—against the robber, rust.

Shell's program for rust prevention is saving everybody's money—*including yours!*

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. . . a remarkable new Shell Gasoline

Just as Shell's rust preventives are a Shell Research "original," Shell Research now brings you a new, finer gasoline for your car. Your motor will prove to you, with your first tankful, that new Shell Gasoline is *4 ways better.*

SHELL

Horizons widen through Shell Research

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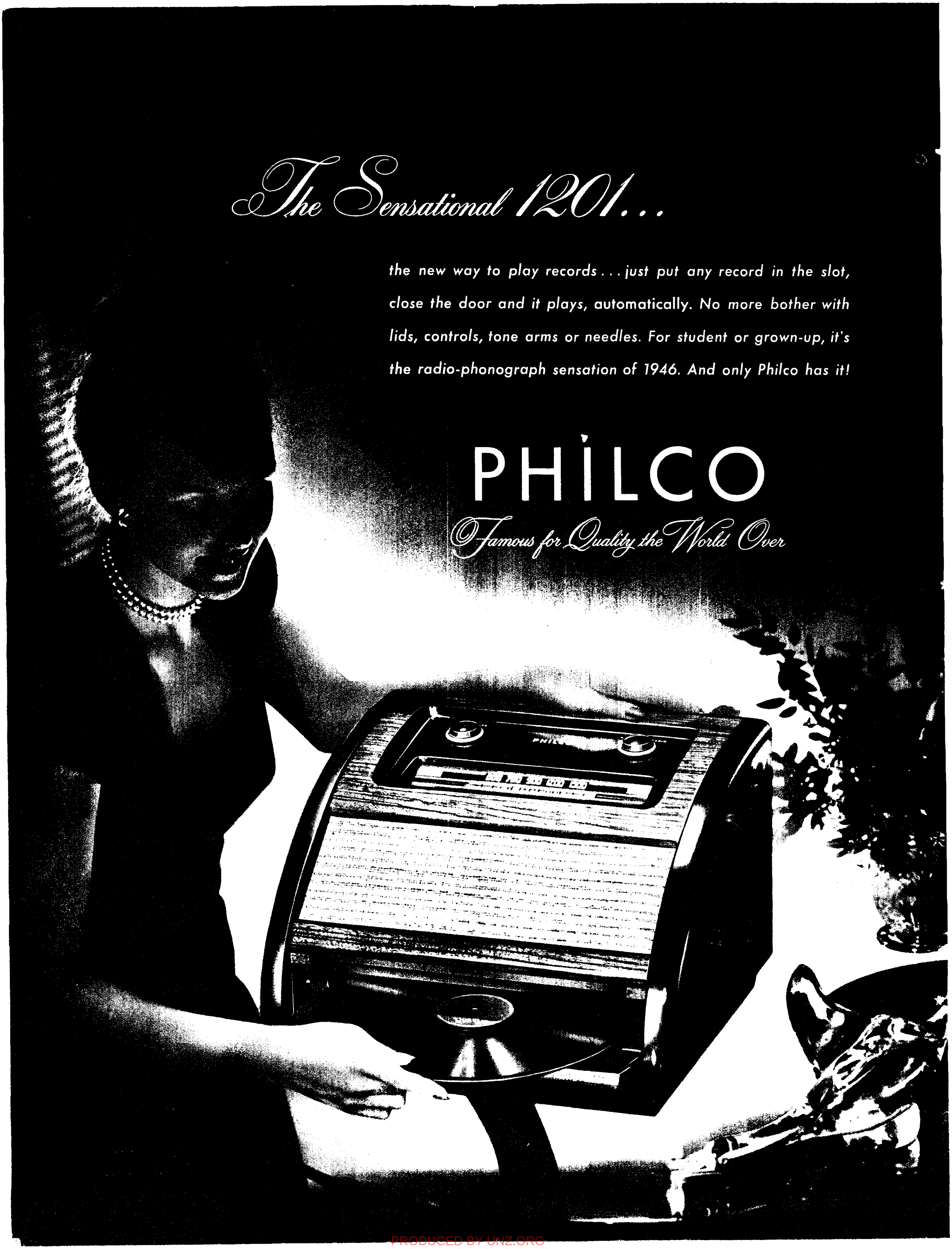

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 24, 1946

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW

BY FRANCES PERKINS

Here begins the first intimate portrait of Franklin Roosevelt by a woman who worked closely with him for nearly 35 years as political colleague, state government officer and Cabinet member. In this installment she tells how he won over Stalin

I: HE LIKED PEOPLE

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT was not a simple man. That quality of simplicity which we delight to think marks the great and noble was not his. He was the most complicated human being I ever knew; and out of this complicated nature there sprang much of the drive which brought achievement, much of the varied sympathies which made him like, and liked by, such oddly different types of people, much of the detachment which enabled him to forget his problems in play or rest, and much of the apparent contradiction which so exasperated those who worked with him expecting "crystal-clear" and unwavering decisions. But this very complication of his nature made it possible for him to have insight and imagination into the most varied human experiences and into physical, social, geographical, economic and strategic circumstances which the times of his later life thrust upon him as responsibilities.

A good example of this skill was demonstrated during the meeting with Marshal Stalin at Teheran. The Russians interested and intrigued Roosevelt. He couldn't get the servants around the house to talk to him. They rendered efficient service, smiled broadly and charmingly, but said nothing. He liked them.

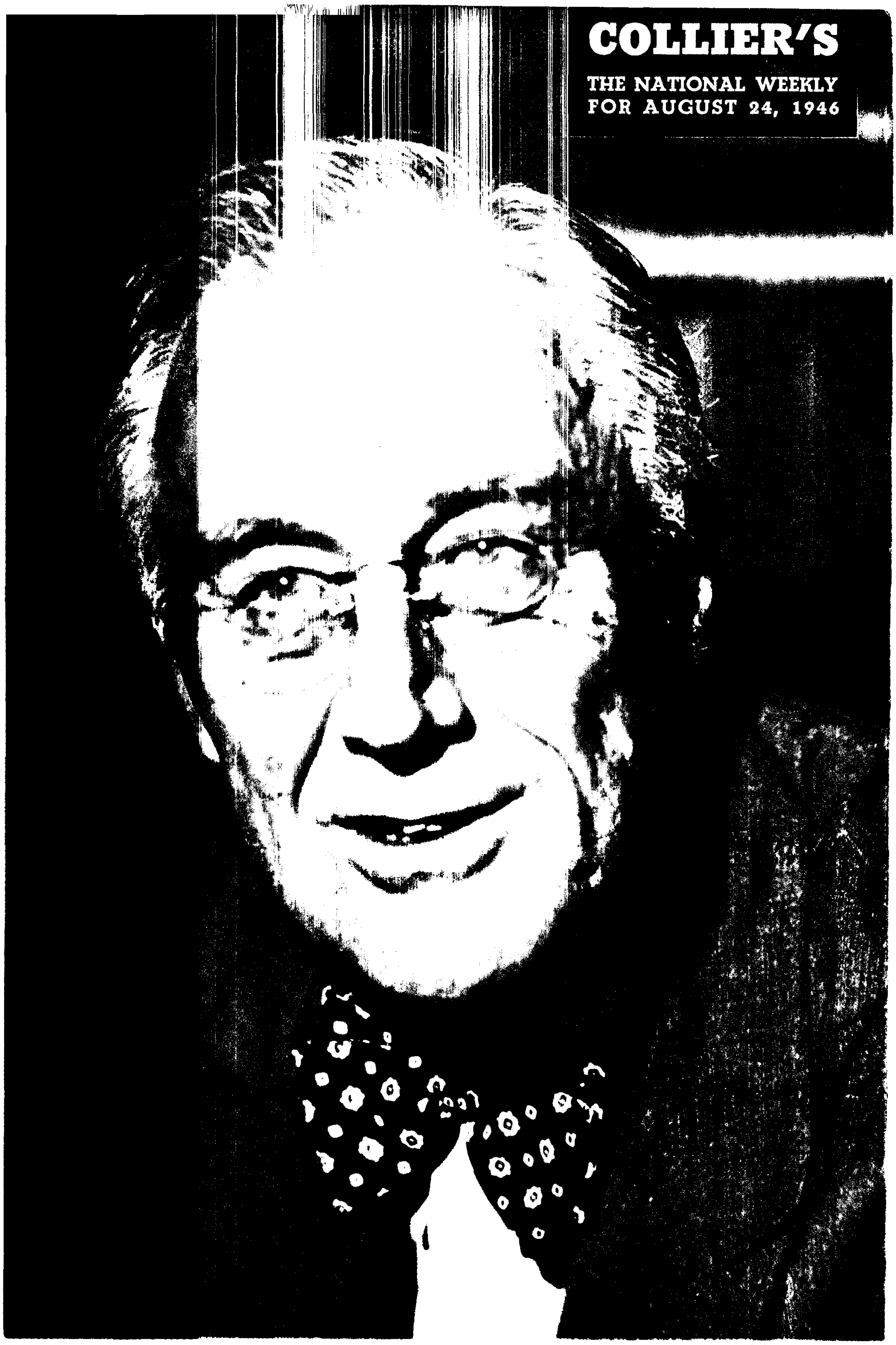
He had gone prepared to like Stalin and determined to make himself liked. He told me the story of his encounter with Stalin while I was trying to talk with him about a particular piece of legislation then in the Congress. He had the look in his eyes I often recognized as being way off somewhere as I tried to talk about the legislation and he replied, "Um-um."

Then suddenly he turned, as he often did, breaking in with what was in his mind. "You know the Russians are interesting people. For the first three days I made absolutely no progress. I couldn't get any personal connection with Stalin, although I had done everything he asked me to do. I had stayed at his embassy, gone to his dinners, been introduced to his ministers and generals. He was correct, stiff, solemn, not smiling, nothing human to get hold of.

"I felt pretty discouraged. If it was all going to be official paper work, there was no sense in my having made this long journey which the Russians had wanted. They couldn't come to America or any place in Europe for it. I had gone there to accommodate Stalin. I felt pretty discouraged because I thought I was making no personal headway. What we were doing could have been done by the foreign ministers.

"I thought it over all night and made up my mind I had to do something desperate. I couldn't stay in Teheran forever. I had to cut through this icy surface so that later I could talk by telephone or letter in a personal way. I had scarcely seen Churchill alone during the conference. I had a feeling that the Russians did not feel right about seeing us conferring together in a language which we understood and they didn't.

"On my way to the conference room that morning we caught up with Winston and I had just a moment



ACME

Many books will be written about Franklin Roosevelt, but no two will give the same picture of him. For no two people saw the same thing in him. It will be many years before a definite biography and true appraisal of Franklin Roosevelt are written. People who knew him and lived in his times are too close to him, and too partisan about him, to have the objectivity necessary for appraisal and history. Those who knew him and his times will write what they knew, saw, felt and understood about him. It will be source material for future historians.

This is not a biography of Roosevelt. It is biased in his favor. The writer agreed with most of his positions and policies and worked for many years in helping to develop, spread and establish them in action. The author is bound to the subject by ties of affection, common purpose and joint undertakings at a critical time. All doubts have been resolved in favor of the subject. Despite Roosevelt's shortcomings, the author, on the whole, respects the methods he used to handle his problems and develop his strength.

—The Author

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

This set of six pictures was taken from a movie made while Roosevelt was speaking over the radio

to say to him, 'Winston, I hope you won't be sore at me for what I am going to do.'

"Winston just shifted his cigar and grunted. I must say he behaved very decently afterwards.

"I began almost as soon as we got into the conference room. I talked privately with Stalin. I didn't say anything that I hadn't said before, but it appeared quite chummy and confidential, enough so that the other Russians joined us to listen. Still no smile.

"Then I said, lifting my hand up to cover a whisper, which had to be interpreted, 'Winston is cranky this morning, he got up on the wrong side of the bed.'

"A vague smile passed over Stalin's eyes and I decided I was on the right track. As soon as I sat down at the conference table, I began to tease Churchill personally about his Britishness, about John Bull, about his cigars, about his habits. It began to register with Stalin. Winston got red and scowled, and the more he did, the more Stalin smiled. Finally Stalin broke out into a deep, hearty guffaw and for the first time in three days I saw light. I kept it up until Stalin was laughing with me and it was then that I called him 'Uncle Joe.' He would have thought me fresh the day before, but that day he laughed and came over and shook my hand.

"From that time on, our relations were personal, and Stalin himself indulged in an occasional witticism. The ice was broken and we talked like men and brothers.

Churchill Presents a Sword

"You know," continued the President, "he was deeply touched by the presentation of the sword which Churchill brought him from the British government. It was a magnificent ceremonial sword on a crimson velvet cushion, and Churchill made one of his best brief speeches. Churchill himself was pretty well worked up with emotion as he expressed the admiration of the British people for the Russians' gallant battle and for Stalin's magnificent leadership.

"As Stalin rose to accept the sword he flushed with a kind of emotional quality which I knew was very real. He put out his hands and took the sword from the crimson cushion and there were tears in his eyes. I saw them myself. He bowed from the hips swiftly and kissed the sword, a ceremonial gesture of great style which I know was unrehearsed. It was really very magnificent, moving and sincere.

"He is a very interesting man. They say he is a peasant from one of the least progressive parts of Russia, but let me tell you he had an elegance of manner that none of the rest of us had.

"Churchill brought along his daughter Sarah to act as a secretary and assistant. Naturally she wasn't in the conferences, but one day we were being photographed for the press, and Sarah came out on the porch where we were sitting, to bring her father something. Marshal Stalin rose at once on the entrance of a lady and looked slightly embarrassed because he wasn't sure who she was.

"Churchill took her by the arm and said, 'Marshal Stalin, may I have the honor to present to you my daughter Sarah?'

"Stalin bowed from the hips, took her hand and kissed it in the old-fashioned, elegant European manner. The rest of us said 'Hello, Sarah,' or 'Howdy.' The contrast was marked and we all somehow felt that the Marshal had the best of that moment."

There was a bond between Franklin Roosevelt and the ordinary men and women of this country—and beyond that, between him and the ordinary men and women of the world. He was profoundly loyal to them, even when good reasons were presented for not carrying out a program that would be beneficial to them. He would examine, appreciate and even understand the arguments against a project: too much of an investment; too much government interference; too much control over people's affairs. He could see the logic but he would say: "Yes, but the people need it. They expect it," and he could not let them down.

His power to associate himself with others came to him rather gradually. He did not have it, for instance, when he held his first political job—as New York State Senator from Dutchess County. I was in Albany at that time as a representative of the Consumers League to work for passage of the 54-hour bill for women, known as the Jackson-McManus bill.

I have a vivid picture of him operating on the floor of the Senate: tall and slender, very active and alert, moving around the floor, going in and out of committee rooms, rarely talking with the members, who more or less avoided him, not particularly charming (that came later), artificially serious of face, rarely smiling, with an unfortunate habit of throwing his head up, which, combined with his pince-nez and great height, gave him the appearance of looking down his nose at most people.

Many stanch old Tammany Democrats in those days felt he did look down his nose at them. I remember old Tim Sullivan, the senator from the Bowery and himself the heart of personal amiability, saying after a bout with Roosevelt, "Awful arrogant fellow, that Roosevelt."

I can see "that Roosevelt" now, standing back of the brass rail, with two or three Democratic senators arguing with him to be "reasonable," as they called it, about something; his small mouth pursed up and slightly open, his nostrils distended, and his head in the air and his cool, remote voice saying, "No, no, I won't hear of it."

I think he started that way, not because he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had a good education at Harvard (which in itself constitutes a political handicap), but because he really didn't like people very much and because he had a youthful lack of humility, a streak of self-righteousness, and a deafness to the hopes, fears and aspirations which are the common lot.

The marvel is that these handicaps were washed out of him by life, experience, punishment, and his capacity to grow. He never wholly forgot these youthful qualities himself. He once said to me when he was President, "You know, I was an awfully mean cuss when I first went into politics."

The change took many years and many experiences. During his campaign for the Vice-Presidency in 1920, for instance, his whirlwind swings around the country taught him that the interest of the people was in their jobs, families, security, rather than in political theories. Party platforms left them cold.

But the greatest change in him was wrought by his long illness. In August, 1921, while the family was at Campobello, New Brunswick, on a summer holiday, Roosevelt was stricken with infantile paralysis. He escaped death by a narrow margin and then, through the force of his indomitable courage, he slowly began to fight his way back to health. In this struggle he had the unselfish support of Mrs. Roosevelt and Louis Howe.

Franklin Roosevelt underwent a spiritual transformation during the years of his illness. I noticed when he came back that there had been a plowing up of his nature. Years of pain and suffering had purged his slight arrogance. The man emerged completely warmhearted, with new humility of spirit and with a firmer understanding of profound philosophical concepts.

After he returned to active politics everyone close to him wondered what effect his affliction was going to have on his ability to appear before masses of peo-

Roosevelt's remarkable ability to make people feel comfortable was clearly demonstrated during the visit of the King and Queen of England. Their physician had thought the trip would exhaust them; instead, it rested them

ACME

When he spoke, Roosevelt talked and acted as though he were face to face with each of his listeners

ple. I got the answer one night during his 1928 campaign for governor of New York when I saw him speak in a small hall in New York City's Yorkville district. The auditorium was crowded. The only entrance to the small stage was up the broad stairway from the street, then down narrow aisles. There was an emergency approach to the stage by way of the fire escape in the rear. This approach was devoid of crowds and was subject to police control. The only possible way for any candidate to enter the stage, without being crushed by the throng, was by the fire escape.

I remember standing in the wings backstage, being among the fifty-odd people who were to sit upon the platform that night. I realized with sudden horror that the only way Roosevelt could get over that fire escape was in the arms of strong men. That was how he arrived.

Those of us who saw this incident, with our hands on our throats to hold down our emotion, realized that this man had accepted the ultimate humility which comes from being helped physically. He had accepted it smiling. He came up over that perilous, uncomfortable and humiliating "entrance," and his manner was pleasant, courteous, enthusiastic. He got on his braces, adjusted them, straightened himself out, smoothed out his hair, linked his arm in his son Jim's and walked out on the platform as if this were nothing unusual.

Then he launched into his speech. I don't recall the speech at all. For me and for others who saw the episode his speech was less important than his courage. Before the campaign was over I saw similar episodes a good many times, and I began to realize what was meant by the great teachers of religion when they said that humility is the greatest of virtues, and that if you can't learn it, God will teach it to you by humiliation. Only so can a man be really great, and it was in those accommodations to necessity that Franklin Roosevelt began to approach the stature of humility and integrity which made him truly great.

A Growth of Spiritual Strength

He never displayed the slightest bitterness over his misfortune. In occasional asides he revealed that he had also had a great strengthening of religious faith. He believed that Divine Providence had intervened to save him from total paralysis, despair and death. His understanding of the spiritual laws of faith and of association of man's feeble powers with God's great power must have come at this time.

Roosevelt's religion meant a great deal to him and when he was in Washington he attended St. John's Episcopal Church quite regularly—until he found that his presence attracted too many sight-seers. He had great tolerance for other sects and religions.

Once somebody reproached him because on Christmas Days, when he was in Washington, instead of going to his own church he was in the habit of going to one of the big Methodist or Baptist churches. "What's the matter?" he replied. "I like to sing hymns with the Methodys."

The year he took Winston Churchill with him, he said, "It is good for Winston to sing hymns with the Methodys."

He had an instinct for sharing the spiritual strength he developed during this period. During the war he made a great effort to go to the hospitals where the badly injured were, the men who must face life handicapped. Even in the last year of his life, when the strain was beginning to tell on him, he continued to visit the hospital wards. There is no question that his hearty "You'll make it, brother," helped to keep up the morale of those men.

Part of the secret of Roosevelt's ability to identify himself with great masses of people lay in the fact that while he could not know them all individually, he thought of them as individuals.

Roosevelt's sociability won him the almost universal admiration of newspapermen who covered him. Informality helped do the trick. Scene below is a Hyde Park press conference. The kettle on the table contains hot dogs

ASSOCIATED PRESS

When he talked on the radio, he saw them gathered in the little parlor, listening with their neighbors. He was conscious of their faces and hands, their clothes and homes.

His voice and his facial expression were those of an intimate friend. I often sat in the White House as he broadcasted and realized how unconscious he was of the twenty or thirty of us in that room and how clearly his mind was focused on the people listening at the other end of the radio. As he talked, his head would nod and his hands would move in simple, natural, comfortable gestures. His face would smile and light up as though he were actually talking with the people face to face. People felt this and it bound them to him in affection.

Nor was this bond between the people and Roosevelt confined to Americans. Early in the war there was a conference of the International Labor Organization in New York which many regular delegates could not attend because their home countries were occupied by Axis powers. Roosevelt addressed the final session of this conference and his words were broadcast all over the world. I was later told they were heard by former I.L.O. delegates in hiding in Belgium, France, Norway, Hungary and Spain.

New Courage for Hunted People

One young woman told me how she, her brothers, parents and neighbors heard that speech, like others, in a stable with their radio under a pile of hay.

"I felt when he spoke," she told me, "that he was thinking of me, my family and all our troubles."

The quality of his being one with the people, of having no artificial or natural barriers between him and them, made it possible for him to be a leader without ever being or thinking of being a dictator. I don't think he fully appreciated this aspect of his nature as a part of his leadership, but he intuitively used it. It was this quality that made the people trust him so that they were glad to do what he explained was necessary for them to do.

In 1943 when there seemed to be a threat of a railroad strike, Roosevelt stepped in on the advice of James Byrnes, then Director of War Mobilization, and attempted an arbitrary settlement of the dispute.

The railroad workers were angry: first, because he attempted a settlement by direction; second, because he seemed not to understand that although they had gone through the motions of taking a strike vote, they did not intend to strike; third, because he didn't refer the problem back to the machinery of the Railway Labor Act, asking for another report by one of the committees.

Roosevelt had just returned from Teheran. Because the time was short, he had acted as Byrnes had recommended. He did not fully comprehend the situation.

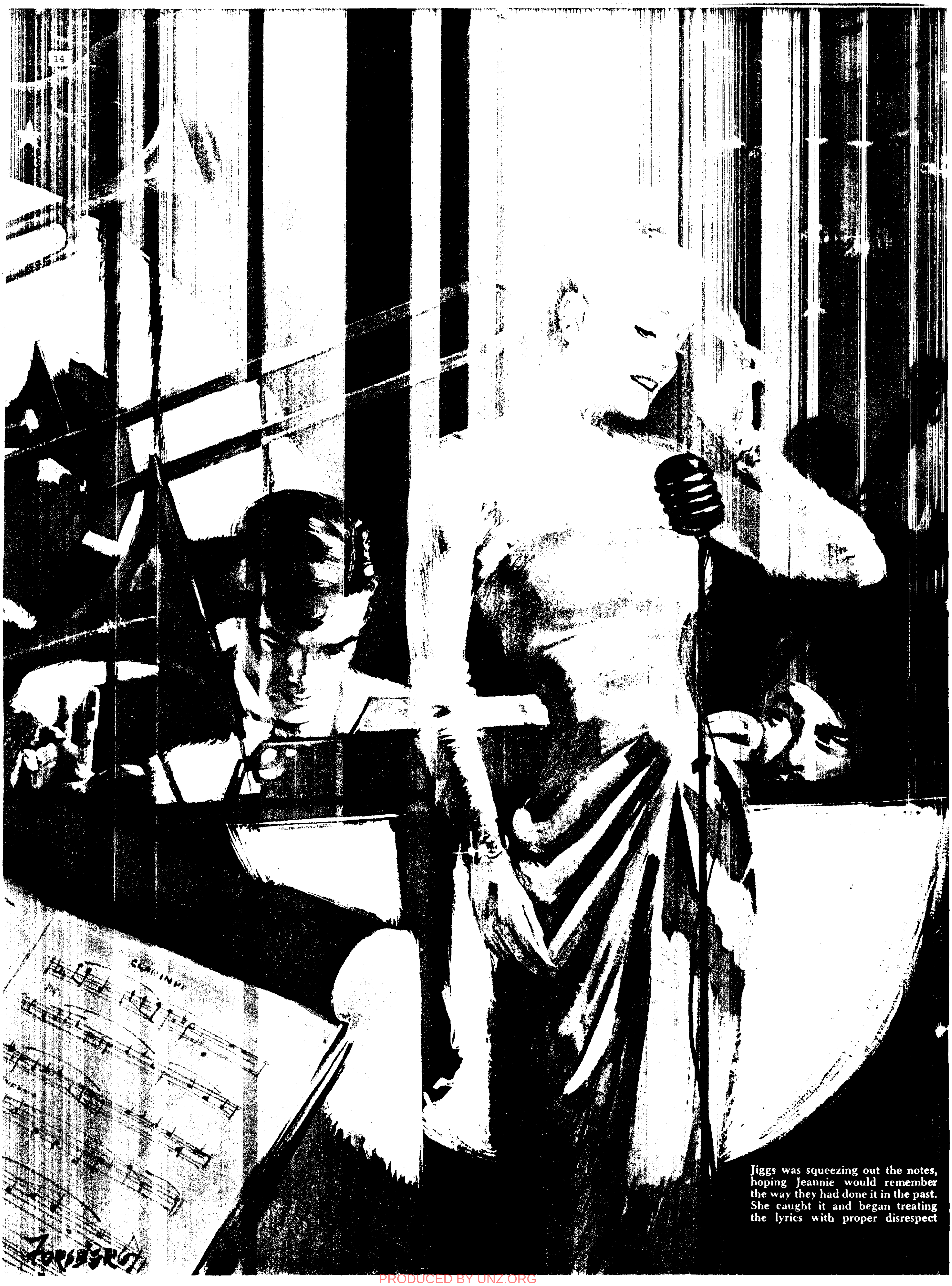
The railroad men came to my office in protest the next day but despite their resentment, they said, "You know the President never would have done this if he had understood the case. He didn't have the thing straight. That is why he did it."

One man put in, "You know, he was using his arithmetic mind and not what his heart told him was the right thing to do."

This trust in him was reciprocated, for Roosevelt was essentially a trusting person. He never believed that anyone would willingly wrong or damage him.

He would not have liked to be thought of as an unsophisticated person. He often told the story of certain comments of Madame Chiang. He told it with such relish that one realized that it revealed a quality of his own nature that he was not aware of. He once asked

(Continued on page 30)


CLARINET
FORSBERG

Jiggs was squeezing out the notes, hoping Jeannie would remember the way they had done it in the past. She caught it and began treating the lyrics with proper disrespect

Leader of The Band

BY JOHN BENDER

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

With his fingers on the keys Jiggs was master of the situation, although in matters other than music he was subject to all kinds of errors

THEY had changed the initials on the black and silver music stands, and the current tunes, of course. But there were bigger changes, too, Jiggs noted—changes in the men themselves. Fats O'Dea had put on weight, and now more than ever the big bull fiddle seemed a toy beside the length and breadth of him. Pete Breen had lost more hair, which made his apple roundness pronounced when he screwed up his face and blew his horn at the ceiling. And Larry Blain, big and blond and smiling—Jiggs' logical successor as the leader of the crew—seemed uncomfortable in his lemon dinner jacket.

For the most, the boys looked tired, drawn, bothered by the lack of any real response to the music that they made. The crowd within the Carteret was big and noisy, but not appreciative—for a New Year's Eve. Most of them had elected to congregate around the bar.

Jiggs was moved, jostled every now and then as people shifted about him, so that he could no longer see the bandstand and the men. He sat and sipped his drink in silence. The music dimmed and faded, and once again he noticed the applause was small.

Then it happened. He'd thought about the moment, fearing it, yet anticipating it because it had to be. He knew, of course, that the band had stopped, but he didn't guess that they were taking five or ten, or however many minutes they had earned, as rest. He only knew the boys were coming, pushing through the paper-hatted stragglers on the dance floor, coming here into the bar.

They'd see him, all right. He realized with dismaying clarity that the lights had been turned up, and that the crew would have to pass right by to gain the door which opened on the alley where they went to grab a smoke. He didn't want them to think that he had deliberately arranged this meeting.

He endeavored to divorce himself from the glass which rested at his elbow. But it became an awkward moment; half off the tall and silvered stool, he was conscious of the first of them, looking straight at him. It was Fats O'Dea, who'd always worshiped him, who'd always thought him the best ten fingers in the business. And then Joe Carson, meek without his drums, and Hal Adams and Pete Breen.

They did not say, "Happy New Year, Jiggs," as old friends should; nor, "Glad to see you back." They didn't say, "Glad to see you *out*," either. They came up to him and spoke as if it were not a surprise to see him there; they said, "How are you, Jiggs?" And then they filed past quickly, embarrassed and even a little grim, as their eyes took in the sight of Jiggs McKenna and the glass beside him.

Jiggs sat still upon the stool. Everything seemed to solidify within him, like the ice within his glass. Okay, he thought, okay. So they were not going to be friendly.

Well, he'd never asked favors of anyone, and his plans did not include begging of these guys, who really couldn't help him anyway. They had nothing to offer—which was precisely their trouble. Oh, he'd heard. Even in prison you can hear—you can if you behave. And he'd been good. It hadn't been too hard, and it had cut his year to seven months.

"Another?" The barkeeper was grinning slightly at Jiggs' glass, and Jiggs felt like telling him just how funny this thing really was. But he didn't. He merely said, "Sure thing."

It was not the hand upon his shoulder but the "Hello, Jiggs," which made him turn around. "Happy New Year," said Larry Blain. His smile, Jiggs felt, was something worn in deference to the season.

Jiggs hadn't smiled in months. He didn't try to, now. "Hello, Larry," he said. It seemed to him that Larry's careful smile was like a fence which wore a large "No Trespassing" sign for him to read. Jiggs laughed bitterly within himself. He hadn't expected any red plush carpet, but he did know Larry needed an arranger. That's why he'd come here tonight—to see Larry, alone, and recommend himself as the needed spice their music lacked. Without conceit, Jiggs knew that his arrangements would be a welcome change from the corn the boys were popping. They couldn't kick much, either; he'd be sufficiently in the background so that his recent past wouldn't taint the band.

"You're looking fine," said Larry, making conversation. "How goes?"

Jiggs drank. "Cut it, Larry. Fade and finish. You don't have to talk to me because I gave you your first job. I'm fresh from the can and not the proper company."

His sudden toughness was a shield—an attempt to hide the fact that his hopes had just gone down the drain.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," Larry said. His smile broke and ran slowly into the frown lines which edged his lips. "You know how it is. The boys are a little sour yet."

"Okay, okay, okay," Jiggs said. "Don't antagonize them. Go away." He sipped some more. It made the pain of talking less acute.

Larry said, "Have you seen Jeannie?"

"No."

"I think she'd like to see you."

"Hadn't you better go back and make noise?" Jiggs said. "This silence is strong competition. The customers will get to like it and throw chairs at you. From what I heard tonight, you guys are falling apart—"

"We've already fallen apart," Larry said. "We muffed that audition without you at the Clover. We needed your fingers and Kay's voice that night. After that we needed your arrangements. This is our last night here. We're breaking up."

Jiggs said, "I knew you weren't knocking the world over, but I didn't think it was that bad."

"It's no major tragedy," Larry said. "I'll get back to my guitar. I haven't the knack with a baton." He added, "Maybe some of the boys can go places."

Where once I could have led them, Jiggs thought. He wished, as he had so often wished in the recent past, that he had been a better guy when the boys had taken cues from him, that he had been a better leader—of the boys, of his own life. But he had thought that big dough meant big living; that it meant block-long motorcars and emeralds like apples, to give to Jeannie. Well, she hadn't wanted them, nor the life they represented, though it had taken many arguments for him to find that out. And by then their marriage had become a flop of frightening proportions. . . .

Larry fidgeted a little with the flower in his coat, then said abruptly, "Jeannie starts a two-week go here tomorrow night."

Jiggs heard the tinkling ice which said his hand was shaking.

"If you're here then," Larry said, "it would be nice if she saw you without a glass in your fist—just once!"

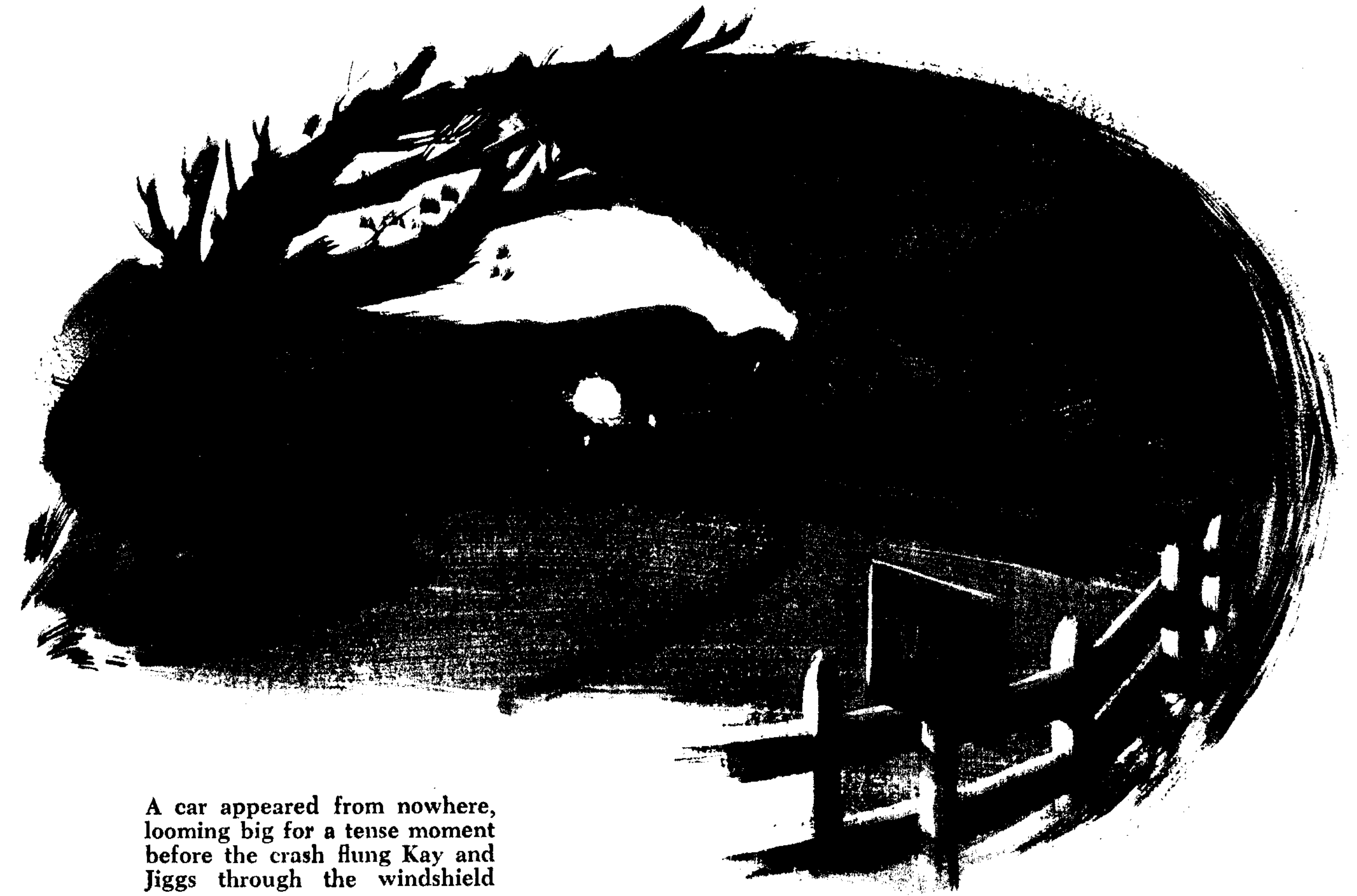
Jiggs had recovered fully now, from the news of Jeannie and the news about the band. He smiled. "My name is Jiggs McKenna, I'm the leader of the band," he chanted softly. "This is the festive season, Larry. Even a guy fresh from stir can have a little fun."

He watched Larry walk away, then he drained his glass. He returned it to the bar. "Again," he said.

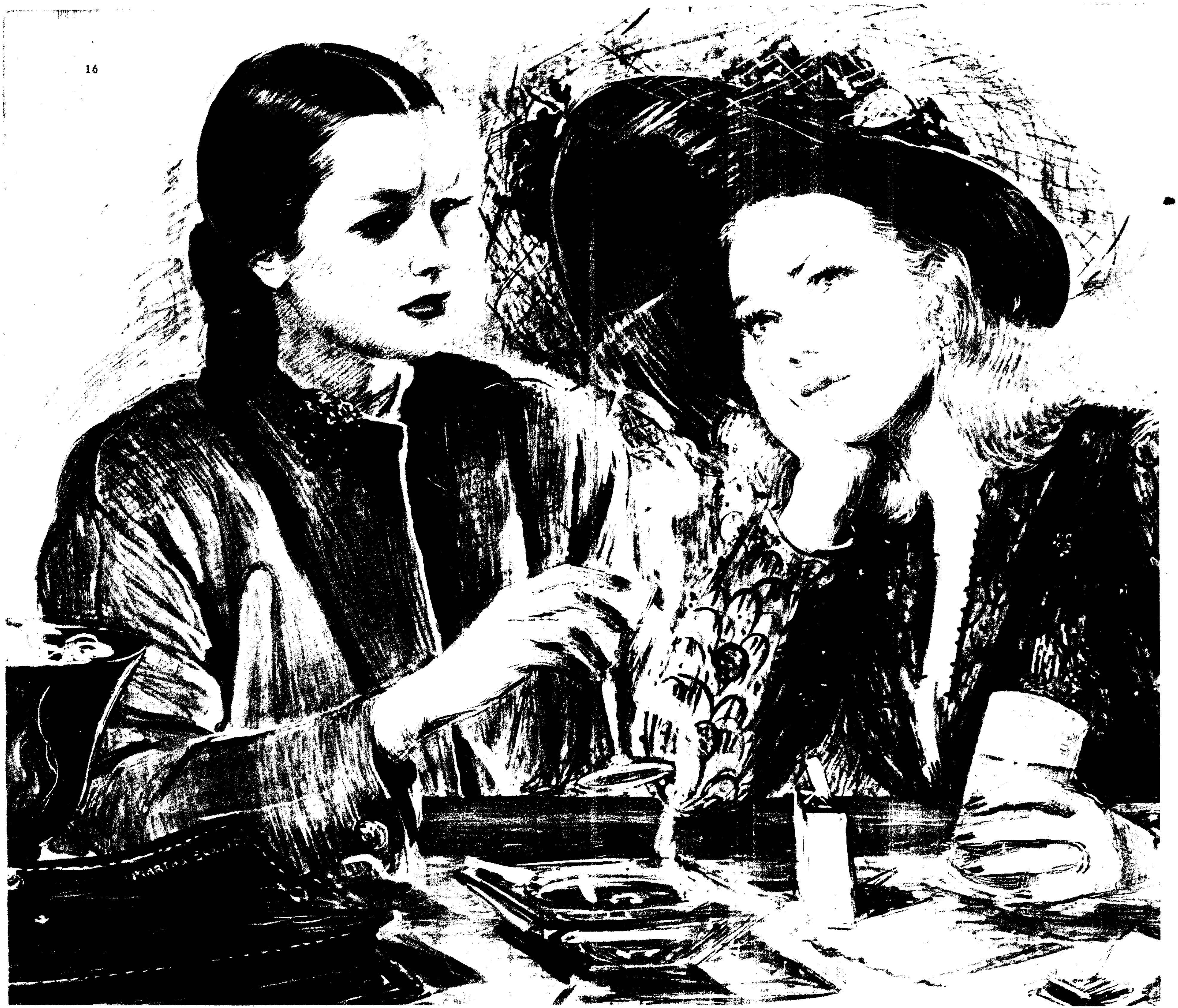
He looked into the mirrored wall behind the bar, toying idly with his drink of ginger ale, unmixed. His face was much the same as it had always been. The hollows in the cheeks were a little more pronounced, maybe; then there was that scar his newly grown mustache could not quite hide. But otherwise it was the same, unfrightening face he'd worn for thirty years.

Merely nearly thirty—his thoughts

(Continued on page 74)



A car appeared from nowhere, looming big for a tense moment before the crash flung Kay and Jiggs through the windshield



"I still don't get it," Mae said helplessly. "Why did he marry me, if that's the kind of people he likes?" Here it was again, thought Roxy. The very good question

The Other Woman

BY JEAN POTTS

Roxy could not be sure who this woman was. But her heart knew that here was a rival whose words would make or break her world

ROXY leaned her elbows on the bar, looked deep into her Martini, and thought about Mae. She hadn't ever seen Mae. The chances were (Keith being the tidy sort, when it came to women) she never would. But if she ever should—if Mae, for instance, were to walk into Louie's at this moment, Roxy would know her at once. "How do you do, Mae," she could say. "I feel as if I already know you."

It wasn't that Keith talked much about Mae. His few comments had been the indirect kind. Indirect but revealing. "You're a miracle," he had told Roxy once. "Strictly a miracle. Most women, if they have any brains, look like witches. But not you. If you only knew what it means, darling, to find someone I can *talk* to. I've been starved, literally starved." And another time: "It ought to be against the law for men to get married till they're thirty-five. Men like me, anyway. Because what happens? They jump at the first bit of fluff they see, and find out when it's too late that a steady diet of fluff is not very satisfying."

A bit of fluff. Easy enough to pretend there wasn't any Mae at all. At first. But then came that week end when Keith had said, "Why don't we go over to the apartment?" And very casually he added, "There's no one there."

He shouldn't have done that, Roxy reflected. He should have gone on being tidy, keeping Roxy and Mae in their comfortable, separate little pigeonholes.

Or else it was her fault. Hadn't she known, the moment she followed Keith down the hall and into Mae's living room, all set for their fine week end? Hadn't she hesitated a minute (even before he switched on the lights), already aware of the "Mae feeling," the cozy, fussy littleness of that room where she didn't belong? Yes. But then Keith had turned in the dark hall, reaching for her, and it was too late; their fine week end had begun.

It hadn't troubled Keith, apparently. Not that he was insensitive. Oh, no, Keith was very sensitive, she hurried to assure herself. Yet he seemed unaware of Mae's personality, hanging like an overheavy scent in every corner of the apartment. He was so used to it; that must be the reason. Unlikely as it might seem, he had married Mae; through the years the Mae atmosphere must have become so familiar to him that he didn't even notice it any more.

But Roxy had noticed. And nothing was quite the same since that week end. Her thoughts didn't *taste* the same; it was as if Mae had somehow tinged her whole mind. I don't seem to be geared for this back-street stuff, she thought. Too noble? Too honest? It was a nice idea. A tempting idea. But not strictly true. No; it wasn't her conscience that was wounded. (She could still be frank with herself; that at least was left her.) It was

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

NO WAR WITH RUSSIA

BY ANTHONY EDEN

Great Britain's former Foreign Secretary examines the gravest threat to world peace today. He suggests the methods that can prevent another major conflict

THERE are sharp and deep differences in the policies of the Allies toward Germany and Austria and unfortunately it is just these two countries that matter most in current negotiations for world stability.

I know that many are convinced that German military might and industrial potential have been so thoroughly destroyed this time that Germany can never be a menace to peace again in any foreseeable future. I do not share that view, and I have little doubt that ardent Nazis are today rejoicing in their hearts at Allied inability to agree about their country's future, which remains the heart of Europe's problem.

The truth is, that despite a turn for the better in the recent Paris discussions, the Allied world is still out of joint. Suspicion and mistrust are rife between great powers whose armies a while back were shedding their blood upon a common battlefield.

International reconstruction can make no smooth or ordered progress until the great powers who formed the victorious coalition accept that unity in pursuit of peace is as important to each as was unity in war. Today there is unhappily little sign that this lesson has been learned; yet it must be learned, for there is no escape from it. We need different weapons to fight economic disorder or world chaos from those we needed to fight the Germans and the Japanese; but we need the same unity. It is the duty of the peoples to will it. Wherever they are free to express themselves they do will it, deeply and earnestly. It is the task of statesmanship to find it.

In the year that has passed since the enemy surrendered, it is not so much that we failed to achieve positive results, as that on some issues of the first importance, notably Germany, we have been moving the wrong way and moving pretty fast. There has been a disheartening reluctance to learn any of the lessons, the first of which is that of the interdependence of nations. Or if all have learned the lessons some haven't learned to practice them.

The United Nations is the political expression of that recognition of interdependence, yet the new organization has, for the most part, to watch while the United States, the Soviet Union, France and Britain struggle in Paris—struggle but make very modest progress on the essential issues.

Meanwhile, relations between the Soviet Union and the other great powers mark no improvement. Moscow appears content to hold its positions and play for time. All this has to be considered against the background of the recent past. The work done at Yalta, and at Potsdam, was based upon one fundamental assumption. It was a fair one to make, for it was the mainspring of our victory, and without it, all peacemaking will be halted and uncertain in stability and limited in success. That assumption was that the three great Allied powers would in peace seek to renew at least some part of that capacity to work together which they had proved in war.

For a year now that assumption has been tested. It has not withstood the test. It is not, therefore, enough to assert that the agreements of Yalta and Potsdam were unsatisfactory or unjust. It is not these agreements that are making the world queasy today. It is the fact that they are not being carried out in either the letter or the spirit in respect to Germany, the Balkans and all too many other parts of the world.

The first danger signal was hoisted at the London Conference in September. It was then that differences in interpretation began to show themselves at the outset on issues mainly of procedure. Soon, however, others of more essential significance loomed up. The sky has not really cleared since.

A continuing and constructive agreement of the Three World Powers is the only really satisfactory basis on which we can all make progress. We all need that unity, Britain as much as the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union as much as the United States and Britain; the United States as much as her two partners.

The degree and the rapidity with which any of the three may suffer from failure to agree will no doubt vary. We in Britain will probably suffer most, but not one of the three can win the best conditions for its own people unless the will to work together be present in all three. There is really no escape from this.

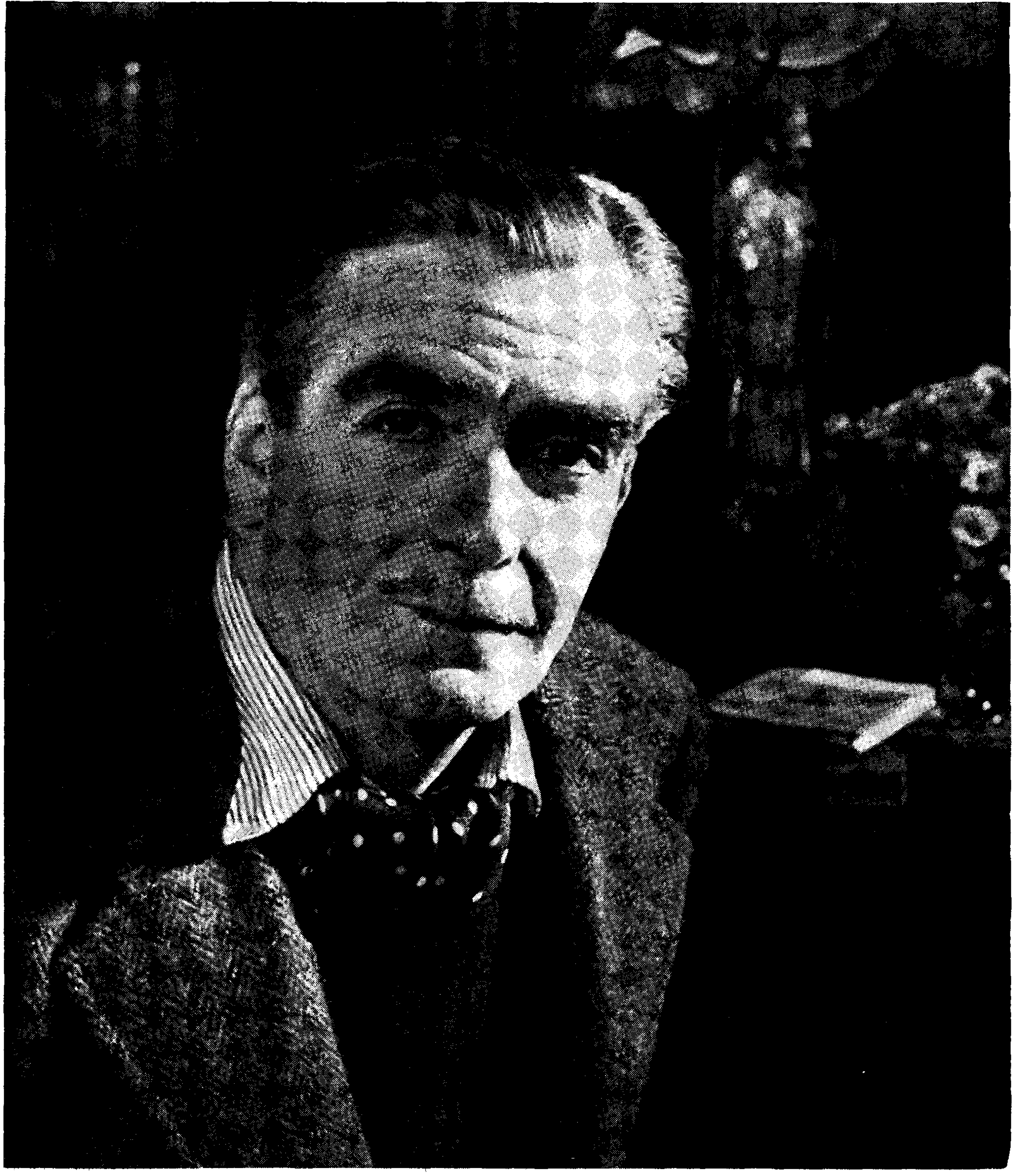
However, this interdependence of the modern world carries with it a corollary that one of the three can hold up all progress, and the more certainly so since, as we have seen, Yalta and Potsdam were founded on the assumption that all would seek to work together in peace as in war. If, therefore, all will not join to give life to the best scheme, then the second best will have to be preferred to complete frustration.

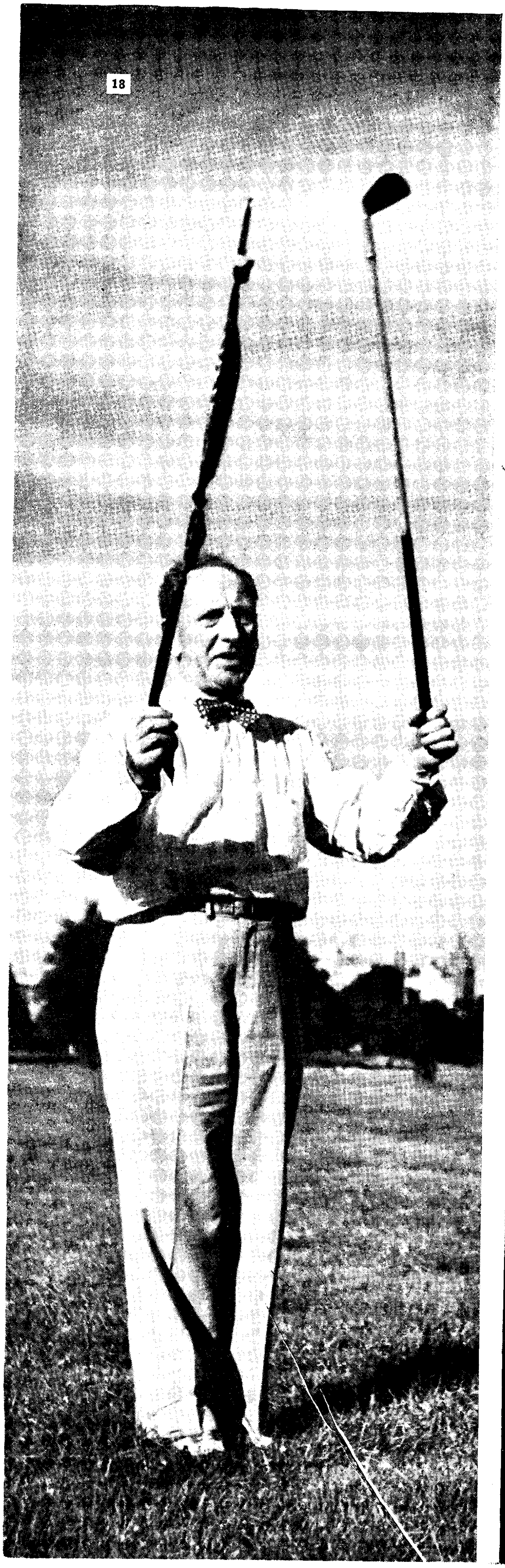
The plans for Germany, for example, were based on the assumption that the victorious Allies would help one another in a joint task. That was the whole purpose and spirit of the European Advisory Commission which we set on foot at the Moscow Conference of Foreign Secretaries, way back in 1943. Those plans remain, I am convinced, the best plans. Any other arrangement must prove an inferior alternative.

But if the Soviet Union is

(Continued on page 41)

BLACK STAR

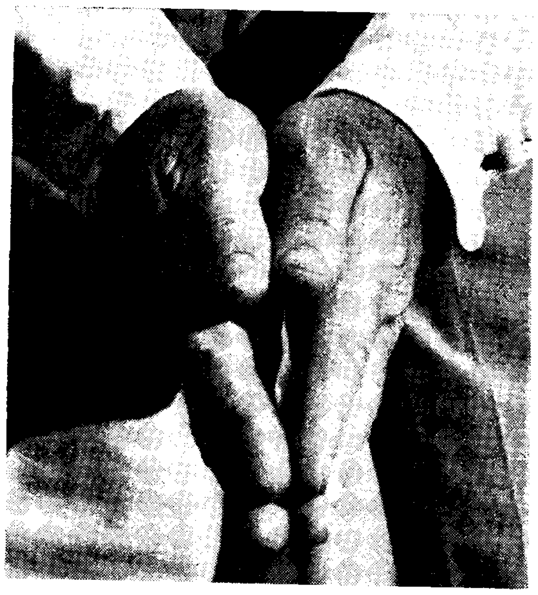




JUST *Swing* THE CLUB HEAD

BY JAMES Mc CONNAUGHEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX



The grip. First: Place your hands together

That's all you have to do to improve your golf, says Ernest Jones. Forget about your pivot, or your left arm, or your right leg. The swing will take care of them

ONE summer's day in 1916, a young man named Ernest Jones left a British army hospital shortly after his right leg had been amputated, and headed for a golf course. Dropping his crutches before each shot, he swung while balancing himself precariously on one foot. His score at the end of 18 holes was an amazing 72. Ernest Jones had just discovered a simple truth about golf that had eluded him for years.

The press stories of the feat attracted the attention of Daryn Hammond, another Englishman who had also spent years trying to fathom the game. He sought out Jones, became an immediate convert and rushed into print with his discovery.

A quarter of a century later, just before the National Women's Golf Championship in this country, Betty Hicks Newell took a lesson from Jones. The next day, in a signed newspaper article, she announced that Jones was the only true golf prophet and that he had, in one session, changed her entire concept of the game. "And the marvel of the thing is its utter simplicity!" she said. "I won't win the national championship, but you can put it down in your book that I won't be thinking: Get a big sweep on your backswing, turn your hips, etc. . . ."

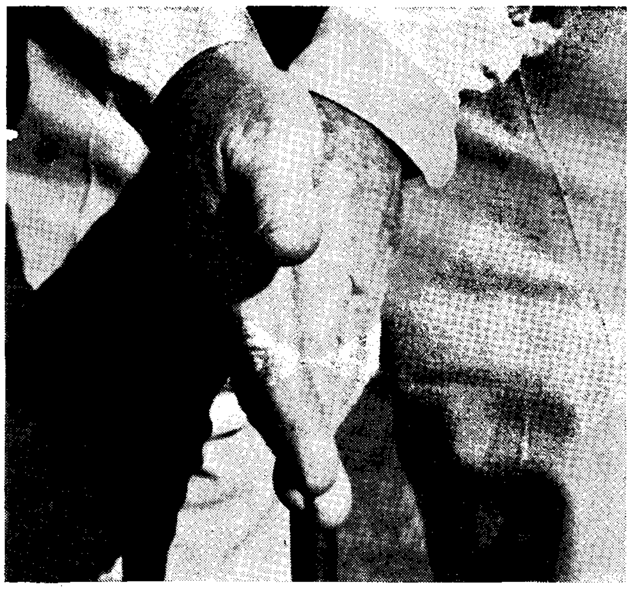
She won the championship.

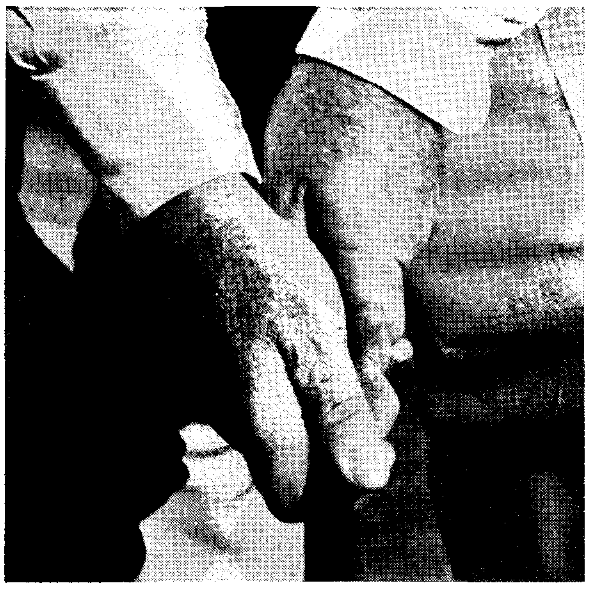
It was at the insistence of two former national champions—Helen Hicks and Virginia Van Wie, both Jones pupils—that Betty Hicks first sought out Jones. She admitted that prior to the epochal meeting she had snickered at Mr. Jones' method of teaching golf, "with a knife dangling from a little red handkerchief." Miss Van Wie provided the clincher by saying wearily, "I played in seven national championships without winning one. I took lessons from Ernest Jones and won three in a row."

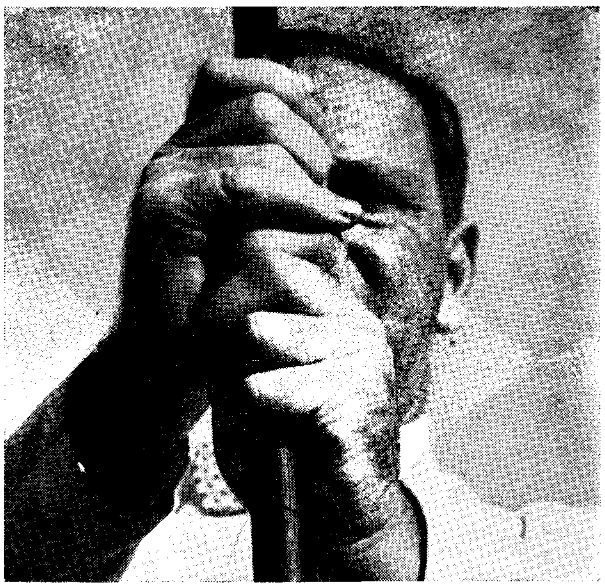
These are merely a few examples of the almost religious fervor Ernest Jones inspires in his followers. Other examples—glowingly inscribed photographs and telegrams of grateful appreciation from tournament victors—are strung unassumingly along the walls of Jones' practice shop on the seventh floor of Spalding's Fifth Avenue store in New York.

Jones, now 58, a small, compact man with a ruddy complexion and gray hair curling at the ends, has got around very well for years on an artificial leg. But he still hits shots occasionally while standing on one foot, and even while sitting down, to demonstrate the main principle of his theory: *If you swing the club head you can forget all the other golf commands.*

Left: Ernest Jones demonstrates the centrifugal force of the swing with a knife on a handkerchief. Below: A pupil takes her first lesson, and Mr. Jones applies leverage, destroying the swing


Second: Put the right hand on top of the left


Third: Close your fingers over the club's shaft


The back view of the hands on the club

Explaining what a swing is keeps Jones happily on the job from 9:30 to 5:30 every day, straight through the lunch hour, straight through the week from Monday morning to Saturday night. And he is booked so far in advance that all he can advise the enormous overflow of applicants is to call him any morning to see if there is a cancellation.

He plays rarely and he is not interested in a club affiliation. He prefers an indoor location for teaching, explaining that when there is no place for a ball to go except into a canvas curtain a few feet away, the golfer learns more quickly to recognize the feel of a true swing. Also, he can teach more people in Manhattan.

Jones doesn't claim that he can teach everyone. "If a person fails to grasp the simple, fundamental truth of what a swing is," he says, "I can't do anything with him."

He did considerable digging before he discovered the truths and their applications.

At 16, he was already a good club maker and a good player. These qualifications landed him a job two years later as assistant professional at the Chislehurst Golf Club in England. One of his duties, of course, was to teach. In his own book, Swinging into Golf, which he wrote in collaboration with Innis Brown, he says, "From my first effort, I realized that I had not the slightest idea of how to go about it."

The first thing he did was to read all the available books written by leading players. These merely added to his confusion, because of their many contradictions. Then he found one called The Art of Golf, by Sir Walter Simpson, published in 1887, which contained a line that strongly appealed to him. "In golf there is one categorical imperative, 'Hit the Ball,' but there are no minor absolutes," Sir Walter wrote.

Jones clung to this little nugget, but the first World War intervened before he had a chance to develop it.

Fighting with the British army in France, he was badly wounded at Loos. At the hospital he was given the bad news: His right leg would have to be amputated just below the knee. It looked like the end of both his teaching and playing careers. While he was recuperating, his thoughts turned again to Sir Walter's pronouncement.

Developing a New Idea of the Stroke

A theory was beginning to take form in his mind. It jelled when he shot the 72 on one leg. Since he could still play good golf despite the fact that the outward appearance of his stroke had undergone radical changes, he reasoned that therefore outward appearances were incidental. It was only a step to the further conclusion that the stroke must be regarded as a single action. This was contrary to the accepted theories of teaching, which in effect held that a stroke was a series of successive movements made by different parts of the body, learned part by part, and subsequently pieced into one unit.

Jones tested his theory first on himself. He played in exhibition matches and tournaments, winning a good many of them. Then he began teaching it, convinced that it was right and true.

With the publication of Daryn Hammond's book, which went through several editions in England, Australia and America, Jones' fame spread. In 1924, he accepted the invitation of Miss Marion Hollins, founder of the newly opened Women's National Golf and Tennis Club on Long Island, to come to this country and act as golf instructor at the club. There he turned out champions year after year, until the club was abandoned during the war

Jones' favorite method of illustrating his theory is: "Suppose you draw a circle freehand. You actually make but a single line which forms the circumference. You might cut that circle in two, ten or a hundred parts, but you would hardly think of drawing a circle by first drawing a number of arcs and then piecing them together."

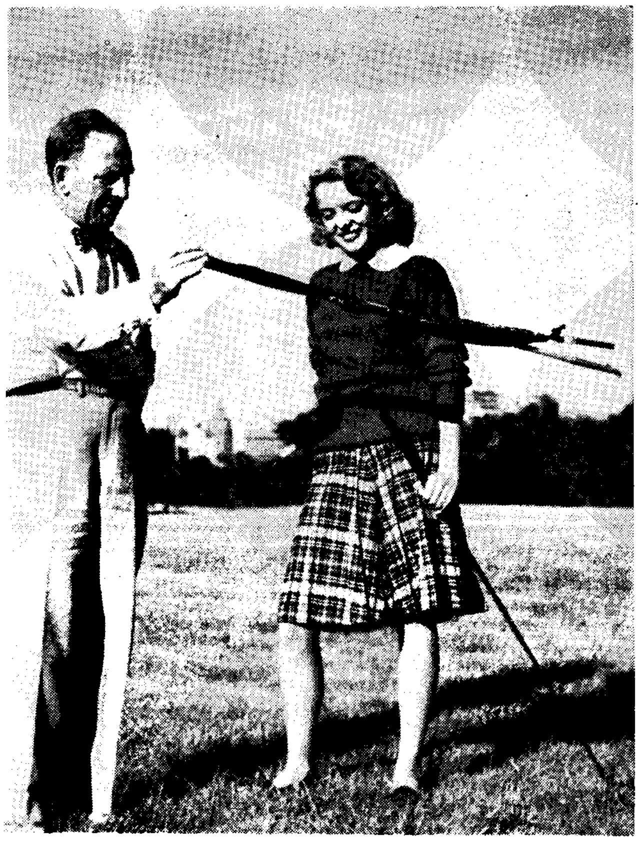
The parallel is cannily chosen, for next he says: "When you swing an object, it travels in a circular path, and swinging is the most effective way of moving the club head to strike the ball. You see that, don't you?"

The student nods patiently. Even the absolute dub knows that you have to swing the club, and the tournament player has known it since he was in knee trousers. But Jones knows that while every golfer calls his stroke a swing, hardly a tournament player in a hundred understands what a swing is, and not one dub in a thousand really swings.

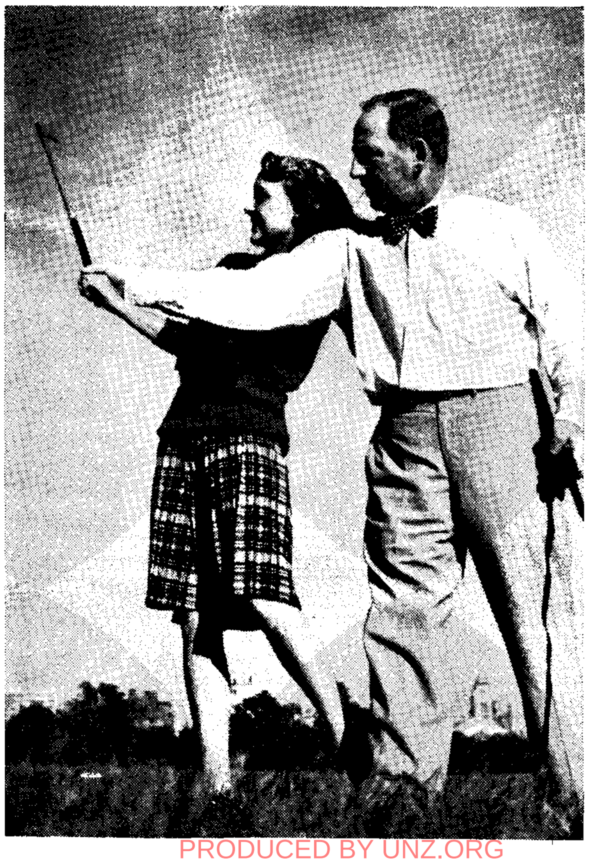
"You see that, don't you?" he goes on disarmingly. "Because what are you trying to do? You're trying to hit the ball as hard as you can with power supplied by your body. You can use centrifugal power, which is a swing, or you can use

(Continued on page 72)

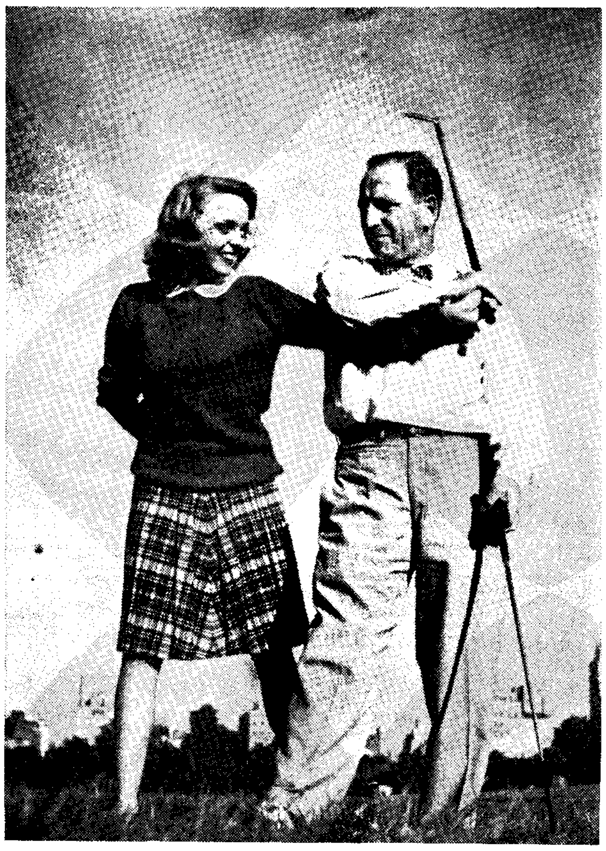
If the head of the club is swinging, the club and the knife on the handkerchief move together



Mr. Jones guides the pupil's hands so as to give her the feel of the action on the back swing



The pupil carries through on the forward swing, which is all part of the same continuous motion



WHY TEACHERS QUIT SCHOOL

BY ELIZABETH IRWIN

AS TOLD TO LEONARD PARIS

Crowded classrooms are the direct result of too few teachers. We need 100,000 more today

EUROPEAN

Elizabeth Irwin was a public-school teacher for more than 20 years. She began while still a student at Missouri Valley College. Her first teaching position was at Miami, Missouri. On the $75 a month which Miss Irwin made there, she was able to finish her education, receiving a Ph.B. degree in 1926.

She was then appointed to the fifth grade at Eugene Field School in Oklahoma City, and remained there for 12 years. Meantime she got her M.A. from Columbia University and taught summers at various teachers' colleges. She was on the summer faculty at the Colorado State College of Education at Greeley, Colo., when she received notice of her dismissal from Oklahoma City for "disloyalty to the school board."

For five years Miss Irwin taught in East Lansing, Michigan, but resigned her position to go into what she considered a "more typical" community, at Lincoln Park, Michigan. Convinced at last that too many of the public schools were failing at their job, Miss Irwin accepted a position with the Extension Division of the University of Michigan. She is now teaching adult education classes in Michigan.

Miss Irwin's story helps to explain why American public schools are facing the most acute teacher shortage in history.

HANS KNOPF—PIX

In 1933, Chicago teachers marched in the streets, demanding their long overdue pay (below). This demonstration was one of the few ever staged by underpaid instructors, although the story of cuts and holdbacks during the depression was a nation-wide one. Even now, public-school salaries are shockingly low

PRESS ASSOCIATION

WHO Robs Schools
ROBS the PUBLIC
THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE
IS A PUBLIC NECESSITY

I HAVE left public-school teaching and I do not intend to go back. I quit because I could no longer be happy in a situation where there was so little real concern for the needs of children.

This sounds like a condemnation of our public schools. But it is also a condemnation of the responsible citizens of every community—many of them without any active connection with the schools—who have caused our teachers to fail.

The failure of our teachers is a tragedy for American youth. Boys and girls are growing up in school situations which fit them no better than hand-me-down clothes. They are forced into rigid molds, not by the will of the teachers so much as by sheer necessity. They are learning not to become thinking, reasoning individuals who can take their place in democratic society, but to follow the mob, to drift, and to procrastinate.

Why don't the teachers do something about it? Because they are either too weak, too timid, or too fine-grained; because too often, they are balked at every turn by ill-informed and shortsighted school boards and administrators; and because nobody likes to go on breaking his heart over a problem he is powerless to lick.

As a matter of fact, very few teachers are fighters. Most of them have been so held down and oppressed by nonsensical rules that they have lost their spirit.

Some of these rules have as little bearing on the matter of effective teaching as the mean annual rainfall in Guatemala. No smoking, no dancing, no leg make-up. One community in Michigan even forbade its men teachers to bowl! There are towns which regulate the number of dates a teacher may have during a week and the hours she must keep.

Members of the board themselves see nothing wrong with lighting up a cigar after dinner, or providing cigarettes and even cocktails for their wives and friends. But teachers are different!

Occasionally, of course, these taboos exist only in the minds of the teachers themselves. They are born of rumors and fears, and they expand in the mind of a teacher who has no guaranty of her security.

Take the matter of smoking in public. When I was a teacher in Oklahoma City, I never smoked in any public place. None of the 1,200 teachers in that metropolitan school system did. There was no written law against it, but there were rumors. One girl had been discharged, it was said, for lighting a cigarette in a hotel dining room. Another had smoked at a bridge club. No one could prove these dismissals, but nobody would take a chance on offending the school board.

Why? Because the weight of its oppressive influence had been felt so strongly, transfers and dismissals had been so numerous and for such slight causes, that every teacher in the system trod in fear of the board.

The war did much to change this. Dismissal was no longer a potent threat. Good jobs at good pay were plentiful. Thousands of teachers drifted from the profession into private industry.

According to figures released in 1945 by the United States Office of Education, some 300,000 teachers left the schools during the war years. Some of these went into military service and will return to the schools, but many were lost to industry and higher-salaried jobs. Enrollment at teacher-training institutions fell off during this same period to one third of normal, and only six per cent of veterans returning to college were enrolled in teachers' institutions last spring.

In 1942 I took a war job in the Excello plant at Detroit. I had never been in a factory before in my life, except once when I took a group of students through a plant in Lansing. I knew nothing about airplanes or their parts, for I had spent my whole life teaching and studying. Yet I was given a job as a beginner at 75 cents an hour, with time and a half for overtime. That figures out to over $2,000 a year. In my first 15 years of teaching I had averaged $1,231. Still I left that job to return to teaching. After more than twenty years in the profession, I think I've given it a fair try!

Educational Work Poorly Paid

School boards and the public at large seem to feel that teachers are different from the rest of humanity. They can live on less money than ordinary mortals. The average annual salary for teachers in the U.S. for 1944-45 was $1,786, the Research Division of the National Education Association reported. This represented an increase of about 11 per cent during the war years, as compared to a 56 per cent increase for industrial workers over the same period.

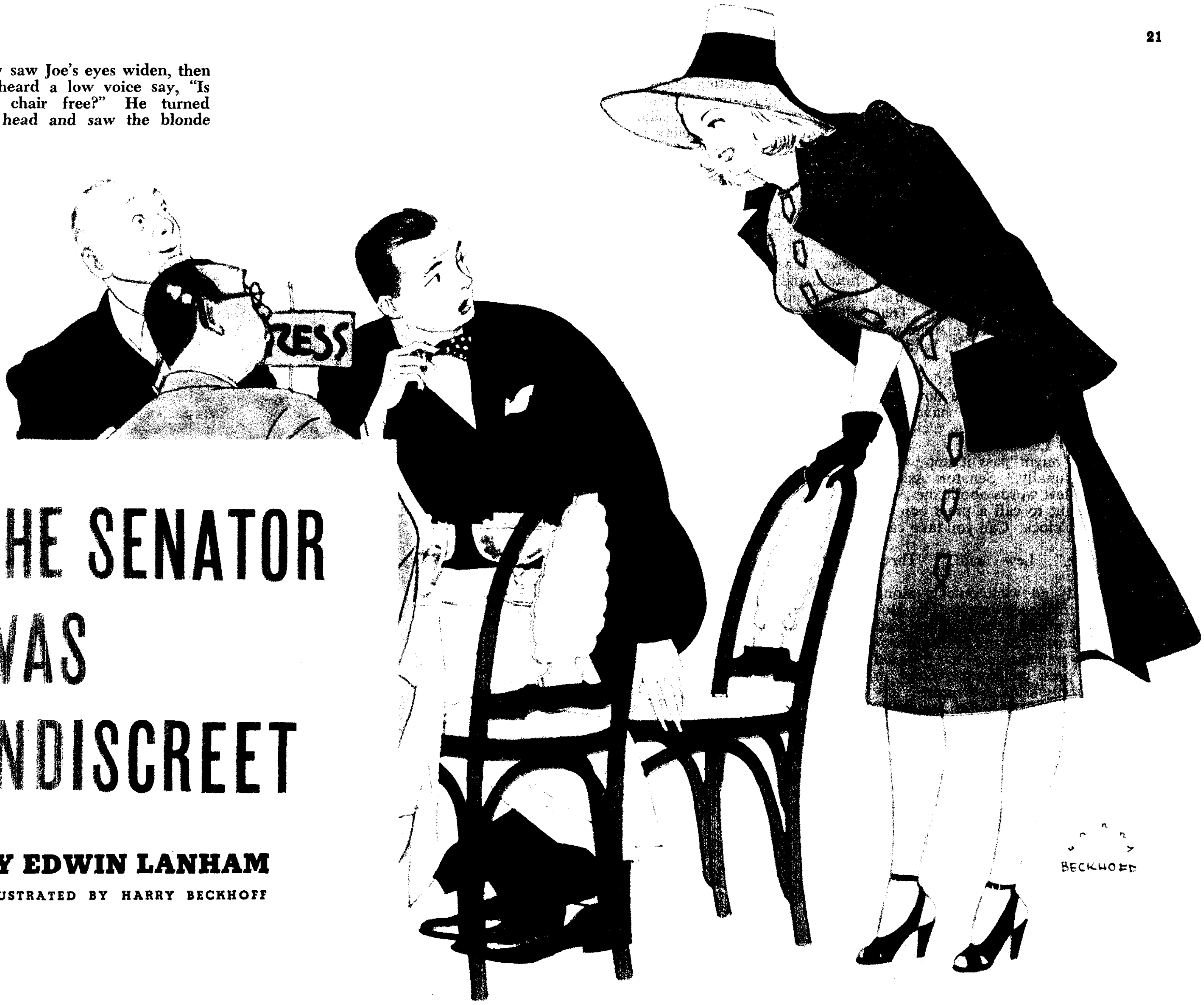
It has always been that way. Whenever it becomes necessary to "cut down," teachers are the first to feel it.

That happened in Oklahoma City during the depression. I started teaching there in 1926 at $1,200. For the next four years I received an automatic yearly increment of $100, which brought me up to $1,600. It was theoretically possible to make a maximum of $2,400 in Oklahoma City schools, after twelve years of service. But I never made it, because during the depression the increments were stopped.

Nor was that all. Married teachers were cut back to the starting salary of $1,200, regardless of years of service, number of dependents or any other considerations. Those who complained were told that the board could get all the teachers it wanted at a dime a dozen. It was true then. The story is different now.

(Continued on page 37)

Lew saw Joe's eyes widen, then he heard a low voice say, "Is this chair free?" He turned his head and saw the blonde



THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A hotel press agent's life is no bed of roses, but Lew Gibson certainly never bargained for the series of mad mishaps that befell him when Senator Tolbert Ashton came to town. Beginning a gay new comedy in three parts, concerning, among other things, a guy who knew what he wanted and a girl who didn't

HOW do you spell your name?" Senator Ashton asked. "I always like to get a name right the first time I hear it."

Lew Gibson spelled his name. He sat on the edge of his chair in the Senator's suite in the Hotel Westbrook and chewed the ten-cent cigar the Senator had forced into his hand. Senator Tolbert Ashton stood by the window, his big shoes of soft, wrinkled leather wide apart and his hands clasped behind his back.

Morning sunlight fell on his thick white hair and brought out on his cheeks little pin points of red, like a color reproduction somewhat out of focus.

The Senator's mood was jocular and a little patronizing; he was like so many men in public life who met the press on a certain plane, and whose choice of the plane indicated their conception of the function and dignity of the press. In this case the condescension was even more evident, because Lew was not properly of the press. He was what Porter Fahnstock, manager of the hotel, called a public-relations representative and what the public usually referred to as a press agent. In Senator Ashton's complex index of humanity he fell into a category somewhere between bellhop and newspaperman.

"I suppose you're too young to remember the old ads about Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle," Senator Ashton said. "Or are you? The fellow who never forgot a name. Well, my boy, I took those advertisements to heart, I can tell you. I never forget a name, and I get it right the first time. Lew Gibbons, did you say?"

"Gibson," Lew said.

"Out where I come from," the Senator went on expansively, "I could even call the hogs by their right names when I was a boy. Poland Chinas, they were, and I tell you they'd go off their feed if ever I made a mistake. You might say those hogs made me appreciate the importance of details. They taught me a lot about public life, those hogs." He paused, awaiting Lew's chuckle, then joined in heartily, smothering the dutiful sounds Lew had produced.

The Senator recalled his importance as senior senator from his prairie state and leading contender for his party's nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1948. His chin came up and he pursed his lips and fixed his bright blue eyes on Lew's face. His was the sort of gaze that was hard to avoid, the sort that held the listener's eyes but somehow seemed to glaze his mind. Lew wished the Senator would get to the point and terminate the interview.

"Naturally you understand that I was speaking in a mood of badinage," Senator Ashton said with a serious air, his bright gaze holding Lew's eyes. "To me there is no higher ideal than that of public service. I have given my life to it, sir. I have put aside personal ambition. I have worked all my life to advance the common good, and if my services are appreciated, well—" He produced a handkerchief and noisily blew his nose. "I'll admit it is a great satisfaction to me. The only reward I have ever sought is public esteem."

"Yes, sir," Lew said patiently. "Mr. Fahnstock said you wanted me to handle something for you."

"Mr. Who?"

"Fahnstock," Lew said. "The manager."

"Oh, yes," the Senator said. "Fahnstock. I remember the name. First time I ever stopped at this hotel, you know."

"Yes, sir," Lew said.

"Making a speech here tonight," Senator Ashton continued. "A pretty important function, I understand. I've prepared a digest of my remarks and I was told you could have it mimeographed for me and distribute copies to the various newspapers."

"Yes, we can do that for you."

Senator Ashton opened a bulging brief case and dived into it like a Pullman traveler searching for a nail file in a crowded suitcase. At last he found what he was looking for and gave Lew a thick sheaf of papers. Lew flipped back the corner of the last page to see the number—18.

"Eighteen pages," he said. "Did you say this was a *digest*, Senator?"

"Precisely," said Senator Ashton. "A digest of my remarks in full as I will deliver them tonight. A *digest*, not a condensation. Look the word up, my boy." He tapped Lew's shoulder. "Remember those details. Get the names right. Use the words right. You'll get along."

Lew wished the Senator would quit talking in slogans and conclude the interview. He got to his feet. The Senator still towered above him, although he was not a large man, as legislators go.

"I would have had this taken care of beforehand," Senator Ashton said. "But unfortunately I'm without a secretary. My secretary resigned unexpectedly a couple of days ago. I don't understand why. He'd been with me for years. If I was still in the House, I'd think he'd quit to run against me next election. That kind of thing happens all the time, you know, secretaries weaseling in with the constituents, and—"

Lew was moving toward the door, but the Senator's big hand came down on his shoulder. "Could you have that mimeographed by, say, three o'clock?"

"I think so," Lew said.

"Thought I might pass it out to the reporters personally," Senator Ashton said. "Say a few words about the Ashton bill. I want to call a press conference at three o'clock. Can you take care of it for me?"

"All right," Lew said. "Three o'clock."

He escaped and went quickly along the corridor to the elevators. The Hotel Westbrook would be only too pleased to offer the Senator the use of its mimeographing equipment, only too pleased to arrange a press conference, happy to open its matronly arms to a future Vice-President of the United States. Not often in recent years had so solid a celebrity submitted to the Westbrook's musty embrace.

At the time the Westbrook was built, New York Central trains had still run in an open cut along near-by Park Avenue and there had been double-decker horse-drawn busses over on Fifth. It had been planned as a meeting place of society, and meticulous attention had been paid to handsome *décor,* to cuisine and ballroom facilities. But society had chosen its own rendezvous, and the ballrooms had been used primarily for conventions, the kitchens to prepare chicken dinners for thousands of assembled druggists, accountants, dry-goods manufacturers and politicians in the local orbit. Trade had fallen off with the competition of newer and more impressive commercial hotels, and the banquet department had languished, even before the war. But now, with an acute shortage of rooms and meeting halls in New York City, the Westbrook was booming as it never had before, and Senator Tolbert Ashton, probable candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, was an important asset.

LEW got off the elevator at the mezzanine and walked along a low-ceilinged passage to his office. His secretary, Helen Watkins, was reading the New York Courier in a forlorn search for a publicity item sent out the day before. Lew tossed the Senator's speech on her desk.

"Get your stencils out," he said. "I want twenty copies by three o'clock."

Helen groaned and pushed the newspaper into her wastebasket. She was a dark, quiet girl with a pale, rather defiant face.

"And call up the banquet manager," Lew said. "Tell him to be sure there's a press table tonight at—" He glanced at the daily functions list on her desk. "At this dinner—National Society of Novelty Manufacturers." He nodded. "Those guys must make campaign buttons."

He went on into his own office. There were several typewritten sheets on his desk, the start he had made on a ghosted article to appear in a hotel trade publication under the by-line of Porter Fahnstock, manager of the Hotel Westbrook. Before he sat down to continue groping for sententious phrases suitable to Mr. Fahnstock's sense of importance in the hotel world, he went to the dictionary and looked up the word "digest." He slammed the dictionary shut and opened the door again. Helen was talking to a young woman, a redhead.

"Call up the papers," Lew said. "Senator Tolbert Ashton is having a press conference at three o'clock."

"Lord, Lew," Helen said. "Haven't I got enough to do?"

She looked at her left hand and spread her fingers deliberately; a diamond shone on the third finger. It was a blunt reminder that she was to be married next week and was quitting this job anyhow and could get up and walk out now, this very minute, if she felt like it. Lew's look told her to go ahead, put on her hat and walk out, but his voice was almost pleading: "Look, kid, I'm all tied up today. Can't you help me out?"

Helen shrugged. "Oh, all right."

He grinned at her. "Good girl." He had the door nearly shut, then remembered the redhead and opened it again. His second glance disclosed that her hair was not actually red. She was a copperhead, he amended, not a redhead. She had the sort of full figure that would have required yards of frilly material to disguise, if the fashion had been to disguise such figures. She had blue eyes and a bright smile and what Lew classified as a Middle West face.

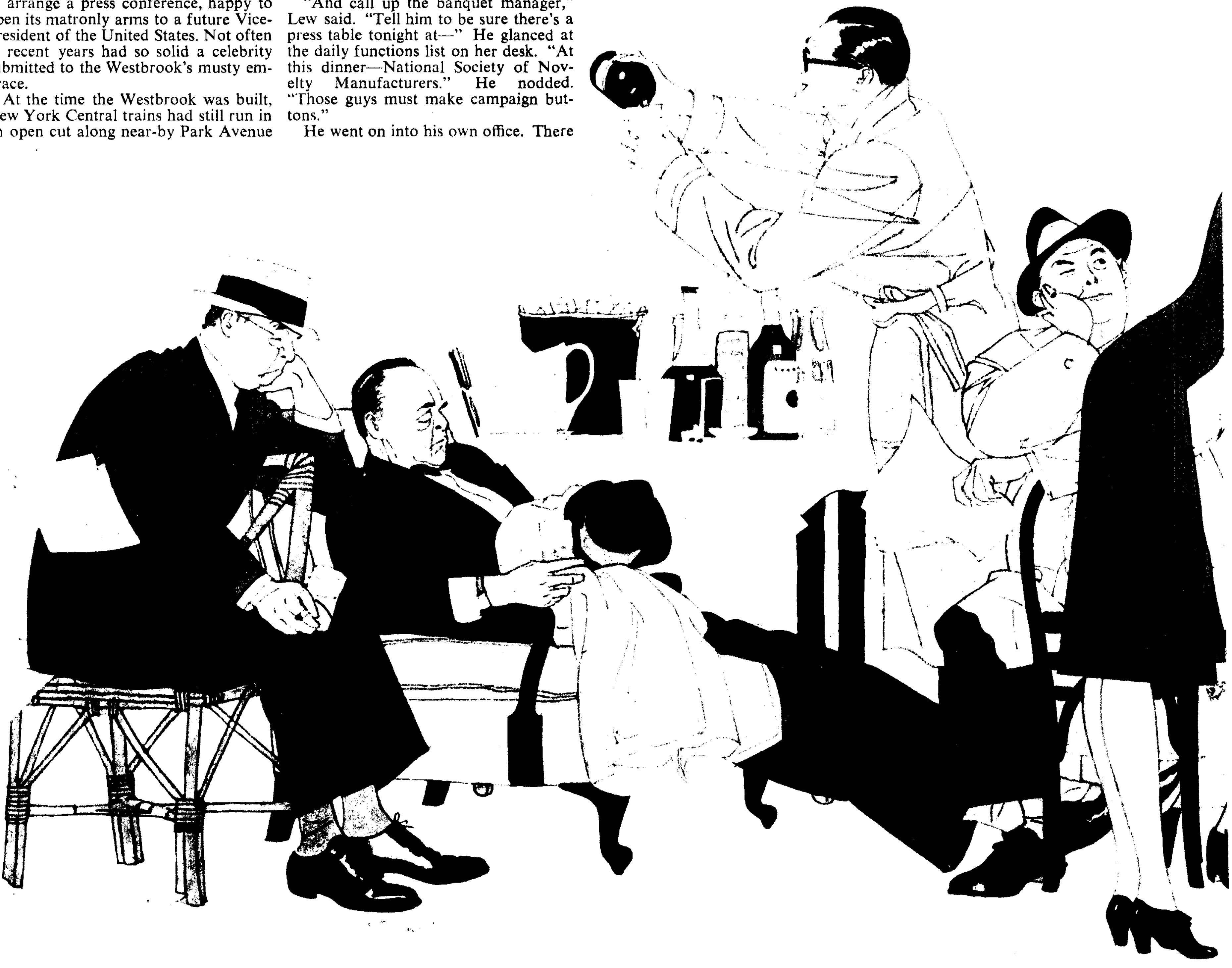
"This young lady is waiting to see you, Lew," Helen Watkins said. "She has a letter."

"Come in," Lew said. He held the door wide.

She smiled and moved slowly into his office, saying in a throaty, deliberate voice, "Bill Fisher told me to look you up, Mr. Gibson."

"Oh, yes," Lew said. "How *is* Bill?" He held a chair for her and moved around to his own swivel chair on the other side of the desk. As he sat down, she put a letter on the desk in front of him. He opened it and leaned back in his chair.

Dear Lew, Bill Fisher had written. *Please do something for my friend Valerie Shepherd. She'll be in New York, and she's got to have a place to sleep. Can't you fix her up in an abandoned*



linen closet at the Westbrook, or anywhere you can find this side of the border line of decency for a nice, respectable, raving beauty?

Lew glanced up from the letter. Valerie Shepherd was smiling, and as his eyes met hers she giggled. "I see what Bill meant," she said. "'The smallest wind-borne first lieutenant in the United States Army,' he said. 'The first to jump and the last to land.'"

Lew hitched his chair forward and put his feet on the floor; when he leaned back in his swivel chair his heels cleared the carpet by an inch.

"I'm as big as you are," he said.

"Forgive me." Her smile was contrite. "I had no right to say a thing like that. But you see, I did hear so much about you from Bill. He admires you tremendously. You know that. He built up such a picture—such a cocky little devil. I mean—"

"Forget it," Lew said. "I'm not sensitive. I'm five feet five inches tall. I could be five feet seven if I wanted to. But I can see over the top of a bar without elevator shoes." He put the letter down on his desk. "I don't know what I can do about a room, but I'll try. Tell me about Bill."

"Oh, he's doing all right."

"He used to say he was going into politics. All his gripes in the Army were about politics. He was going to run for Congress as soon as he got out, he said."

"He's in business right now," Valerie said. "His father's oil-well-supply business. They do very well."

Lew got to his feet. "Let's see about that room."

They went down the stairs to the lobby, and Lew introduced her to Mr. Wade, an assistant manager. There was just a chance, Mr. Wade said. All available rooms were taken, but a few rooms were usually held out by the head housekeeper for repairs. He called the head housekeeper, then smiled at Valerie Shepherd.

"The curtains are torn and the shower attachment is out of order," he said. "But it's a room, and it's got furniture in it. Step out front and the room clerk will register you. Number twelve-ten."

THEY went to the room clerk's window, and Valerie filled out a registration card. Lew walked with her to the elevator.

"I certainly appreciate it, Mr. Gibson. Really, you were my only hope."

"In New York on business?" he asked.

"Oh, no. Just a vacation. Buy some clothes. See some shows."

She had a casual confidence of manner that complemented her firm chin and for that matter, her reddish hair. But Lew thought there was a watchful expression in her eyes. He decided it was expectancy and said dutifully, "Well, if you have any free time, we might—"

She broke in, "I have lots of free time."

"Then how about cocktails this afternoon?"

"Fine."

"I'd make it dinner," Lew said, "but I'll be busy tonight here at the hotel." They had reached the elevator, and the bellhop was waiting impatiently. "But suppose I get tickets for something or other tomorrow night. Like to go?"

"I'd love it."

"All right." He grinned. "I'll give you a ring at five o'clock for cocktails. And by the way"—his eyes met hers—"is Bill Fisher married now?"

"Why no, he's not."

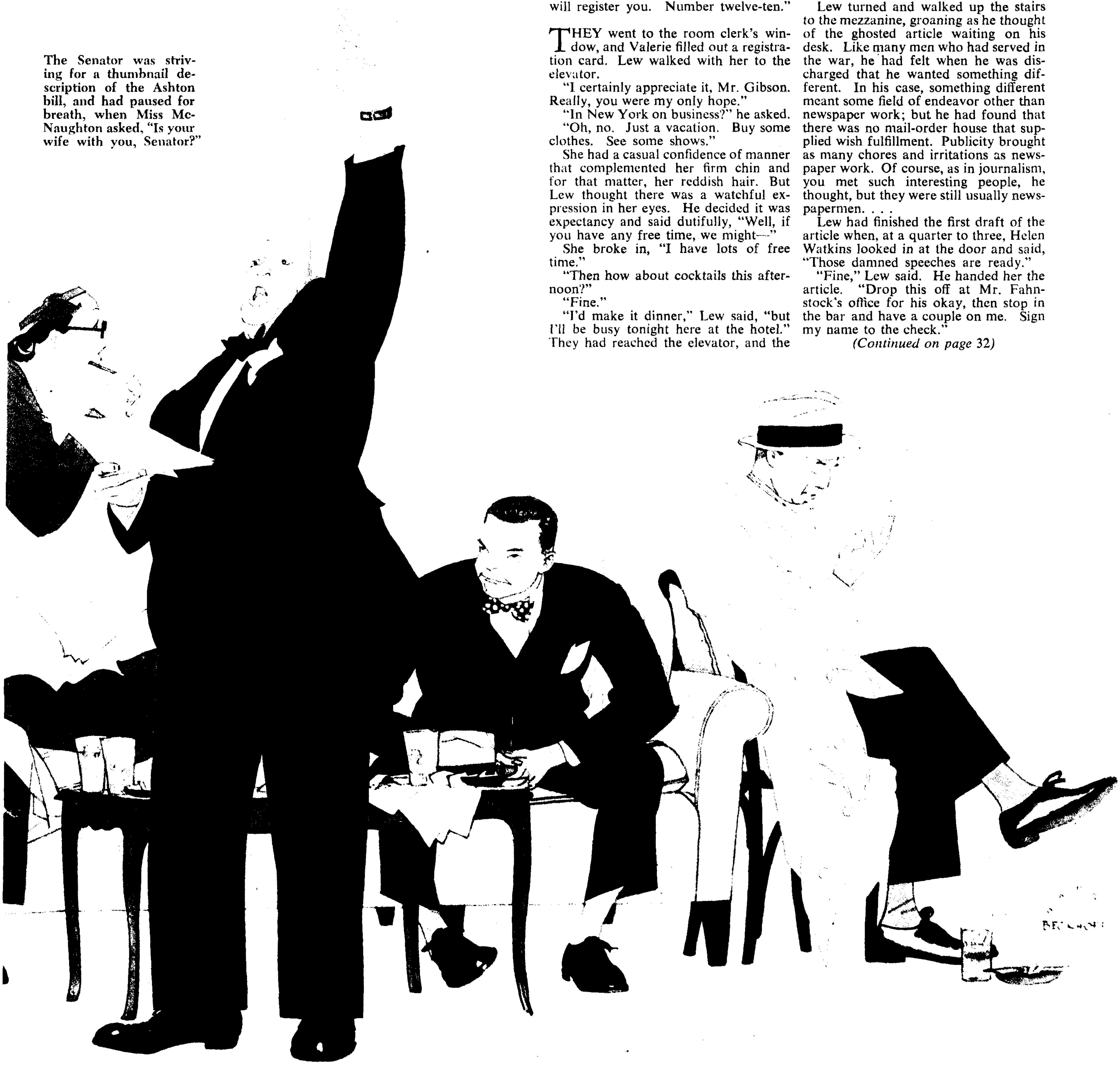
The elevator doors closed and Lew stood a moment in the corridor. The smooth facility with which the date had been made seemed almost prearranged, and he thought that it was hardly in character for Bill Fisher to send on an eager, handsome number like Valerie Shepherd, with a cozy introduction. There was a daydream quality about it—beautiful redhead, alone in the city, warmly eager for companionship, delivered like the morning mail.

Lew turned and walked up the stairs to the mezzanine, groaning as he thought of the ghosted article waiting on his desk. Like many men who had served in the war, he had felt when he was discharged that he wanted something different. In his case, something different meant some field of endeavor other than newspaper work; but he had found that there was no mail-order house that supplied wish fulfillment. Publicity brought as many chores and irritations as newspaper work. Of course, as in journalism, you met such interesting people, he thought, but they were still usually newspapermen. . . .

Lew had finished the first draft of the article when, at a quarter to three, Helen Watkins looked in at the door and said, "Those damned speeches are ready."

"Fine," Lew said. He handed her the article. "Drop this off at Mr. Fahnstock's office for his okay, then stop in the bar and have a couple on me. Sign my name to the check."

(Continued on page 32)



The Senator was striving for a thumbnail description of the Ashton bill, and had paused for breath, when Miss McNaughton asked, "Is your wife with you, Senator?"

Wish You Were Here

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Collier's almost busted up a happy honeymoon, but discovered that the war-isolated islands of Bermuda are still — even with limited accommodations — a paradise for newlyweds and for travel-starved U.S. citizens

Honeymooners Abner and Eleanor Dean pose at left by lush flowers. A bicycle built for two makes a nice prop but would be difficult to maneuver in left-hand-drive city traffic

The bride and groom trade seats with their tired carriage driver as a day's journey takes them the length of the islands. Scarce station wagons and English taxis are usually reserved for airline passengers

In a diving helmet Eleanor explores the crystal-clear water of Harrington Sound at the Government Aquarium. Attendants pump air to her through a fifty-foot length of hose

TODAY'S most cheerful report is that Cartoonist Abner Dean and his bride, Eleanor Boyer, are still married. This is news only because Collier's kibitzed—and thereby almost blitzed—their honeymoon in an effort to find out if Bermuda has recovered sufficiently from the hard war years to resume its reputation as an Eden for newlyweds.

With bride and groom Collier's covered most of Bermuda's 22 square miles by train, bicycle, carriage, by delivery trucks after working hours (taxis are scarce), and by foot; and the consensus is that Bermuda is cleaning house nicely. The semitropical retreat is not what it was—or will be—but for travel-starved Americans it is still a paradise.

As it did everywhere, the war left heavy, though perhaps not indelible, imprints on this coral archipelago lying 565 miles due east of Charleston, South Carolina. War-imported American engineers built huge naval and air installations; U.S. troops and officers filled the luxurious hotels and guest houses. War wages played havoc with the labor situation. A war-born law permitted the use of motorized vehicles for the first time and the peace and clean air were shattered by oversized trucks. To support them, many of the white coral roads were macadamized. There were—and are—other unpleasantries.

But only the extremely nostalgic Bermuda enthusiast would permit these more or less temporary changes to spoil a return to the islands.

The war could have no effect on the flowers or the climate or the Bermudians' rare sense of hospitality. The diminutive Diesel-driven trains still ramble over the 20-odd colorful miles from Somerset to the town of St. George, making the 42 station stops in two hours and 20 minutes, or a reasonable enough facsimile thereof. Small autos, carriages, carts and bicycles fill the narrow, hilly roads; all the relaxing (or strenuous) attractions listed in any summer vacation brochure are on tap all year around.

Kindley Field brought the noise of airplane propellers to Bermuda but it now affords air-minded tourists a break. Our honeymoon couple reached what have been called the world's most isolated islands in just 180 minutes from New York by Pan American Clipper (Constellation). British Overseas Airways planes operate out of Baltimore. For those who prefer to meander leisurely by sea there's Alcoa's S. S. George Washington and the Furness Bermuda Line's Fort Amherst and Fort Townshend. It will be another 10 months before those famous twins, the Monarch and Queen, will be in service.

American tourists go more berserk than ever in the shops. In such well-remembered places as Smith's and Trimingham's and the English Sports Shop, the Abner Deans found woolen suits and overcoats, cashmere sweaters, doeskin, linens, French perfume and the best English china. They found, also, American-made cotton goods, summer suits, men's shirts and other rare items, priced slightly higher than in the U.S., but on the counters, not under them. The American dollar is worth five shillings, and even though the two monetary systems are completely intermingled, shopkeepers cheerfully interpreted "seven and thruppence" for the baffled bride.

Most of Bermuda's high spots are functioning normally. Reading from west to east, our newlyweds thoroughly cased Somerset's Cavello Grill, famous Coral Beach in Paget, and the moonlight dancing at Belmont Manor. They bent elbows in Hamilton's Ace of Clubs, the Sea Horse Inn and the Twenty-One Club (where gentlemen in shorts conform to the dress regulation: "Coats and stockings must be worn"). At the Government Aquarium they donned diving helmets and prowled the bottom of Harrington Sound. At Bailey's Bay they signed the Swizzle Inn guest book and tried the drink for which the Inn was named. Its manufacture is as secret as that of the atom bomb, but the effect is similar. Lastly, in old St. George, they sat on the porch of the White Horse Tavern and, just to be different, ordered minerals (soda pop). . . .

One evening at dusk the Deans sat sadly in a Clipper as it rose from the two-mile runway.

"Have you any statement to make?" Collier's asked the groom.

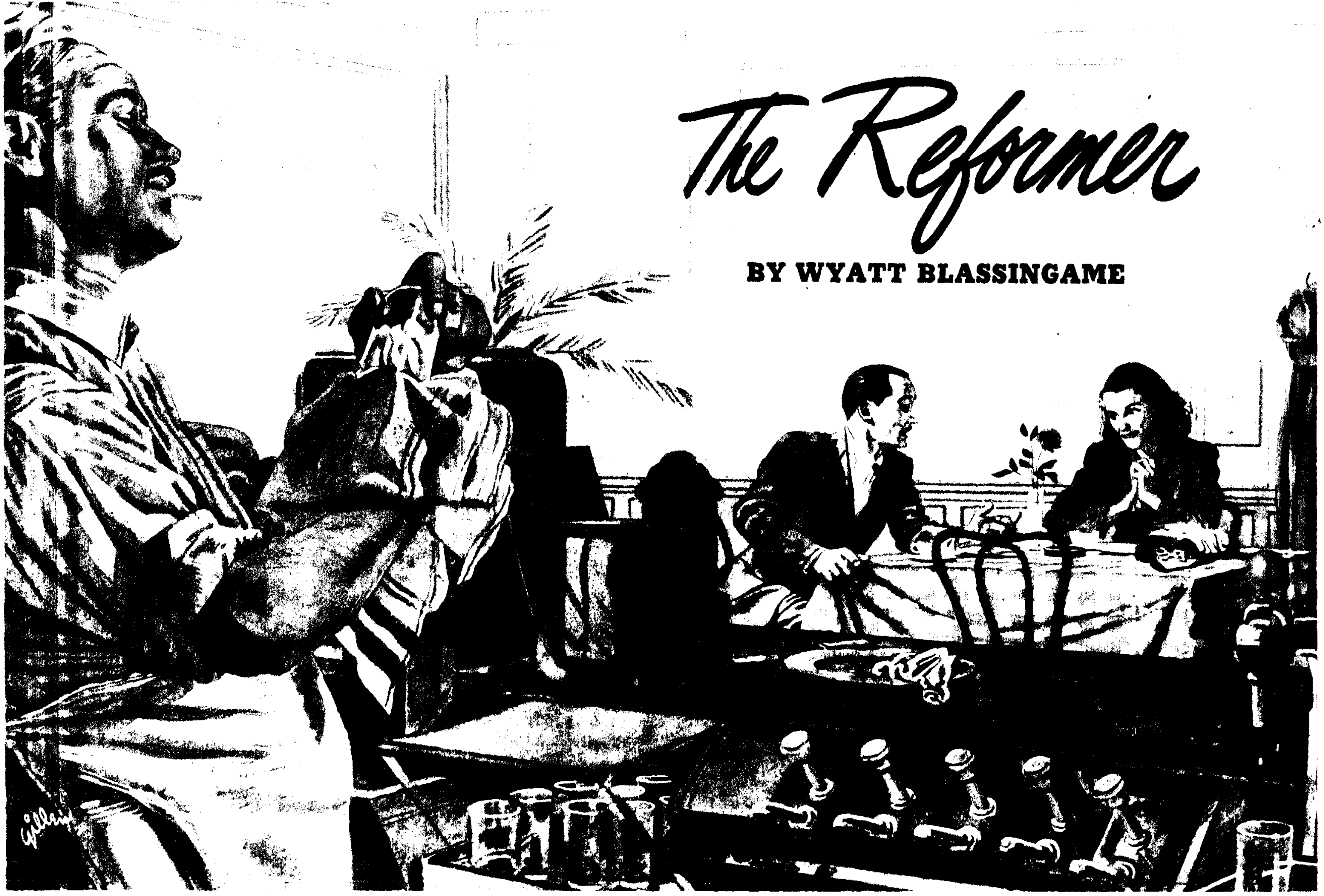
"Yes," he said. "Eleanor and I are coming back here, but I hope you'll be tied up at the office."

"And you, Mrs. Dean?"

"This," said the bride, watching the receding outline of Bermuda, "is the unhappiest day of my life." ★★★

At Trimingham's in Hamilton, Eleanor examines an English woolen skirt while Abner tries to call her attention to a man's sport coat held by Frederick Smith. Below: Draw your own conclusion

On the terrace of Hamilton's Twenty-One Club, Abner caricatures E. C. McLaughlin, manager of The Royal Gazette, as he is being interviewed. Abner carries a pocket water-color set. For examples of his cartooning, see page 60 and his volume, It's a Long Way to Heaven



The Reformer

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME

"There's a three-day marriage law in this state," I said. She looked embarrassed. "Perhaps it is good that we have to wait," she said

HER hands worked nervously on the napkin in her lap. Her fingernails were a bright blood red, and in places polish was smeared onto the fingers. The fingers were big, with knobbed knuckles; the nails were big and square, and on them the vivid, clumsily applied polish looked comical. Only it wasn't comical, it was pathetic.

I said, "I like your hands. They are good, honest hands."

"Do you?" She smiled, looking at me, then quickly away again and blushing. She almost giggled, and I felt something cringe a bit inside me.

"Do you like the nails?" she asked. "I put the paint on myself. It's the first time I ever used it."

"A sort of symbol for the new life."

"Yes," she said, looking at me with that quick, shy look. "Do you understand? I hope you do."

"I understand," I said.

Everything about her was homely. She was too big—not fat but awkwardly bony. Her hair was stringy and the new, cheap permanent only made it worse. Her features were too loosely hung together, the big nose, the big mouth, the poor teeth, so that she looked somewhat like an aging horse. And despite all this there was a wistful quality about her that I felt without wanting to feel. She was meant by all her nature to be a wife and mother and through no fault of her own she had been born ugly. A man might like her, once he got accustomed to her looks: there was an innate honesty about her—the way she admitted that this was her first use of nail polish, for instance—and she even had a sense of humor; but no man in his right mind could think of loving her. It was a safe bet, I thought, that in the forty-some years of her life no man had ever said the words to her.

I said, "There is a three-day marriage law in this state."

"Oh." She looked down at her hands, embarrassed. "I can stay on at the hotel," she said after a moment. "Perhaps it is good that we have to wait."

"The thing started impulsively," I said. "I had never written to one of those correspondence clubs before. And after I did it, I didn't expect to answer any of the letters that came. Then I did answer yours, and . . . Well, you know how it was. I think we ought to go right on through with it. We can buy a car and drive over to the next state in an hour."

I knew I could get her to agree. It is so easy to fool a person who wants to be fooled. If it were not for that, confidence games would have lean pickings.

I could imagine this woman back in the little Iowa town where she had lived, dying slowly of loneliness, drying up inside herself the way a plant dries up for lack of water, writing to one of these lovelorn columns simply to have something to do, to have someone to write to, to deceive herself into thinking she is not completely alone in the world. And then a man's letters start coming regularly, interesting letters from a man who seems educated and fairly well to do, and as lonely as she is. And almost as if by magic she is about to be married to this man who is good-looking and pleasing in the way a confidence man knows how to be pleasing.

It was too easy. It didn't hold the thrill it once had held. I kept feeling sorry for this woman whose money I was taking.

The car, I told her, would cost a thousand dollars. I knew she had twelve hundred in cash in her purse, and the deeds to the Iowa property which gave her a small income. She had brought it all to show that she had not lied in her letters. And I could have had it all, even though she hesitated at first, saying, "You wrote that—that . . . I don't mean to argue, and it's not that I don't have enough with me, but you wrote that you had some money."

I had expected the question and I knew all the answers. I had used them before. But I was tired of the game now. I was half ashamed inside myself and I wanted to get it over with and get away. I said, "I've six hundred in cash," and showed her my wallet with the money. "Let me have five hundred and I'll put five hundred with it. That will leave me one hundred which should be enough until the banks open on Monday. I don't want to use your money on—the honeymoon," I said.

She gave me the money and I put it in the wallet with mine. I left enough on the table to pay the luncheon bill. "Wait here," I said. "It's not more than four blocks to the car lot. I'll be back in twenty minutes."

"I'll wait," she said.

AND then, quite abruptly, she stood up and kissed me and sat down again, her face gone crimson and not looking at me now. There was a strange taste on my mouth and I thought, *It's the first time she ever kissed a man. The first time, and the last.*

I leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "I'll be back," I said, and went quickly out of the restaurant.

I knew I would never see the woman again, but that brought no feeling of elation. The racket was too old; I had worked it too many times; there was no kick left in it. Perhaps there would be more excitement in making an honest living, I thought. I could probably be a very good salesman, and it occurred to me that good salesmen made a very excellent living. Quite possibly I could make more money honestly than I could in the rackets. It was something I had thought about quite a bit lately. But I always turned back to the rackets, saying I could not stand the boredom of another kind of life.

I realized I was standing in front of the car lot where I had priced several cars a few days before, just in case of emergency. My own car was parked a block farther on and I had not planned to stop here. I couldn't understand why I had stopped. Perhaps it was some part of my subconscious telling me to go in and buy a car as I had promised the woman. The idea that I would do that was absurd, of course, and yet, thinking of it, I put my hand to the wallet that held her money. I kept my hand there, inside the empty pocket, for a full five seconds. It took me that long to realize just what had happened, to understand fully the meaning back of the woman's kiss. I didn't even turn to face toward the restaurant again because I knew she would be a long way from there by now.

"I've been played for a sucker," I said aloud. And then I began to laugh. I laughed so hard and so long that my stomach and chest muscles hurt and I had to sit down on the curb.

The cop tapped me on the shoulder with his stick. "What's the matter, Bud?"

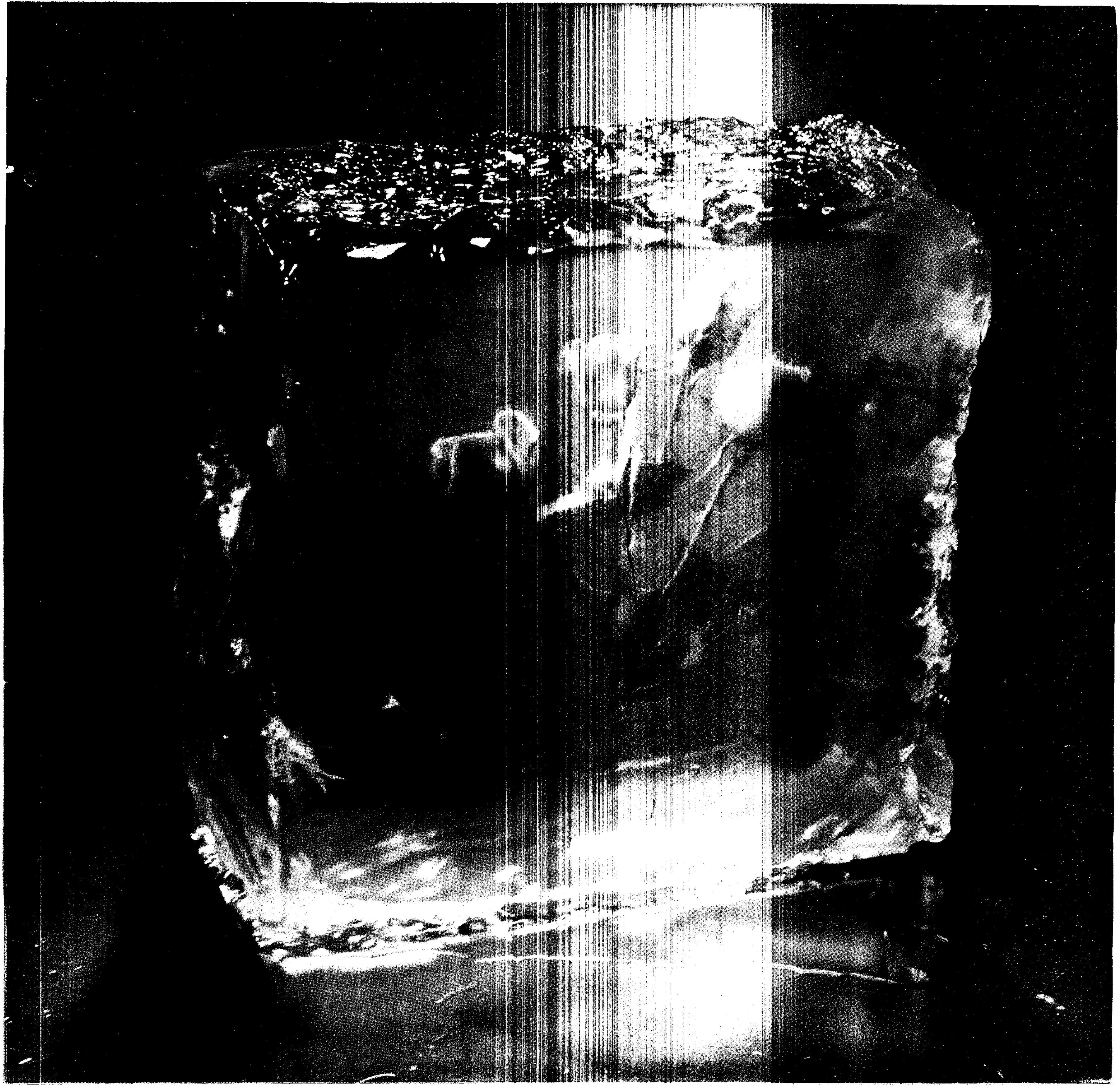
"Nothing," I told him, still laughing. "Except that it's so ridiculously easy to fool somebody when they want to be fooled."

"What?" the cop said. "What's that?"

"It just means," I said, standing up, "that now I'm sure of what I want, I'd better get busy looking for an honest job." So I went into the car lot and asked if they needed a salesman. They did.

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

a short short story



Cooling idea

REMEMBER this picture?

We first used it 6 years ago to remind you how gloriously cool and refreshing a Four-Roses-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon.

We're certain you haven't forgotten it if you took the hint and tried one. For the keen enjoyment of Four Roses' matchless flavor and mellow smoothness in a highball is something to be long remembered.

Today, as then, there's no other whiskey with quite the distinctive flavor of Four Roses. You'll see how right we are if you'll just make this cooling idea a memorable reality—now! Try a Four-Roses-and-soda—won't you?

• • •

Four Roses is a fine blended whiskey—95.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, 60% grain neutral spirits.

A TRULY GREAT BLENDED WHISKEY

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

Management's-eye-view of the Santa Fe

View from fireman's seat inside cab of one of Santa Fe's great fleet of Diesel locomotives. Engineer sits at right.

Many of the fine things you are enjoying and are about to enjoy on the Santa Fe are the direct result of riding the line rather than riding an office chair.

You can see more railroad from the cab of a locomotive than you can from a typewritten report. It all goes to prove that foresight is better than hindsight.

That's why you so often find the top executives of Santa Fe at the "head-end" of Santa Fe trains. They ride in front by desire and by design to see what lies ahead.

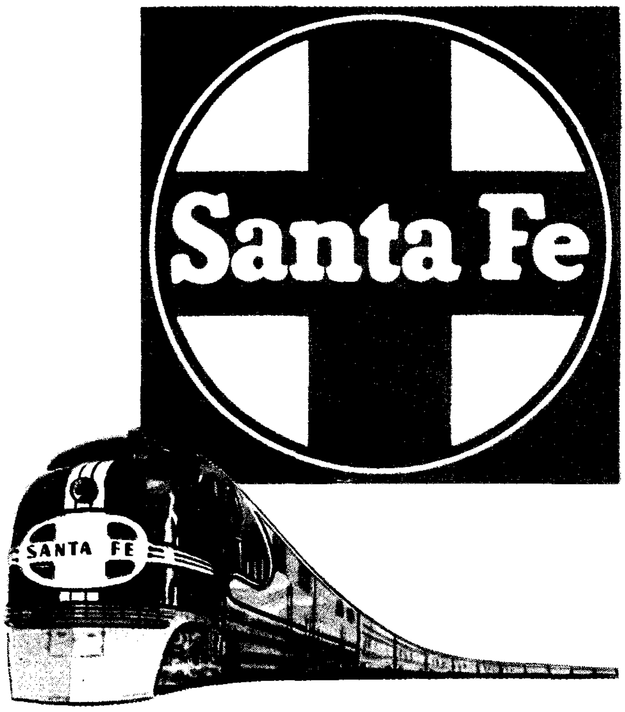
The modern railroad executive, who has grown up with tracks and trains and who has spent a large part of his life in railroading, looks at a section of track not in terms of ties and rails but in terms of the possible improvements for better service to shippers and passengers.

Coupling long experience with mature vision, he translates new ideas into action with immediate decision which is both practical and timely.

This practical "Management's-eye-view" has led to the straightening of curves, improved roadbeds, new bridges and many other things which pay off in terms of better service for both passengers and shippers. It has led also to improvements of design and handling in the locomotives themselves.

From time to time during the next few months, Santa Fe will announce a number of new features improving its service and equipment. Watch for them.

Santa Fe



SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Serving the West and Southwest

WIDE WORLD
INTERNATIONAL
ACME

Mrs. Twombly, who is now 93, at three different stages of her life. Her father was William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in the world. Her grandfather was "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt. Curiously, though, her wealth did not come from the Vanderbilts—it came from her husband, who more than 50 years ago invested in a process for liquefying sulphur at the mines

Dowager Queen

BY HELEN WORDEN

She owns fifteen automobiles. She pays her chef $25,000 a year. Her butler has four footmen to assist him. Her New York mansion contains seventy rooms. At one of her country places she employs more than a hundred servants. And she does not crave publicity—she hates it! The woman is the amazing Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, who is not like the women you meet on Main Street or in Café Society

JUST off Fifth Avenue, on East 71st Street, I saw on a bright afternoon in the spring an upstanding, spry-stepping but very old woman, beak-nosed, keen-eyed, wrapped in rich furs, with a fashionable hat on her gray head, led, almost borne, from the marble vestibule of a white stone mansion (a covey of house servants and footmen protectively guarding her), then assisted into a luxurious maroon town car and enveloped in a maroon broadcloth lap robe. At the wheel sat a chauffeur in a fine beaver-collared maroon uniform. For extra caution, there was a footman similarly uniformed (the King of England has such a pair in livery the precise color) on the seat beside him.

A passing delivery boy stood and gaped at the sumptuously clad old lady, surrounded by servants, and the careful seating of her in the expensive car. The old woman, the object of so much attention, I had seen before. She was Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, an original Vanderbilt, who at ninety-three is the great lady of society.

She has every right to be. She is the last link with an era of magnificent entertainment such as America may never see again—at least not for many generations. Her father was William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in the world, her grandfather, "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, a Staten Island ferryman who became the transportation king of the United States.

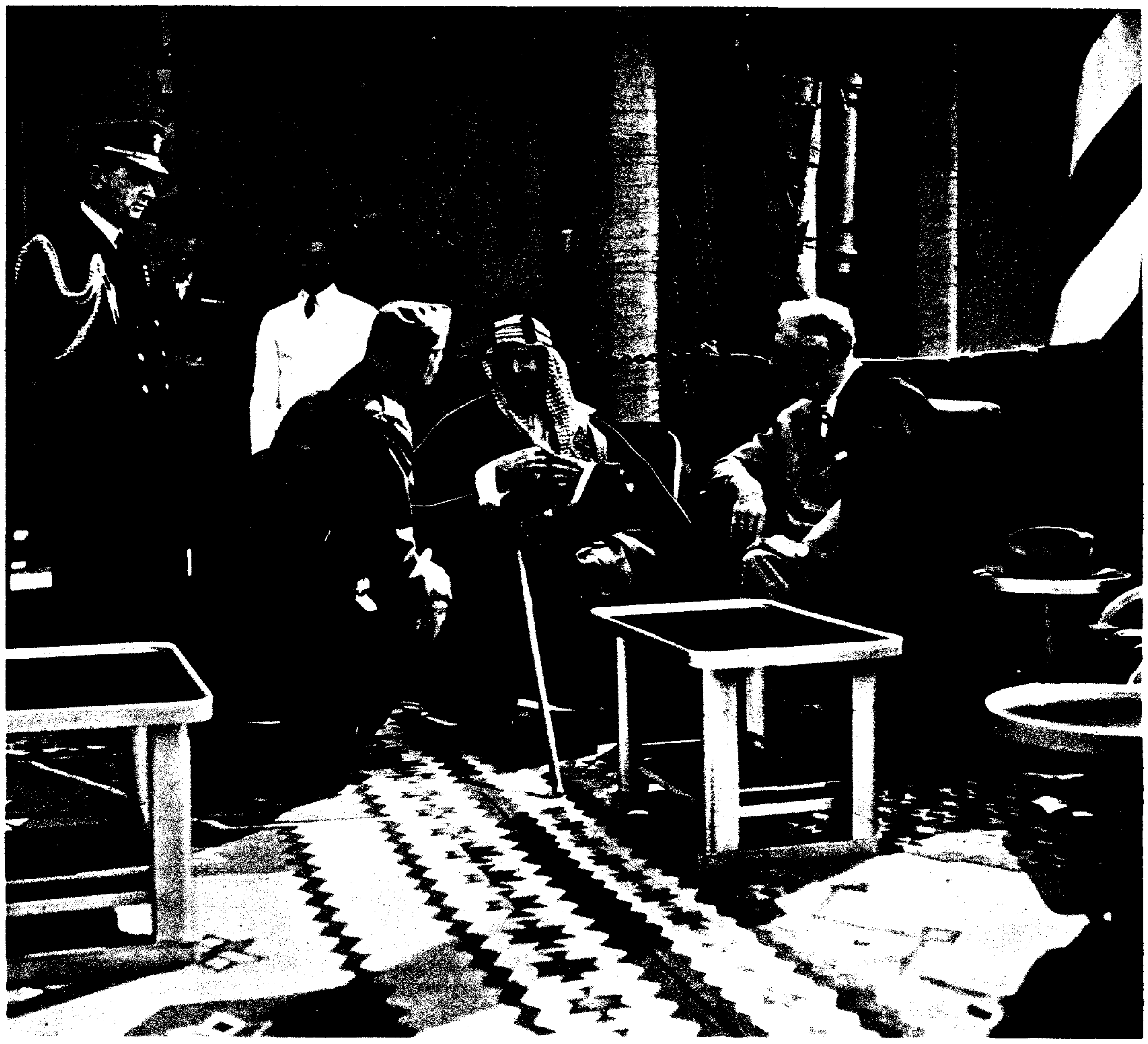
The pattern of her life is the pattern of royalty. She has her own colors—the maroon of the house of Vanderbilt, a dash of Burgundy mixed with plum; her own coat of arms—a semicrouching gold lion with her initials F.A.V.T. (Florence Adele Vanderbilt Twombly) beneath; and homes which are veritable palaces—Florham at Madison, New Jersey, the counterpart of a famous palace of an English king, Hampton Court, residence of Henry VIII; a seventy-room New York mansion at 1 East 71st Street; and Vinland, a Newport villa comparable to the little palace of Marie Antoinette. The assessed value of these three is $2,145,340. The taxes on Florham alone are $38,000 a year.

These three great establishments are maintained solely for the use of Mrs. Twombly and her unmarried daughter, Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly. She had three other children, Alice, Florence and Hamilton. Alice and Hamilton died in their teens. Florence, the widow of W. A. M. Burden, lives on Gracie Square.

Mr. Twombly died in 1910. He and his wife built Florham and improved Vinland together. He didn't live to see the East 71st Street home.

Aside from scanning menus in French laid on her breakfast tray by Joseph Donon, her $25,000-a-year French chef, Mrs. Twombly has practically no direct contact with the management of these incredible homes. She knows nothing of their actual equipment and she rarely

(Continued on page 59)



On his way back from Yalta, Roosevelt talked with King Ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia, dreamed of working there sometime

U.S. ARMY—FROM ACME

The Roosevelt I Knew

Continued from page 13

Madame Chiang about Wendell Willkie's visit to China. She replied courteously that China had enjoyed having him.

Roosevelt said, "What do you really think of Wendell Willkie?"

Madame Chiang answered, "Oh, he is very charming."

"Ah, yes," he said, "but what did you *really* think?"

"Well, Mr. President, he is an adolescent, after all."

Roosevelt tempted fate by saying, "Well, Madame Chiang, so you think Wendell Willkie is an adolescent—what do you think I am?"

"Ah, Mr. President," said Madame Chiang, "you are sophisticated."

As Roosevelt would tell this story there would be a gleam of pleasure and, shall I say, simple human vanity in his eyes—which indicated a quality quite the opposite of sophistication.

Roosevelt had a capacity for friendship with a great variety of people, which was partly the result of his complex nature. Mrs. Roosevelt, well aware of the extent to which he was imprisoned first by his illness and later by high office, made a point of bringing in, in an informal way, a great many people from all walks in life. They had always been hospitable people, and the old house in Hyde Park often had fifteen to twenty guests to lunch almost without notice.

All kinds of people from all parts of the world came to the White House and all were received comfortably, warmly and without ostentation. When Their Britannic Majesties were coming for their state visit, someone suggested to the President that it would be nice to assemble from museums and private homes some of the finest of the Early American furniture, rugs and hangings to furnish Their Majesties' rooms on the second floor of the White House.

The President vetoed the idea immediately. "I don't think they would like living in a museum," he said. "I think it would bore them. I think they will be tired when they get here. They would rather rest than sleep in a museum."

Praise from the King's Doctor

How right he was—and how successful in bringing it about—was attested later at a dinner given for them by the President. I sat beside Their Majesties' personal physician, who said, "I've been delighted with this visit. Their Majesties have relaxed and rested and there has been no nervous strain at all. It's that President of yours, Mr. Roosevelt. He just makes them feel so at ease."

It was fairly easy for Roosevelt thus to get along with the British, but he had more difficulty with the Russians. The Russian people interested him and he wanted to know them better. I recall a conversation we had after the Teheran Conference. He said reflectively, "I wish I understood the Russians better. You know the Russians, Frances, don't you?"

I replied, "No, I'm sorry to say I only know the ones who have been here at the embassy and some White Russian refugee taxicab drivers in Paris."

"Well," said the President, "I wish someone would tell me about the Russians. I don't know a good Russian from a bad Russian. I can tell a good Frenchman from a bad Frenchman. I can tell a good Italian from a bad Italian. I know a good Greek when I see one. But I don't understand the Russians. I just don't know what makes them tick. I wish I could study them. See if you can find out what makes them tick."

"Do you mean that seriously?" I replied.

"Yes, find out all you can and tell me from time to time. I like them and I want to understand them."

Unfortunately, I had no time to make a profound study of the Russians, but I read a few books and talked with a few people who had lived in Russia. From time to time I passed on what I had learned to the President. On one occasion I told him how one man who had lived in Russia a great deal had responded to my question, "What makes the Russians tick?" with these words, "The desire to do the Holy Will."

I had reproached my informant with confusing the prerevolutionary and deeply religious Russian with the modern Russian, but he had insisted that the same quality persisted.

When I told this to the President he said, "You know, there may be something in that. It would explain their almost mystical devotion to this idea which they have developed of the communist society. They all seem really to want to do what is good for their society instead of wanting to do for themselves. We take care of ourselves and think about the welfare of society afterward."

Perhaps the most striking illustration of Roosevelt's sense of responsibility, his vocation of service to the people, came out in one of the last conversations I had with him. He had just come back from Yalta. He had been flown rather low, at his request, over Saudi Arabia. He could observe from the air the meager vegetation and the diffused, limited cultivation of the land. A cheerless, dreary place, it seemed, with little local food supply and no more possible because of the aridity.

He turned to one of the Army engineers traveling with him and asked, "Why don't they raise something here? Is the soil absolutely infertile?"

"No," answered the engineer, "it is good soil and could be used if there were any water at all."

"Can't they irrigate?" asked the President.

"They *can't* irrigate because there isn't any water here to irrigate with."

"But," said the President, "there must be some water here. The people must drink and the animals must be watered."

"Yes, there are wells here and there in an oasis, but water, as you know, is sold at a high price."

"Well," he said, "how do they get the wells? Dig them?"

"That is the answer."

"How far below the surface is the water table?"

"About 50 feet."

"Is there real water there?"

"Yes, I think there is plenty of water 50 feet below the surface."

"Well, the solution seems to be to bring out some good pumps to pump up the water and irrigate the soil."

"Well," said the engineer, "that wouldn't do any good. It is so hot here that the sun would evaporate the water before it has done the soil any good and would leave it caked and dry."

"But the nights are cool. Why not pump the water up and irrigate at night when it will have time to sink into the soil? They really ought to be able to raise food. There must be a way if there is water underneath the soil."

When he met Ibn-Saud, the king, aboard ship on the way back, Roosevelt told him he thought American companies could be found who would help water the desert.

The king looked uninterested. He said, "I am an old man, agriculture is not for me. Perhaps my nephew will be interested when he comes to rule."

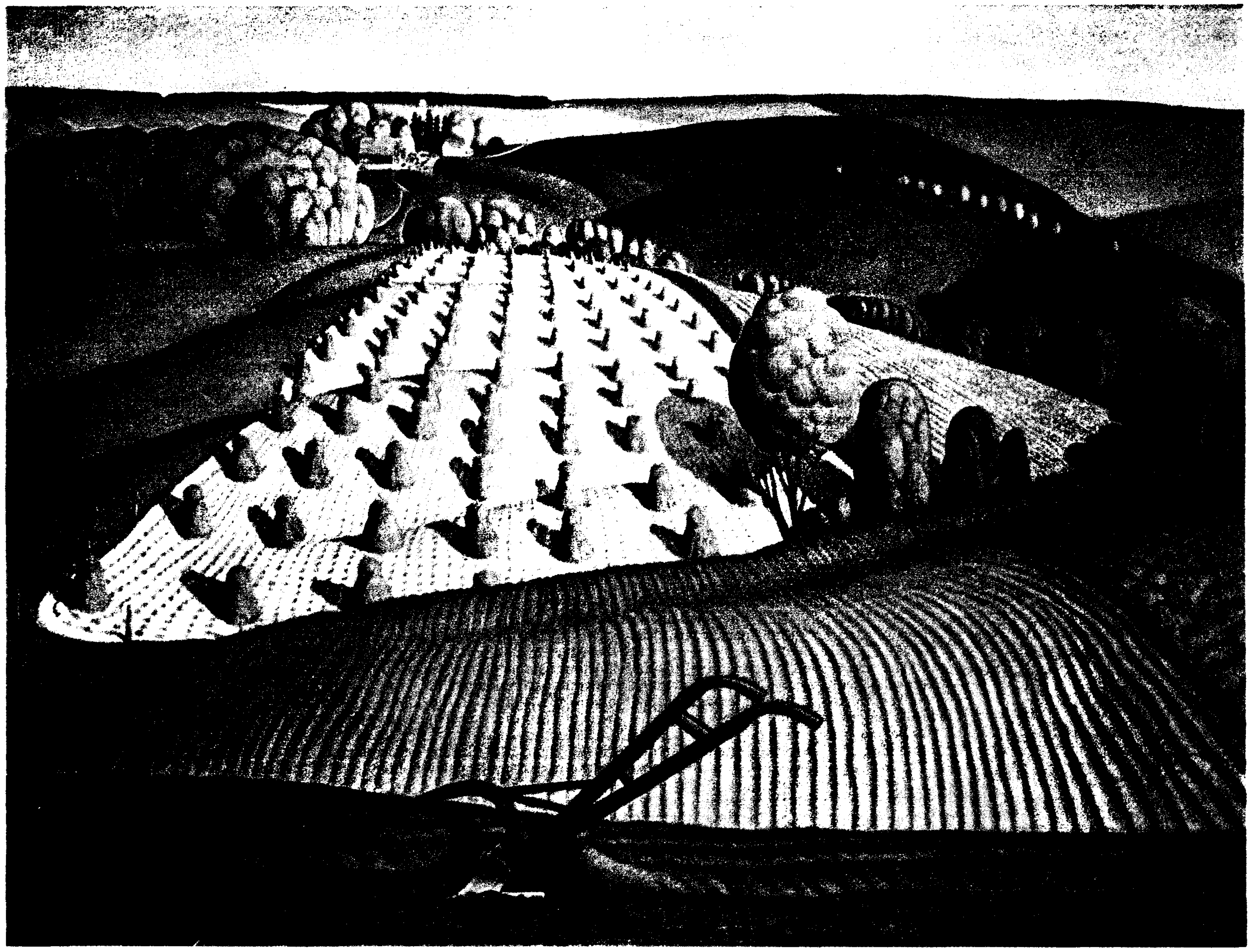
"But," said the President when he told me about it, "you know, there is something in that idea. The reason the Near East is so explosive is because the people are so poor. They haven't enough to eat. They haven't enough possible occupations. They need a food supply and they need to raise it themselves. That one thing, I think, would do more than anything else to reduce the explosive qualities of these areas. Look what the Jews have done in Palestine."

He paused reflectively, then went on: "When I get through being President of the U.S. and this damn' war is over, I think Eleanor and I will go to the Near East and see if we can manage to put over an operation like the Tennessee Valley system that will really make something of that country. I would love to do it."

"There is plenty for you to do here," I replied.

"Well, I can't be President forever, and I don't know any people who need someone to help them more than the people in the Near East."

(This is the first of several articles by Miss Perkins. The next will deal with Roosevelt as a politician and will tell, among others, the true stories of his breaks with Al Smith and John L. Lewis.)



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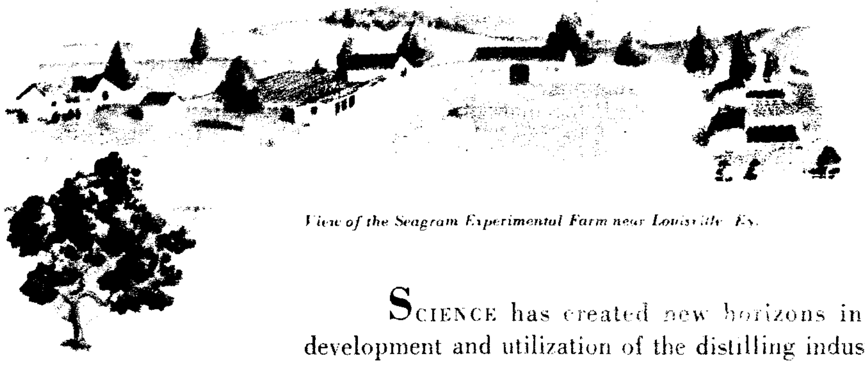

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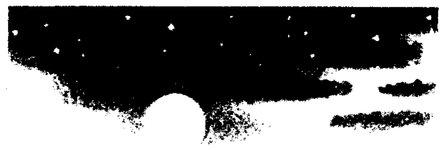

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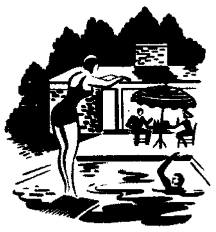

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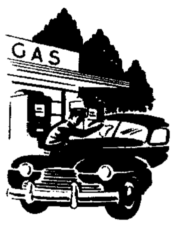

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The Senator Was Indiscreet

Continued from page 23

"I'll take you up on *that,* all right," Helen said.

"You don't get the opportunity to do a job for the future Vice-President of the United States every day," Lew said.

"Over my dead ballot he'll be Vice-President." She hurriedly stuffed her compact into her handbag and was out of the office ahead of Lew, striding vigorously toward the stairs. He walked in the other direction, toward the elevators.

The elevator was already crowded when it stopped at the mezzanine, A quarter of the space was taken up by a stack of luggage supported by two bellhops; and an imposing woman stood in the corner near the luggage. There was something vaguely familiar about her face. He had seen the heavy-lidded eyes before, somewhere, and the slightly pouted lips were as familiar as the memory of a long-ago kiss. Her hair was black, and her hat was worn with care to set off her widow's peak. She gave Lew a slow, unwinking gaze and turned her head away as if she had counted all his sixty-five inches and found them insufficient.

"Fourteen," the operator said, and the doors slid open. Lew started out, then stopped as the woman also moved toward the doors. He let her pass ahead of him, and her stone martens brushed against his arm.

The floor clerk was waiting in the corridor with a key, and the bellhops moved ahead with the bags. Lew followed, toward the Senator's suite, and as he advanced along the corridor he saw that the door was open. Senator Tolbert Ashton was awaiting the press.

The bellhops moved on to the door beyond the Senator's suite, and one of them put the key in the lock; but the woman stopped at the Senator's door. Lew heard her voice, husky and gay. "Well, Toby! How *are* you?"

"Well, well," said Senator Ashton, his big hand on her shoulder almost buried in the fur of the martens. "I'm expecting the press, you know, at any moment, and—" He caught sight of Lew in the corridor. "Ah, there you are."

The woman turned and smiled at Lew, and the Senator murmured, "Miss Dupree, this is Mr. Lew Wallace, the hotel's press representative. This is a very famous young woman you have here as your guest, Mr. Wallace."

"Gibson," Lew said.

"Gibson, of course." The Senator chuckled. "Lew Wallace was the fellow who wrote Ben Hur." His hand patted Miss Dupree's shoulder. "Weren't you in that picture, my dear?"

"I saw it," Miss Dupree said a little coolly, "when I was a child in school."

LEW remembered Wanda Dupree, in the old days, in silent films. He had seen her in many pictures when *he* had been a child in school.

"What a coincidence, Toby, running into you here," Miss Dupree was saying. "Do you know that I have the adjoining suite? Just there. Right next door."

"Why, that's simply perfect," the Senator said blandly. "I'm a lucky man. Suppose we have a cocktail together a little later, Wanda? I'll give you a ring." He cleared his throat. "Right now I'm preparing to meet the press."

"Of course," said Miss Dupree. She gave Lew a smile that seemed part of her make-up. "So glad, Mr. Wallace."

"Come in," the Senator said to Lew. "You have the copies there?"

The Senator led the way into his suite, murmuring, "An old friend, a very old friend. As the fellow said, it's a small world."

But a big hotel, Lew thought.

The Senator took the copies of his speech. "Looks fine," he said. "Just fine. I appreciate it, Mr. Gibson. By the way, I had them send up a little cracked ice and so forth. If you'd care for something . . ."

Lew poured rye and soda for himself, and Senator Ashton downed a jigger of bourbon, neat; and then the first of the reporters arrived, Nelson of the Courier. Lew introduced him to the Senator, mixed him a drink and lingered by the door to greet the other reporters.

Because there had been such short notice of the conference, no top political reporters appeared in the Senator's suite. Six reporters were present in all when the interview opened at 3:10—five men and a brisk, dark-haired woman reporter from the New York Record-Star. Lew had never met her before, but he remembered seeing her by-line—Poppy McNaughton. The name had suggested a personality a little more extravagant than that of the young woman from the Record-Star, for Miss McNaughton looked as if she would as soon split an infinitive as use cosmetics, and would rather leave her hair dangling than a participle. Her brown eyes were alert behind horn-rimmed glasses, and she sat with pencil poised in a slender, forthright hand.

Senator Ashton seemed to be aware of the effect of sunlight on his thick white hair, and stood before the window with his thumbs hooked in the side pockets of his coat, like a statue looking for a niche. His role was that of the genial legislator, eager to discuss the agenda of the United States Senate, but noncommittal on matters of party politics.

AS a newspaperman, Lew Gibson had participated in many mass conferences and the pattern rarely varied. The least informed of the reporters present usually took the lead in questioning, and changed the subject just when some sort of sense was about to be extracted. In this case Miss Poppy McNaughton filled the role.

The Senator had made a reference to the pending Ashton bill, and was somewhat disconcerted when none of the reporters seemed to have heard of it. He was striving for a thumbnail description of the bill, and had paused for breath, when Miss McNaughton asked, "Is your wife with you, Senator?"

"My wife?" said Senator Ashton. "No, not this trip. She has two fine boys to look after, you know. Now the salient features of the Ashton bill are that, in the first place, it would abolish Social Security—"

"What are their names, Senator?" asked Miss McNaughton.

"For Pete's sake," the man from the Courier said. "Look in Who's Who."

"I'd prefer to get it from the Senator," Miss McNaughton said stiffly.

"John and David," Senator Ashton said quickly. "Now as I was saying, it would abolish Social Security and in its place would substitute the Ashton tax security plan. That is, when each individual reached the age of sixty-five all income taxes he had ever paid would be refunded to him by the—"

"What are their ages, Senator?" asked Poppy McNaughton.

Senator Ashton gave up. He turned a steady gaze on the girl and said, "They're both in their twenties, making their start in life back home. I expect great things of those boys." He exhibited a fond parent's smile.

"In politics, Senator?" Miss McNaughton asked.

Nelson of the Courier put down his glass and got impatiently to his feet. Lew moved to the door and handed him a copy of the Senator's speech as he went out. "Are you coming to the dinner tonight?"

"No. I was just picking this up for Joe Beckett, our political man," Nelson explained. "He couldn't make the interview."

The other reporters were breaking up the conference with a chorus of "Thank you, Senator," but Miss McNaughton was still boring in. Her face was flushed angrily and she was explaining, "After all, Senator, it's your personality and your home life that's so important now. Our readers want to know about Tolbert Ashton, the man, not the senator. They want to know more about their future Vice-President."

"Thank you," said the Senator. He put his hand lightly on her elbow and steered her toward the door. "I'm a very simple man, young lady. I think that any standard biographical compilation will give you all the facts you require."

GOING out the door, Lew found himself looking into the level blue eyes of Valerie Shepherd, the girl from the Middle West. She said, "Oh, it's you."

"Hello," Lew said.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Gibson. They told me you'd be here."

"Your room all right? Everything okay?"

"Yes, perfect." She stood aside as Poppy McNaughton backed reluctantly from the Senator's suite.

"One thing more, Senator," the reporter was saying. "I understand they call you Terrible Toby Ashton back home. Why is that?"

"Oh, now, that's only a newspaper nickname," the Senator said. "Just hard-pressed for alliteration, that's all."

"I thought maybe it was because you had a temper," said Miss McNaughton.

"Temper?" Senator Ashton's eyebrows went up. "My dear, it ought to be Tranquil Toby Ashton." He patted her arm. "Thank you, my dear, thank you." He almost shoved her into the corridor, and as she started for the elevator his approving eyes fell on Miss Shepherd.

"Thank you for your co-operation, Mr. Gibbons," he said. "I think it went off very well, considering. Is this another young lady of the press?"

"Oh," Valerie Shepherd said. "It's Senator Ashton, isn't it?"

Lew glanced at her smiling face. He shrugged and murmured an introduction.

"Everybody back home knows the Senator," she said gaily. "I'm from your state, Senator Ashton." She smiled at Lew. "Why, the first vote I ever cast was for Toby Ashton."

Lew was watching Poppy McNaughton walk along the corridor. He noticed that she had a figure, and from the distance, where the horn-rimmed glasses and untidy black hair were less noticeable, she— Senator Ashton's booming voice broke in. He was holding Valerie's hand, patting it. "Well, see here, if you'd voted against me, I'd have had you investigated," he said. "I'd have had you picked up as an underage voter." He squeezed her hand and chuckled. "What are you doing up here in the big city, young lady?"

"Just having a holiday, Senator."

Senator Ashton was beaming, and he still held her hand. He winked at Lew. "You know, if I were a younger man, I'd cut you out, young fellow."

"Oh, now, Senator Ashton." Valerie managed a blush.

"Yes, sir," the Senator said. "But time is a statute the Congress never got around to repealing, unfortunately." He put his hand on the doorknob. "It was mighty pleasant meeting you, Miss Shep-

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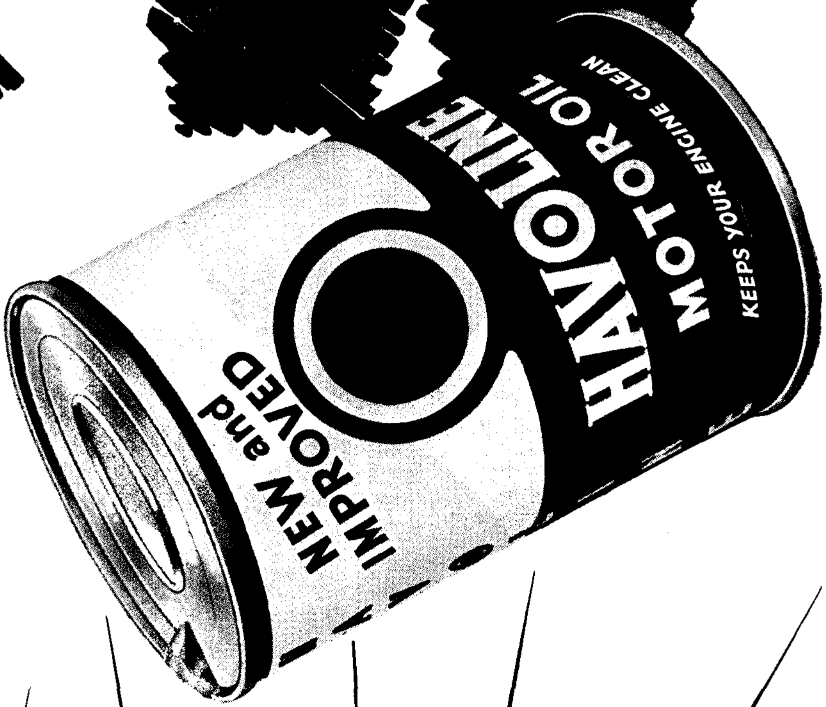

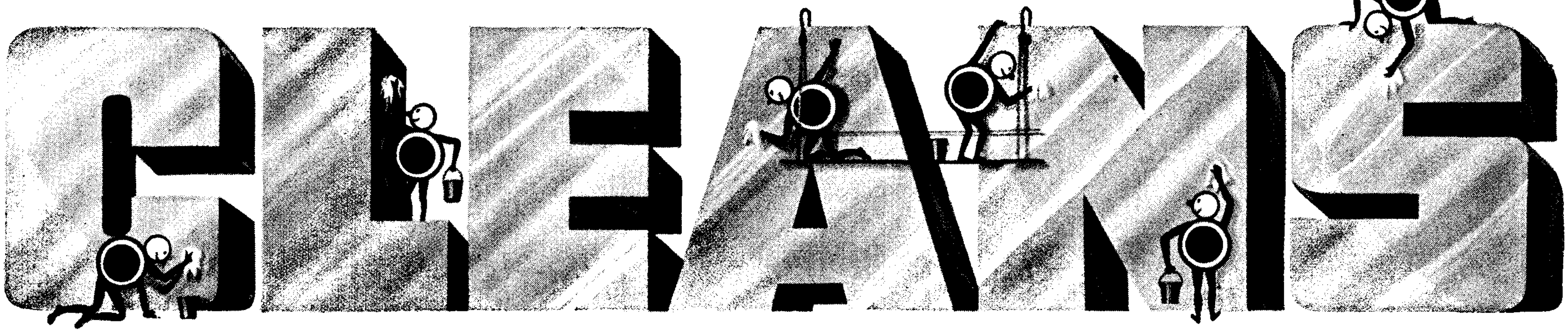

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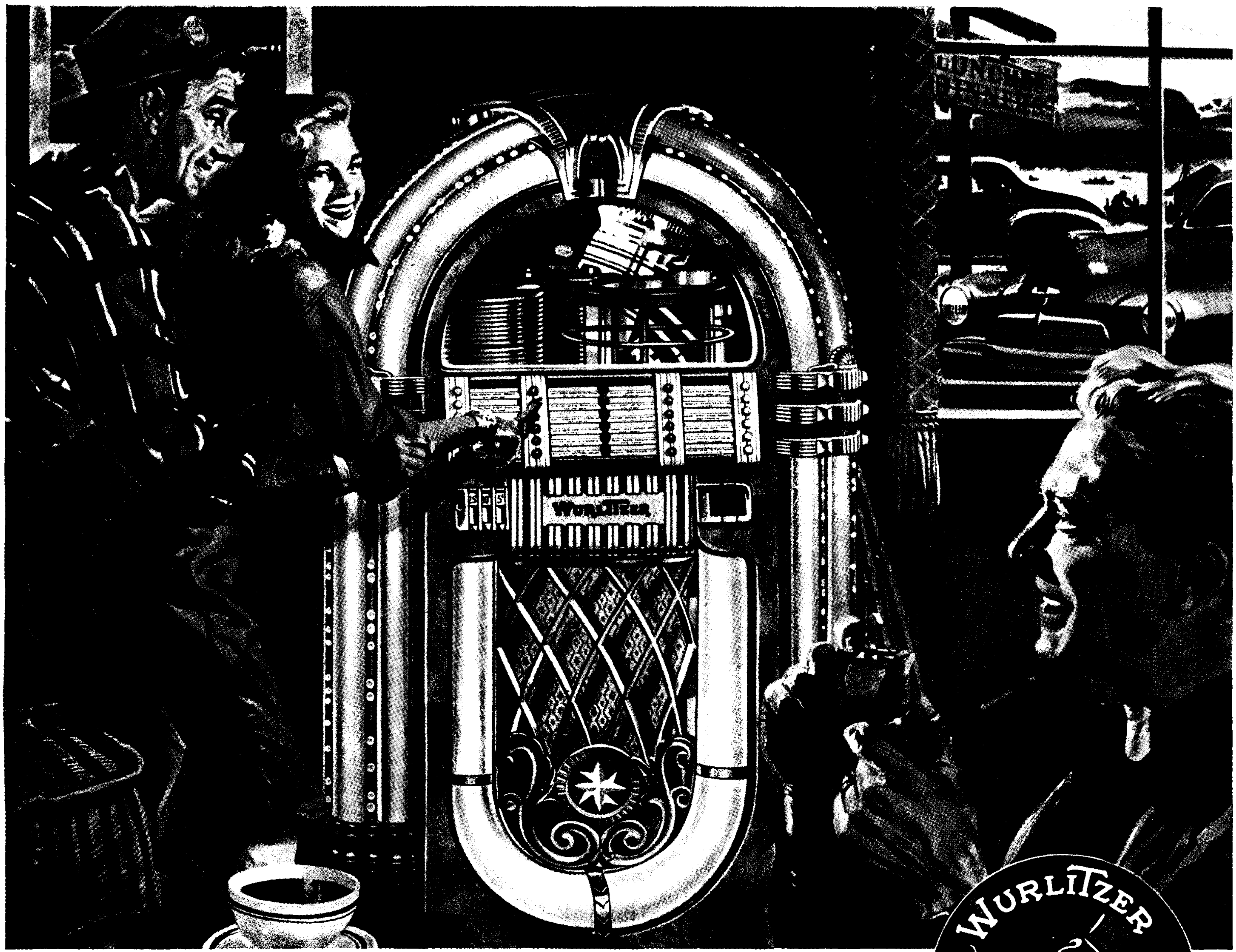

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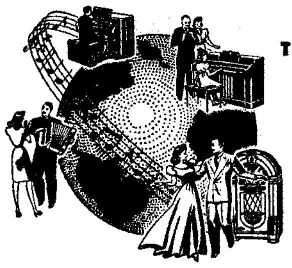

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herd. Give my regards to the folks back home. And thank you, Mr. Gibbons." The closing door shut off his grin.

"What humbug!" Lew said.

"Humbug? Why, it isn't at all. He's a nice, old-fashioned man, and that sort of thing is second nature, like kissing babies."

"I was talking about *you,*" Lew said.

Valerie laughed, then touched his hand lightly. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Gibson. The reason I was looking for you was to say that I can't make it for cocktails this afternoon. Do you mind?"

"Sure I mind," Lew said. They had reached the turn of the corridor, and he glanced back over his shoulder. He saw a door opening, as he had half expected, but it was not Wanda Dupree's door, nor the Senator's. It was a door across the corridor from the Senator's suite. It had been opened only a few inches, and as Lew glanced back he had a glimpse of a sallow face and small black mustache before the door was pulled quickly shut.

AT THE elevator, he said, "What are you doing later? If you like to dance, I thought I might take you up and show you the Constellation Terrace."

"That would be nice," Valerie said.

"At about ten-thirty? I'll call your room."

"Maybe I'd better meet you in the lobby. Or the bar. How about the bar?"

"The bar at ten-thirty," Lew said.

She left the elevator at the twelfth floor, and he descended to the mezzanine. His secretary had not returned, but Poppy McNaughton was waiting in a chair by the window, with an air of frustrated impatience. She jumped to her feet when he came in.

"I didn't get a copy of the Senator's speech, Mr. Gibson," she said.

Lew gave her one, and she hesitated, tapping one foot. "I get so fed up," she said explosively. "It's all so stereotyped. Who cares about the legislation that old mossback reactionary dreams up? The only thing about him of any importance is that they're going to run him for Vice-President, and I'd like to know why. I'd like to know what makes him tick, and so would our readers."

Lew nodded. "I guess you're right."

"The Ashton bill!" she said angrily. "Did you ever hear such balderdash? Hell, I read the Ashton bill before I came up here today. I wanted to find out something about the man that wrote it."

"You're perfectly right," Lew said. His opinion of the girl from the Record-Star was going up. None of the other reporters had even heard of the bill, much less read it. For that matter, neither had he.

"Let me buy you a drink," he suggested, thinking that he should not let her leave the Hotel Westbrook with ruffled feelings.

For the first time, he saw her smile. She said, "Fine," and started for the door. Lew noticed a memorandum on his desk from the manager's office: *Please call Mr. Fahnstock at once.* He picked up the telephone, and the manager's secretary asked him to come over right away.

"It will have to be a quick one," he said to Miss McNaughton. "Let's go."

They ordered Scotch at the horseshoe bar. The girl was in a less agitated mood, but remained indignant. "Most reporters are like sheep," she said. "I expected stiff competition in New York, top metropolitan stuff, but most of them just sit around and listen and then they go back to the office and write what they're supposed to write. They don't really go to work and dig up a story. I guess that's why it's such a phony's paradise."

"What's a phony's paradise?"

"New York City. All anybody needs is a press agent to get in."

Lew grinned.

"You ought to know," her crisp voice said. "Being an advance man for paradise yourself. The phony's paradise, that is. You get their names in the papers. You get their private lives into the columns. It's like being a barker for a freak show, isn't it?"

"Well," Lew said, "it's a job." He watched her gulp her Scotch. "Is this your first assignment at the Westbrook?"

"Yep."

"I wondered why I hadn't run into you before. Where did you come from?"

"Pittsfield."

"Recently, I bet," he said, and smiled.

"A month is long enough." She put down her glass. "Thanks for the drink, Mr. Gibson. I've got to run."

"I'll be seeing you," Lew said. "In paradise."

HE LAUGHED as he went across the lobby to the manager's office. The girl had a fresh impudent quality that appealed to him. There was nothing static about her, and he thought she would probably go a long way in journalism.

Porter Fahnstock was at his desk. It was regularized like a restaurant table: ash tray on the left, desk set dead center, a small vase holding a single rose at the right. The one discordant note was a small wad of chewing gum in the center of the black ash tray.

"Sit down, Mr. Gibson," said Porter Fahnstock. He was a tall, sleek man, precisely dressed and precisely seated on his high-backed chair. Lew sat down, and gazed at the wad of chewing gum.

"Do you know where that came from?" Mr. Fahnstock demanded. "From behind an English hunting print in a bridal suite. Chewing gum, Mr. Gibson! Why can't we do something about it? Under the chairs, in the potted plants, stuck to the drapes, glued to the walls in the telephone booths, folded up in the napkins, behind an *English* hunting print. Gum!"

"You want me to start a campaign against gum?" Lew asked, smiling.

Mr. Fahnstock shook his head. "I dream of gum sometimes. I dream I'm wading in it. It's stuck to my shoes, sucking me down like quicksand, and people with their jaws oscillating are chanting, 'Gum, gum, gum,' like one of those arty radio programs. Mr. Gibson, did I see your secretary chewing gum the other day?"

"That dame chews tobacco."

The manager's eyes became hard and bright. "That is precisely the type of remark I do not like," he said. "Mr. Gibson, certain rules are waived for an employee of your type. For instance, you did not have to take a diction and presentability test, as is required of other employees who come in contact, as representatives of the hotel, with the public. And your diction, I might add, would hardly have been in your favor."

Lew was getting angry. He was tired of senators and chewing gum and hotel managers. He said slowly, "I never attached much importance to superficials, Mr. Fahnstock."

Mr. Fahnstock showed his small teeth, as if presenting them for inspection. "Superficials, as you call them, are the essence of the hotel profession," he said. "A well-mannered clerk is a better advertisement than the finest chef." He reached down quickly and jerked open a drawer. "I don't want to quibble with you, Mr. Gibson. Carelessness of speech or appearance is not, I suppose, a disadvantage in dealing with newspaper people. But I really can't understand it in you. After all, you certainly know how to use the *printed* word." He brought up from the drawer the article Lew had written. "Now this is excellent, really excellent."

"Thank you," Lew said wearily.

"And Senator Ashton telephoned down to compliment you on your handling of his press conference," the manager went on. "It is important to please a man like Senator Ashton. We want him to stop at the Westbrook on his next visit to New York. As you know, he's speaking at a banquet tonight. It would be well, I think, if you looked in on the function and supervised the press."

"I was planning to," Lew said.

Mr. Fahnstock initialed the article and passed it to Lew. "You may send this on under my name," he said.

Lew stood up and started for the door. As his hand touched the knob, the manager called to him. "Mr. Gibson."

Lew turned. "Yes, sir."

"As a favor to me, will you please straighten your tie?"

Lew grinned and put his hand to the knot of his tie. He gave it a jerk to the left and went out the door.

BEFORE going up to the banquet in the north ballroom that night, Lew stopped in the bar for a cocktail. He put his copies of Senator Ashton's speech on the bar and asked Oliver, the head barman, to mix a Manhattan.

Oliver said as he poured the Manhattan, "Is that the fellow your secretary's gonna marry, the guy that was with her here this afternoon?"

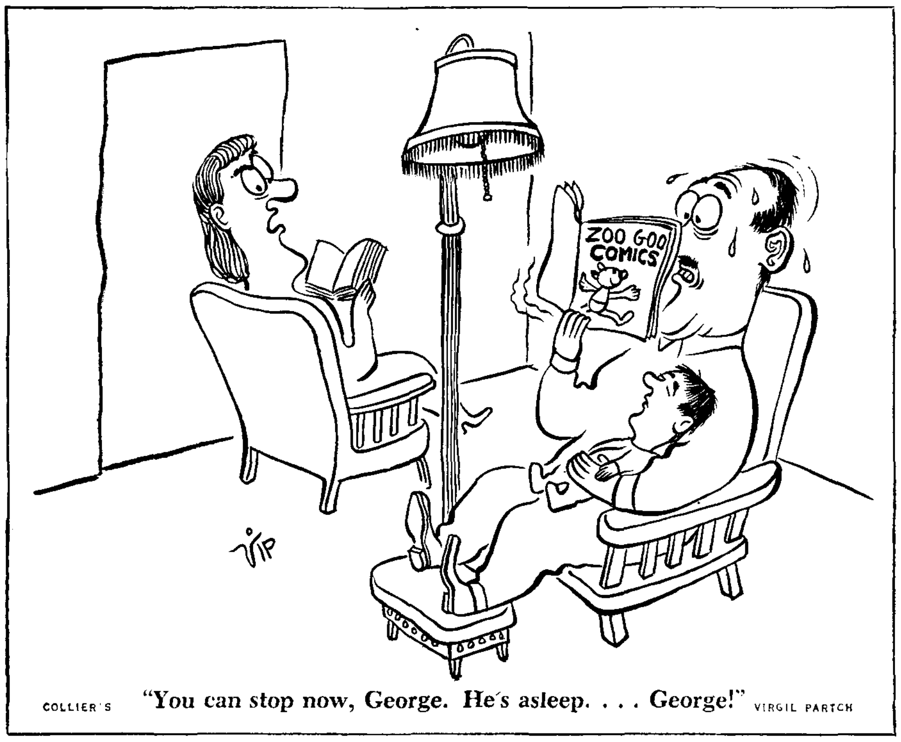
"She was with someone, was she?"

"Yeah. Little guy with a mustache."

"She sign the check for *his* drinks, too?" Lew asked.

"She didn't sign no check," Oliver said. "He paid."

Lew shook his head. "That wasn't



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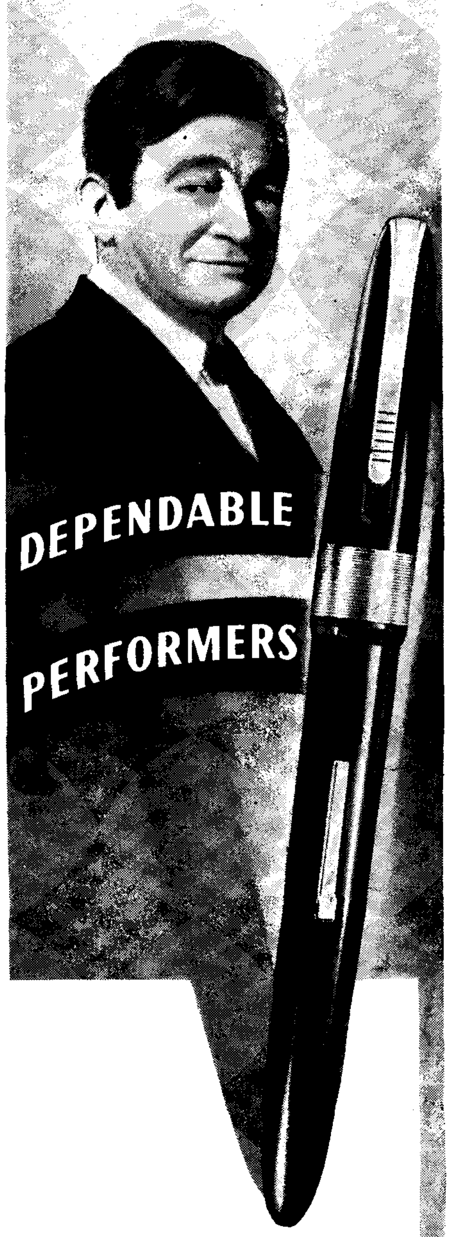

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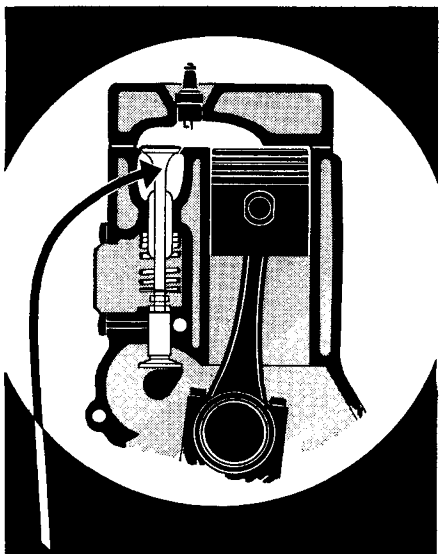

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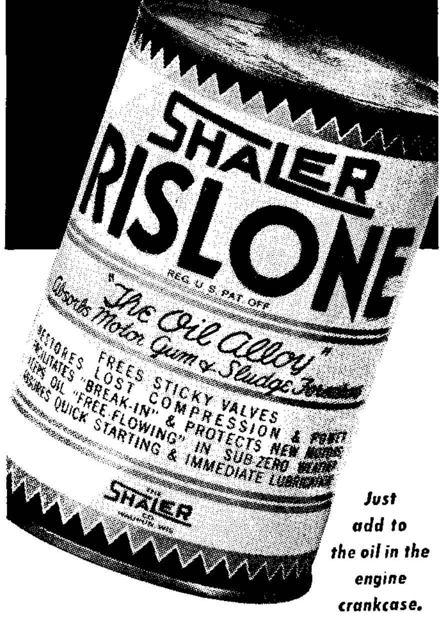
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her fiancé," he said. "The guy she's going to marry weighs better than two hundred and sells drugs wholesale in Elizabeth, New Jersey. She met him when the wholesale druggists had a convention here a couple of months ago."

Lew knew he would miss Helen Watkins. She was a good secretary. She complained too much, and her bristling manner sometimes irritated him, but he liked her. It would not be easy to replace her.

"You figure that one will ever make Vice-President, Lew?" Oliver asked.

Lew turned his head. At a table by the oak-paneled wall Senator Tolbert Ashton sat with a young woman. Lew saw the copper sheen in the girl's hair, and his eyebrows went up.

"The old goat," Lew murmured. "He only met her this afternoon."

He frowned. Was this why Valerie Shepherd had broken their date for cocktails? He shook his head at once, remembering that she had come to him to cancel the engagement before she had met the Senator.

"Some number," Oliver said.

Valerie's eyes met Lew's. She smiled, and waved her hand gaily. Senator Ashton also glanced up and gave Lew a campaigner's grin. They were holding the pose at the moment Wanda Dupree swept into the bar, in evening gown and chinchilla wrap. Lew watched an interesting pantomime. Wanda Dupree's heavy lids screened her eyes; her smile was brittle. The Senator jumped to his feet, his cheeks splotched with pink, and made the introductions. The residue of the smile Valerie had given Lew was preserved acidly for Wanda, who hesitated briefly, then sat down across the table from the girl. The Senator hastily signaled a waiter.

Lew felt that he could probably paraphrase the conversation at the Senator's table. Coincidence would be waving both long arms as the Senator explained to Wanda that Valerie Shepherd was a constituent from back home and to Valerie that Wanda was an old, old friend who chanced to be staying at the same hotel. Certainly the Senator was carrying the conversation; the two women sat in prickly silence.

THE Senator's filibuster lasted about three minutes, then he looked at his watch and abruptly called for his check. He paid, bowed to Valerie, patted Wanda Dupree's hand, and picked up his brief case from an adjoining chair. He walked quickly out of the room. The two women remained together at the table, sipping their cocktails. They were still there five minutes later when Lew signed his check and started for the banquet table.

In the north ballroom of the Hotel Westbrook, the National Society of Novelty Manufacturers, in convention assembled, was completing its three-day meeting with a formal banquet; and attention to Senator Tolbert Ashton's speech was the terminal duty of the delegates.

The speakers' table was at the east end of the ballroom, and two hundred delegates sat at round tables on a level three feet lower than the dais. The main doors to the ballroom were on the south side, and there was an exit door behind curtains at the west end. Also on the south side, opening to the right of the dais, was a door to a small anteroom where a group described on the program as distinguished guests gathered before the dinner. They entered the anteroom by a door from the corridor, and made a group entrance to the ballroom just before the waiters began serving.

Lew had arrived as they were trooping through, the president of the Society in the lead and Senator Tolbert Ashton immediately behind him. There were already three reporters at the press table. Two of them were attacking their fruit cocktails, and the third, Joe Beckett of the Courier, was drinking a highball.

Lew slid into a vacant chair and said, "Hello." He put a stack of mimeographed pages on the table. "Here's the list of speakers and their pedigrees. I guess everybody has the Senator's speech."

"Just here to see if he follows the text myself," Joe Beckett said. "I've written my story."

"What kind of play will it get?" Lew asked.

"Pretty dull speech," Joe said. "Explains why they call him Terrible Toby. It's terrible, all right. But don't worry, you'll find the Hotel Westbrook right up in the lead."

"Okay," Lew said.

He saw Joe's eyes widen, then heard a low voice say, "Is this chair free?" He turned his head. Some magic process seemed to bring beautiful women oozing through every pore of the old Westbrook's plaster these days.

"This is the press table," Lew said.

"Fine." The girl sat down. "I'm from the Record-Star. Who's handling publicity?" Her voice was very businesslike.

"I am," Lew said. "I'm Lew Gibson."

HER hair was blond; her eyes were a curious gray-green shade. There was a directness of gaze and a friendly self-possession in her manner that meant to Lew that she had probably been a tomboy in her girlhood and was still on companionable terms with the boys. He passed her a copy of the Senator's speech and made introductions. "This is Joe Beckett of the Courier, Mr. Williams of the Press, Mr. Armstrong of the Globe . . . Miss . . ."

The girl supplied her name, and the name she supplied was McNaughton.

Lew stared at her. "McNaughton, did you say?"

"Yes. Poppy McNaughton."

Poppy, Lew thought, you sure have bloomed since this afternoon. He felt uncomfortable. It was not the first time he had faced impostors at a press table, and he did not like his role as official representative of the Hotel Westbrook.

Lew sighed, and whispered to the girl, "May I speak to you for a moment?"

"Yes, of course."

"Outside," Lew said.

He saw a troubled look in her eyes, but she rose immediately and preceded him to the door. He closed it softly behind him, and as he turned in the corridor he knocked against a small man entering the adjoining anteroom. He said, "Pardon me," without turning his head, and fixed his eyes on the girl's face.

"It would save a lot of embarrassment," he said, "if you just—well, had your dinner somewhere else."

Her fingers clutched her handbag nervously. She murmured, "I don't understand," and her eyes flicked away from him. She looked as though she were going to cry. He put his hand to the knot of his tie, jerked it, and loosened his collar with his forefinger.

"I'm sorry," he said haltingly. "I'll have to ask to see your press card."

"Well, I . . ." She hesitated an instant, then nodded and said, "Of course." She fumbled in her handbag and brought out a green cardboard shield. Typed on it was the name, Poppy McNaughton, and it bore the signature of Mitchell, the city editor of the Record-Star.

Lew felt a great relief. His face flushed as he returned the card. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "It was a mistake."

"What's it all about?" she asked quietly.

"You see," Lew explained. "There was an impostor here this afternoon. A girl who identified herself as Poppy McNaughton. She was at the Senator's press conference."

(To be continued next week)

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Why Teachers Quit School

Continued from page 20

Conservative estimates of the acute teacher shortage in the nation's schools for the fall of 1946 indicate at least 100,000 qualified instructors are needed. After Pearl Harbor, emergency certificates for teachers without standard qualifications rose from 2,305 to 69,423, according to the U.S. Office of Education. At the opening of the last school year, 20 per cent of the teachers were new to the profession.

During the early thirties, however, teachers dared not complain for fear of losing their jobs.

One year the Oklahoma City School Board defaulted on a part of our salary. There was nothing we could do about it—then. A few years later, the teachers sued the board to recover part of that money. We won the suit.

When I got my long-overdue pay, I went downtown and picked out the largest, heaviest and gaudiest finger ring I could find, simply as a token of triumph. It's big as a silver dollar and weighs a ton, but it does wonders for my morale every time I wear it!

Rioting in Chicago Streets

Teachers on the whole were patient and long suffering during those years of economic crisis. There were, of course, exceptions. In April of 1933, just as Chicago prepared to welcome the world to its Century of Progress Exposition, the teachers of the city schools rioted in the streets. They had not been paid regularly since 1930. The school board had been unable to raise money because of its reputation for graft, and half of the city's taxes for 1928, '29, and '30 remained unpaid. When the school board made additional cuts up to 30 per cent on the teachers' nonexistent salaries, that was too much!

But after a period of excitement and public demonstrations, the Chicago teachers did go back to their schools. They did continue to serve, with nothing more tangible than the promise of pay. And they did all they could for the young people in their charge. So did teachers all over America in those difficult times.

At the same time that teachers were enduring cutbacks and holdbacks, they were being called on to support public charities. As a group, public-school teachers have always been as generous as their slender purses would allow. They see the need for charity every day in their schoolrooms.

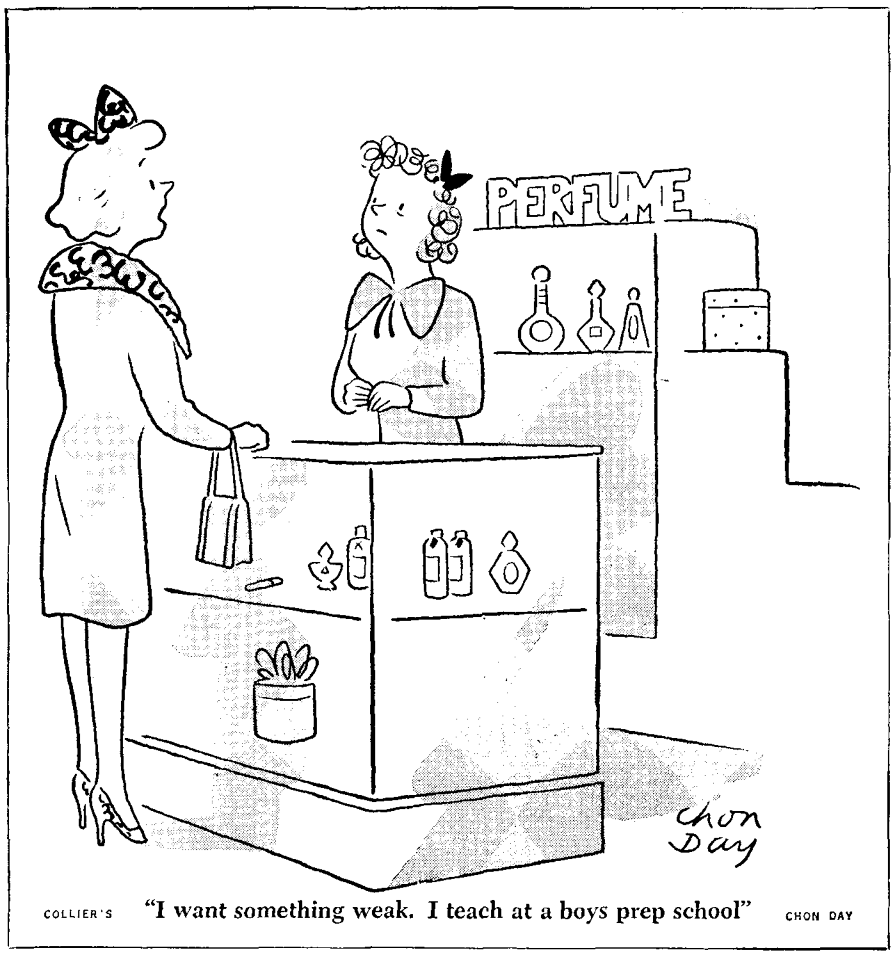
But one year, when the director of the Oklahoma City Community Chest asked the teachers to give one per cent of their salaries while city employees were asked for only one half per cent, there were questions. The director explained by saying that city employees had dependents, while teachers did not! That was the only time I ever heard a staid group of dignified schoolma'ams hiss and boo.

For most teachers, charity begins at home. I knew some of the teachers at a school in a poor district of Oklahoma City. During the depression, they spent much of their time and energy outside the schoolroom looking after needy families. Yet some of them were making only $50 a month themselves. They were "cadets," nominally hired to teach half days under the supervision of an experienced teacher but actually carrying a full load of responsibility in and out of the schoolroom.

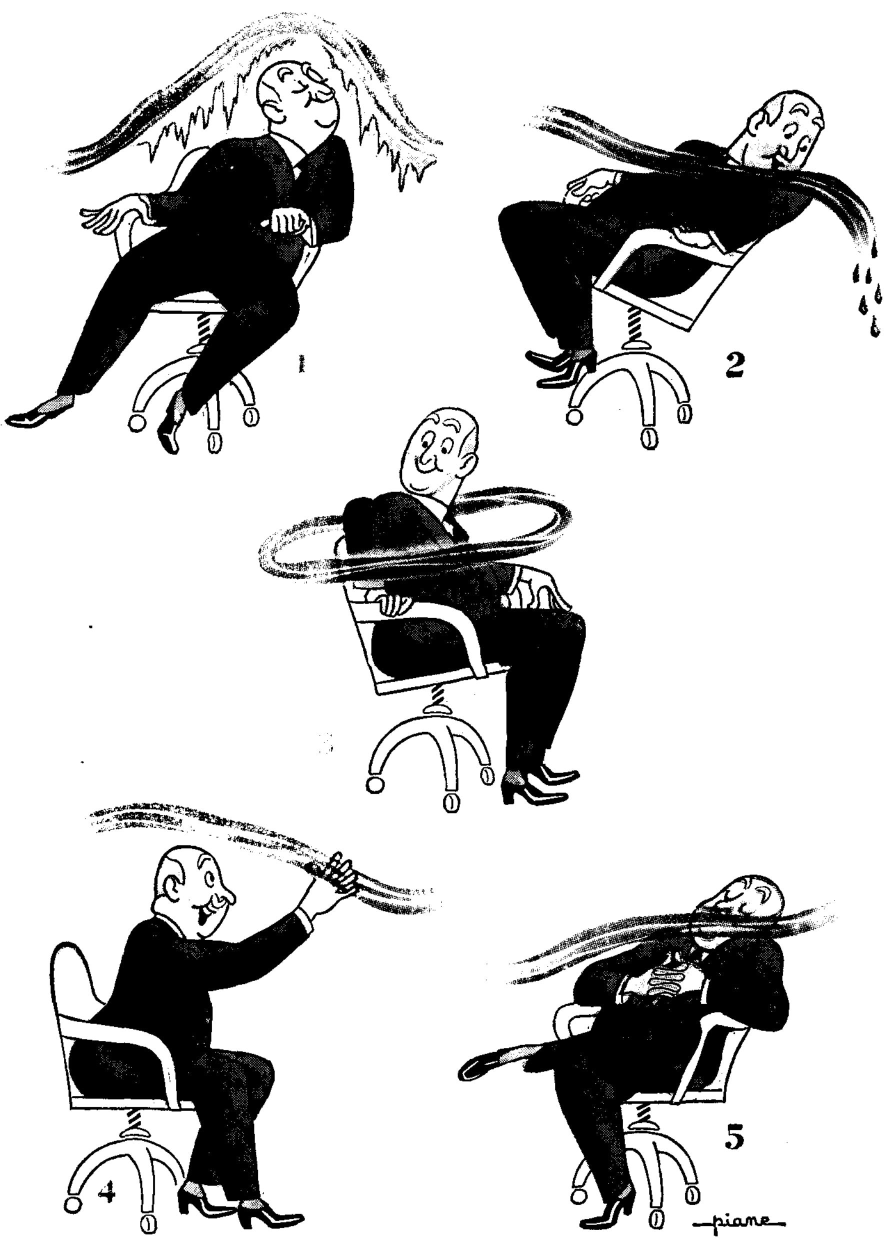
The attitude of the school board toward the children of this school district was revealing. One year they arranged for a political organization to supply Christmas candy for a party—with a little slip in each bag exploiting the name of the organization. The principal refused to allow this. At the end of the term he was transferred.

That was the sort of thing that eventually got me filled up to the ears with public-school teaching.

I finally said goodby to the public schools last year. I took a job—at about twice the pay of my last public-school position—with the Extension Division of the University of Michigan. I am still teaching, but now my students are parents and adults. Perhaps through them



COLLIER'S "I want something weak. I teach at a boys prep school" CHON DAY



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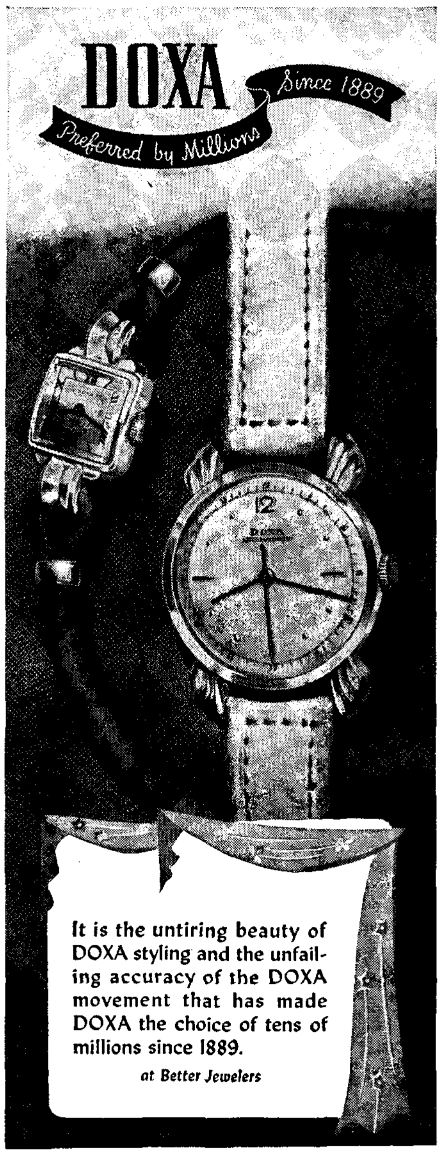
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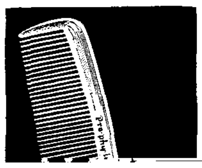

1
Smart styling, sparkling new colors.
2

I shall be able to reach the youngsters after all.

I miss the youngsters. I miss them lying on their stomachs in art class, painting huge, important pictures. I miss them in social studies, talking about current events with a clear-sightedness and a humor that adult statesmen would do well to copy. I miss them on the playground, and in the cloakroom in the morning.

But I cannot go back to them. I would be too unhappy.

If this sounds selfish, I have no defense. I think teachers *should* be more selfish. Perhaps if they were, they'd fight for some of the things they ought to have. Things like better pay, tenure of position (which means that you can't be booted out, as I was, for personal or political reasons), the right to live an adult life in the community, some say-so about methods and materials, and a democratic voice in administration.

Next to higher salaries, security is perhaps more needed than any other benefit. Teachers, to be effective, must be reasonably sure of their jobs. At least they must be free from the gnawing fear of dismissal for trivial reasons. Teachers in Oklahoma City in the '30s never knew this freedom.

The Case of "Mary Brown"

In 1937, for instance, on the last day of school, a teacher whom I shall call Mary Brown got her notice. Mrs. Brown's husband was a semi-invalid; she had been supporting the two of them and her sister on a substitute salary. Although Mrs. Brown had been employed as a substitute over a period of years and her job was for all purposes of comparison permanent, the board had never given her that status. By paying her a "substitute" salary of around $100 a month, it could save money.

She had been a good teacher and she needed her job. So she went to the superintendent for an explanation of her dismissal. He told Mrs. Brown that her husband's car had been seen at the home of an opposition candidate for a school-board job. The board deduced that Mr. Brown had taken part in the campaign against them!

Mrs. Brown laughed with relief. "Don't worry about that!" she said.

The superintendent was not amused. "Mrs. Brown," he said, "no more serious charge could be brought against you!"

Actually poor Grace Brown had to call for the help of her minister in proving that the Brown car had been seen on legitimate, private and nonpolitical business, and she was finally reinstated.

Dismissals for political activity are fairly common, though they seldom carry that label. Unless there is a teacher tenure law in the state, nothing can be done about them.

The objective of most tenure laws is to prevent dismissal without advance notice in writing, without a hearing and

The nation's schools need $2,000,000,000 for the coming year. This is the figure which 300 of the country's leading educators set at a recent conference on teacher preparation and supply. Another billion for each of the next two years is needed to meet increased enrollment, reduce teacher loads, and provide for educational demands and services deferred during the war.

All this money must come from federal funds, the educators said. Great Britain and Russia have outstripped us in supporting education. The conference urged that we spend twice as much as we do now.

A minimum teacher's salary of $3,000 was also recommended as contrasted with the 1944-45 average in the profession of $1,786.

sion for the Defense of Democracy Through Education took up her case and made it a *cause célèbre* in the fight for tenure. But there is still no tenure law in Oklahoma, despite a general frowning upon political dismissals.

Many of our teachers, however, were willing to put up with low pay and with insecurity. They knew the importance of the job they were doing and a little self-sacrifice wasn't too high a price to pay. All they needed was encouragement. Intelligent, sympathetic administrators and supervisors could have helped. But many of our supervisors are autocratic and narrow-minded.

I remember a principal with whom I worked in Oklahoma City. Let us call her Miss X. Her intentions were good, but she was tactless and overbearing. One of our teachers at that time was bordering on a neurosis as the result of personal difficulties. It showed up in her teaching, but Miss X, instead of trying to find the cause and cure, simply gave orders. The teacher was to do this, not to do that, and so on.

The woman only grew more nervous under this treatment. Finally Miss X simply walked into the distraught teacher's room one day at noon and told her that she was to be transferred that afternoon! It was like being suddenly plunged into ice-cold water, and the unfortunate woman went to pieces. Eventually she was lost to the profession, but she might have been saved for useful work, if sympathy and understanding had replaced orders.

Supervisors who are autocratic, however, are only slightly more irritating than supervisors who are apathetic. I remember what happened after my first summer at Columbia University, where I had gone to start work on my M.A. degree.

In Oklahoma City we were required to go to school once every three summers. I spent close to $2,000 to get my M.A. at Columbia. Other teachers, faced with the requirement and burdened with heavy responsibilities, sometimes attended courses of dubious merit simply because they were cheap.

At Columbia that first summer, I learned for the first time how much could be done for children. I remember sitting in the library reading Rugg and Shumaker's The Child-Centered School and putting my hands up to my eyes so that no one should see me crying. I was thinking of Oklahoma City.

I went back to my job full of enthusiasm and big ideas. As soon as I voiced them I met with a solid wall of resistance. "Oh, Columbia! That's different. We couldn't do that *here!*"

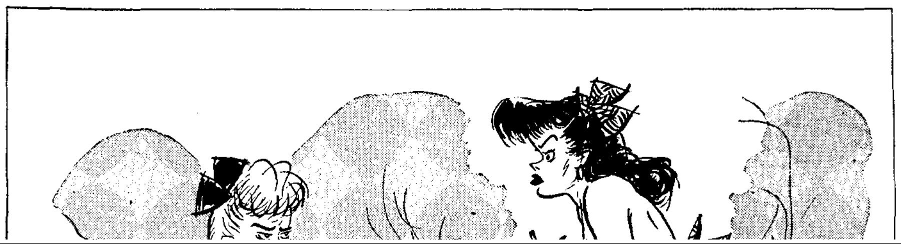
There was no explanation of why, no counterproposal, not even any interest.

Nevertheless, some of us continued to fight for a more progressive and liberal policy in our schools. We brought in some distinguished educators to speak before the Oklahoma Education Association, in the hope of promoting thinking along these lines.

Unfair Dismissals Challenged

One such speaker was Dr. Roma Gans, whom I had known at Columbia. Our superintendent did not agree with Dr. Gans' theories, and when I supported them, he felt that I was being disloyal. He was confirmed in his suspicions when I echoed Professor Gans' opinion that the N.E.A. Tenure Committee should look in on the question of unjustified dismissals in Oklahoma City schools.

In 1938 I went before the board, as a representative of our Classroom Teachers' Association, to ask what they intended doing about contracts for the next year. The constitutionality of the tenure law had been questioned, but no decision had been handed down on it at that time. I said the teachers felt it stood as law until declared unconstitu-



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tional. And I added, "We are teaching our children to obey the law, and we have every right to expect the board to do the same."

This did not increase my popularity with the board.

When they were advised that summer that the law would be held unconstitutional, they acted quickly. Twenty-two teachers, including all the officers and a number of active members of the Classroom Teacher's Association, were dismissed. I was among them.

This last defiant thrust at the Oklahoma City teachers was, strangely enough, the act of a board which was actually under indictment by a grand jury. How this came about is a story in which I played my own part.

Scandal in the School Board

In April of 1938, just about the time I made my appeal to the school board, the treasurer of the board, R. M. Scruggs, was arrested by federal agents for selling and spending $750,000 worth of school bonds. The scandal was terrific, and stories which had been rumored for years began to be revived. All of them involved board members in money deals.

We heard, for instance, that one of the oil companies which had been given a lease on school property had not actually been the highest bidder, but had gotten its lease "in return for favors granted." We heard that a certain grocery wholesaler was getting all the school business through private negotiations with an individual board member.

One high-school teacher of my acquaintance had been given a principalship after only a couple of years in the system. He had been a good teacher, all right, but hardly so well qualified for the job as some others who were equally good. We asked him point-blank whether he had paid for his job. He didn't deny it.

We teachers felt that a thorough investigation of school-board affairs was needed. Finally, my sister, Mrs. Ruth Huggins, who also taught in Oklahoma City, went with me on a secret mission to enlist the help of the Oklahoma City News. We agreed to furnish tips for an exposé so long as we could remain anonymous. These tips would be based on our own suspicions and those of other teachers in the system.

From then on until June, when the grand jury convened, there was a story every night in the News. Most of them were based on leads supplied by us, but I do not believe that any of the board members ever knew of my direct connection with the articles.*

On July 3d, the grand jury brought criminal indictments against the school-board attorney and two members of the board. It also charged all board members with illegal contracting for school supplies and with voting for insufficient bond for the school treasurer. A temporary board was appointed, but the old board secured a restraining order and continued to function. It was during this period that I got my notice.

Subsequently the board was ousted, and several members, including the president, served prison terms. Meanwhile, twenty-one of the dismissed teachers were reinstated by the old board. I was not.

Fortunately for America, Oklahoma City was a special case. The evils which came to light there were more dramatic and spectacular than those in other systems.

But the Oklahoma City School Board was *not* exceptional in its resistance to change, its domination of teachers, its emphasis on holding down costs at the expense of instruction. These attitudes are present in many school systems, and they are some of the reasons why American youngsters are not getting the kind of education they deserve.

Teachers who are underpaid are not good teachers. Teachers who are insecure are not good teachers. Teachers handicapped by indifferent or autocratic supervisors are not good teachers.

At Lincoln Park, Michigan, my last public-school position, I once asked for some colored chalk for my pupils to use in a class project. For my thirty youngsters the school provided a box containing exactly six pieces of chalk!

That is a minor illustration of a major complaint. We need more and better equipment for our schools. But we shall never have it so long as one thought remains uppermost in the minds of school boards and taxpayers: How can we cut down? Eleven of the wealthiest cities in Michigan hold to a 15-mill limitation on taxes, though their taxable resources are enormous.

Prewar Staffs Were Too Small

Even before the war and the present shortage of teachers, we were trying to run our schools with insufficient staffs. In Oklahoma City I often had classes of 40 youngsters, sometimes as many as 48. A class of 35 was considered small. One teacher I knew taught ten social studies classes a day, each class containing from 35 to 50 children. My sister, who teaches physical education, handles about 650 youngsters a day!

The parents of this nation's more than 20,000,000 school children should be taking a more active interest in the problem. But for the most part they are satisfied so long as Mary or Johnny doesn't get into trouble, makes satisfactory test scores, and stays in his seat. The parent-teacher associations offer an opportunity for discussion of the common interests, but too often teachers approach PTA meetings as we used to in Oklahoma City. We always wore our oldest clothes, lest some parent think we were overpaid!

A great deal more needs to be done in the direction of parent-teacher relationships. Teachers should be urged to take a more active part in community activities, too. Not as ticket sellers or clerks, but as mature citizens with something to contribute.

But until teachers can become individuals, with the right to protest injustices, to have a voice in administration, to take an active part in matters of public interest, to live without the fear of economic crises and of losing their jobs, to be a member of a union without the charge of "Red"—until, in other words, people recognize the fact that teachers are human, no common meeting ground can be found between them and the community.

I, for one, am tired of waiting for that time to come.

THE END

**In August and October of 1938, the N.E.A. Tenure Committee conducted investigations in Oklahoma City. Its findings were reported in the May, 1939, issue of the N.E.A. Journal. In addition to unjustified dismissals, it found the following malpractices, all supported by testimony and evidence: appointments made subject to money payments; bribery and illegal splitting of commissions; commitments on school contracts made at private drinking parties; intimidation of teachers through a well-organized spy system and through the circulating of rumors discrediting teacher leaders. The committee recommended that the author of this article be reinstated, stating: "It is probably true that Miss Irwin was disloyal to the majority of the board which discharged her, but this disloyalty was because of her greater loyalty to the welfare of school children, the school system and the good name of Oklahoma City. In taking a stand against the misconduct of school affairs by the majority faction of the school board, she has demonstrated a high type of citizenship."*

No War with Russia

Continued from page 17

not prepared to make any contribution from her zone to the common problems whether of food or administration in Germany as a whole, it is inevitable that the American, British and French zones will be compelled to closer integration in order that the economic burden on these occupying powers may not prove intolerable.

Now let us examine as objectively as we can the essential tendencies of Soviet policy, for it is unquestionably that policy which in Western eyes appears uncooperative and uncompromising today.

The Soviet demand for security is one that I have always felt to be well founded. To see Stalingrad or any other of the great cities of the vast devastated areas of Russia is to understand what must have been the feelings of a hundred and eighty millions of people whose capital was so nearly menaced and a large part of whose industrial life was utterly destroyed by an aggressor nation of eighty millions which did not scruple to break faith.

Can't Forget Scorched Earth

It is never easy for island peoples like our own, or nations with no land frontier which causes them the slightest anxiety, like the United States, to visualize how bitter and enduring is the memory of the sufferings created by invading armies; how grim and unshakable is the determination of nations which have endured the scorching of their soil to take every step in their power to ensure that there shall be no repetition of such evil events.

Therefore the Russian search for security is something that should be met with sympathy and examined with understanding. In the war years, Soviet statesmen from Marshal Stalin downward spoke to us on several occasions of their determination to meet this problem by making special mutually defensive arrangements with their neighbors as against any possible revival of German militarism and aggression. There should be no complaint anywhere about this.

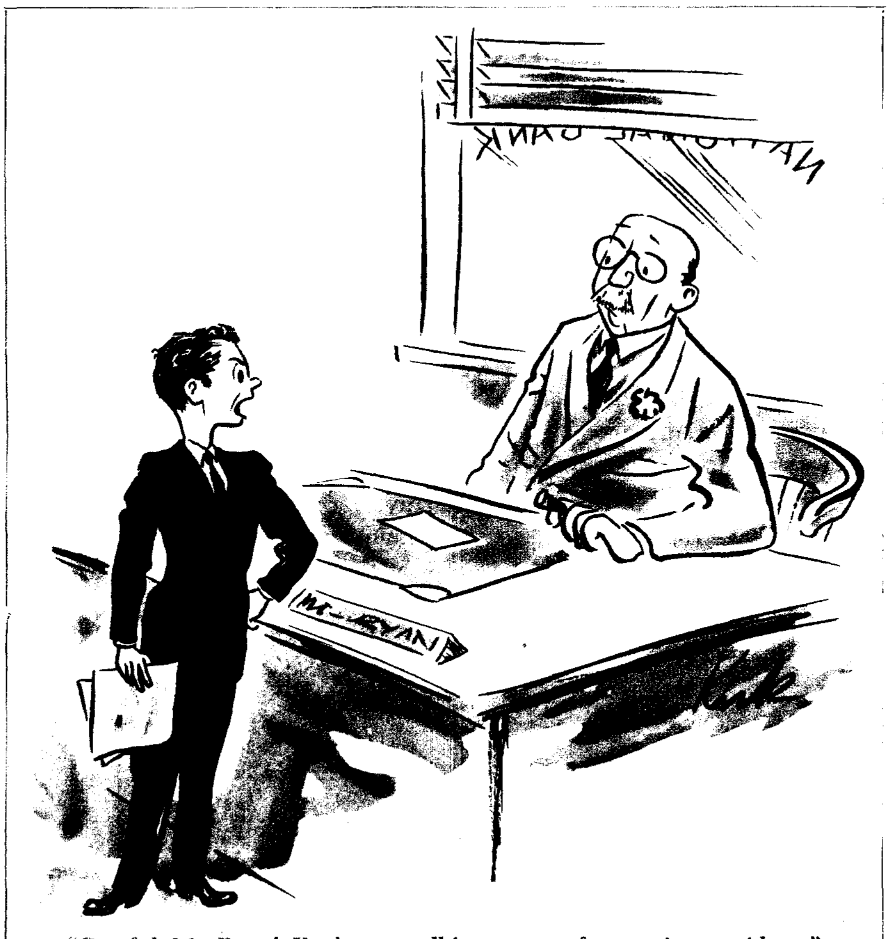
It is also true that at that time the Soviet leaders showed no anxiety and no unfriendliness at the possibility that similar arrangements might be made amongst the powers of Western Europe. On the contrary, they expressly welcomed them, and there is no reason why such arrangements should not be complementary to Eastern schemes: they are fully in accord with the terms of the United Nations Charter.

No one in Britain, for instance, would deny the value of the relationships now established between the countries of the American continent as exemplified in the Agreement of Chapultepec. Moreover, I remain convinced that a closer understanding between the former Allies in Western Europe, embodied in an agreement in accordance with the Charter, would add to the stability of these regions and strengthen the cohesion of the forces working for peace.

Unhappily, however, Eastern Europe has not witnessed the smooth development of these policies. The Soviet Union has insisted upon the establishment of friendly governments in her neighboring states. Sometimes the establishment of such governments, as in Finland, has created no major problem. This has not, however, always been so.

In certain countries the Soviet government, finding it difficult to establish the relations it wished with the existing government, or being suspicious of the true intentions of some members of that government, as in Rumania, has virtually imposed other administrations in which Communist representatives hold the key posts even though the Communist vote in those countries may be but a small minority.

The paradox of all this is that while the Soviet Union seeks security by these means it is not really finding it, except in a deceptive and transient form. The substance constantly eludes it. It was not, for instance, merely a coincidence



"Careful, Mr. Ryan! You're not talking to one of your vice-presidents"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

How NOT to buy watermelons!

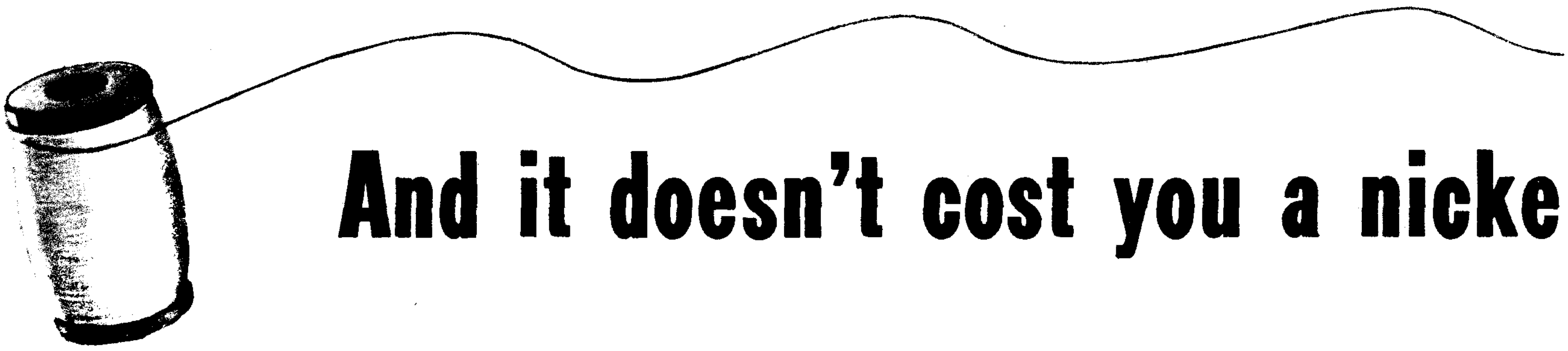
HOLD EVERYTHING BOSS! THE MELON-CHOLY DAYS ARE HERE!
STOPPER, I'M GOING TO HAVE A SEEDY TIME EXPLAINING THIS!
THAT'S ENOUGH WATERMELON TO LAST ME ALL SUMMER!
WHEN YOU GET DRY BEHIND THE EARS WE'LL GET THOSE BRAKES RELINED
Stopper
Hank Berger
YESSIR! AN AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE-LINING JOB WILL STOP YOUR STOPPING TROUBLES!
Stopper

STOPPER SAYS — "Yessir! Brakes only have to fail *once* to get you in trouble. If you aren't sure you can stop *every* time, start now for the nearby repair shop that installs American Brakeblok Brake Lining. It's the fine, lasting lining that many leading automobile manufacturers use for their new cars and trucks."

American Brakeblok BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

THE WORLD'S FI
RAYON CORD TI



And it doesn't cost you a nicke

They're back again!

Since November 15, Goodyear has again been making passenger car tires with rayon cord—the same kind of miracle tires which, before the war, hung up the most amazing tire performances on record.

And in all truth, these rayon cord Goodyears *are* incredibly good tires.

They cost no more. Yet they'll give greater mileage and safety than you've ever known before—greater mileage and safety, we honestly believe, than you can get from any other passenger car tire now on the market.

There are sound reasons for this.

Heat shortens tire life more than anything else and Goodyear's thinner, easier-flexing rayon tire generates less heat, runs much cooler, and many thousands of miles farther.

Rayon cord is stronger—far stronger. It gives this Goodyear tire a resistance to bruising and blowouts which no ordinary tire can hope to match.

Because the rayon cord body is more resilient, it gives a noticeably smoother, more comfortable ride—and lowers rolling resistance so that you actually save gasoline.

Will you get 30,000—50,000—75,000 miles from these new Goodyears? We can't tell y exactly—too much depends on where ar how you drive. But we *can* tell you this:

On mileage or any other count, this Goo year is the world's finest rayon cord tire.

It's only natural it should be! For Goodye developed the first rayon cord for tire Over fifteen years ago, Goodyear made t first rayon cord tire. And Goodyear h made many *more* rayon tires, and has bee

All-Weather T.M.—The Goodyear T.&R. Co.

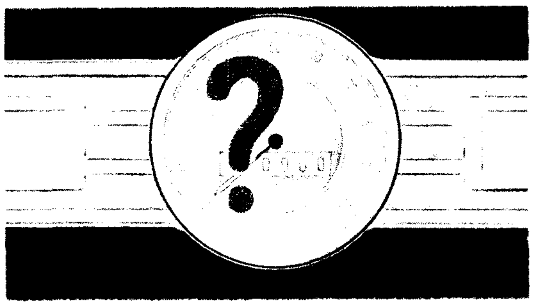
GOOD

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYE

EST

RE

more!

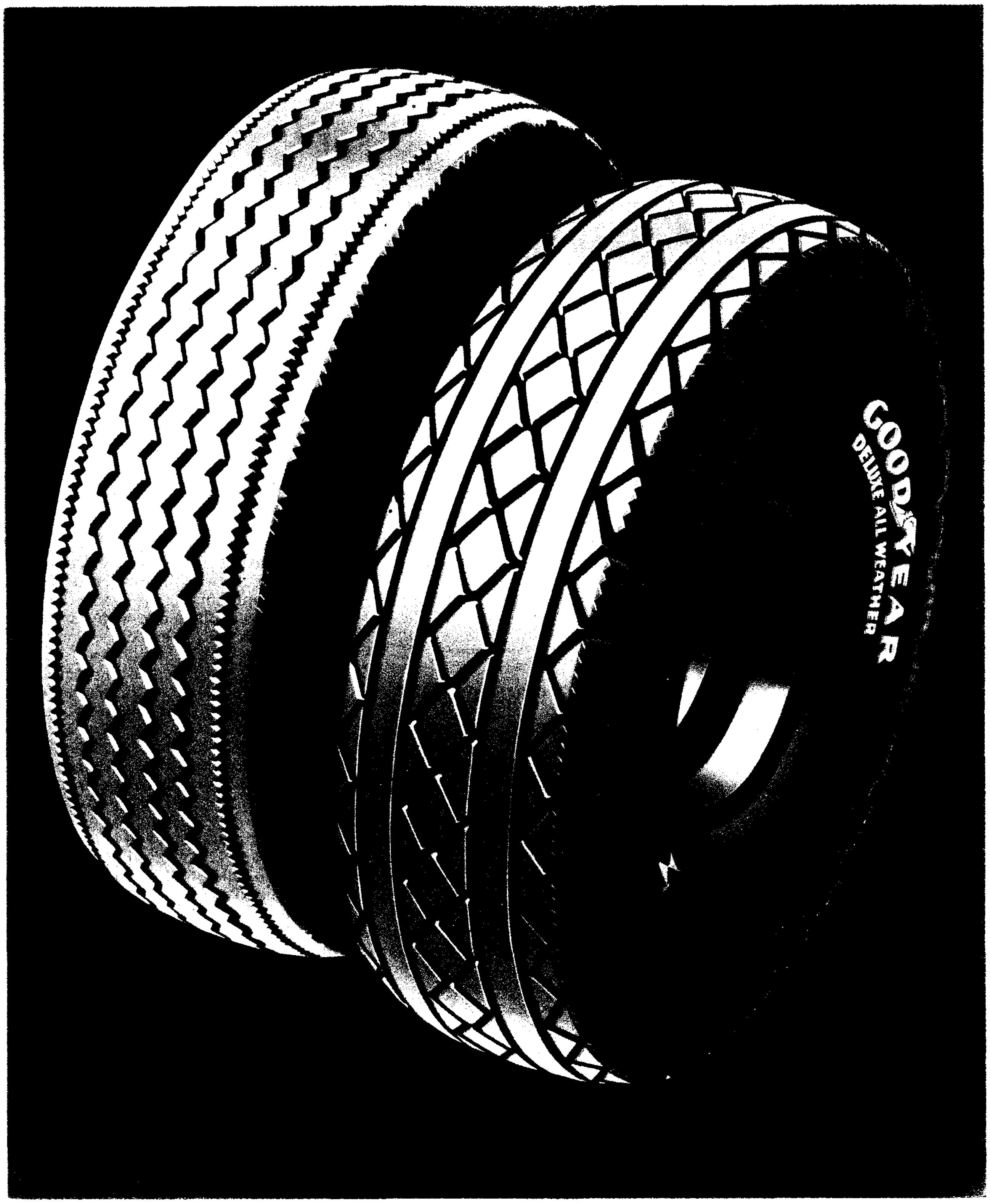


making them far longer, than any other maker.

Your Goodyear dealer has these new tires in sizes 6.50 and larger.

Because of the government's rayon conservation order, neither we nor anyone else can make smaller sizes in rayon. When it is permissible, Goodyear, as usual, will lead.

In sizes below 6.50 your Goodyear dealer can keep you rolling with the greatest cotton cord tire built—today's Goodyear De Luxe.



Two versions of the world's finest tire:
De Luxe Rib Tread   De Luxe All-Weather Tread

GOOD YEAR

Tires made with Rayon are another Goodyear "first"!

YEAR

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

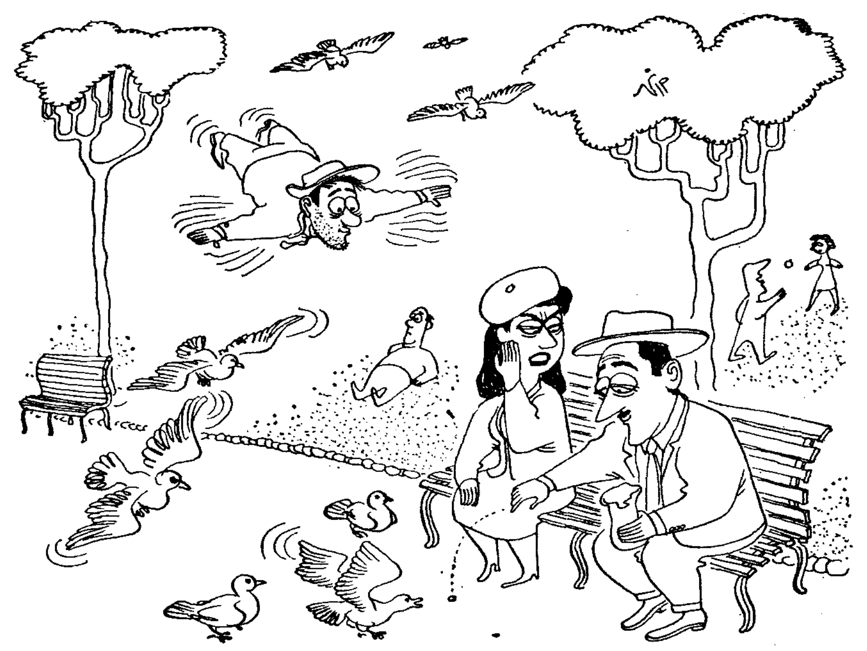
NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nationwide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other hair tonics. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:

TUNE IN: "THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE" every Friday night on ABC (Blue) Network


COLLIER'S "Here's that moocher again" VIRGIL PARTCH

that in the recent elections Slovakia, which was nearest geographically to Communism, has swung away from it, whereas Bohemia with less experience at firsthand increased its Communist poll.

It should surely now be clear that there can be no lasting security for Russia in a state of affairs where Communist-dominated minority governments rule only because they are backed by Soviet authority. While such conditions persist there will be continual restiveness in the countries concerned and consequent uncertainty throughout eastern Europe. This in its turn can scarcely fail to have an unhappy influence upon the Soviet Union's relations with her Western allies, and thus the circle of mutual distrust widens.

Mistrust of Neighbors' Leaders

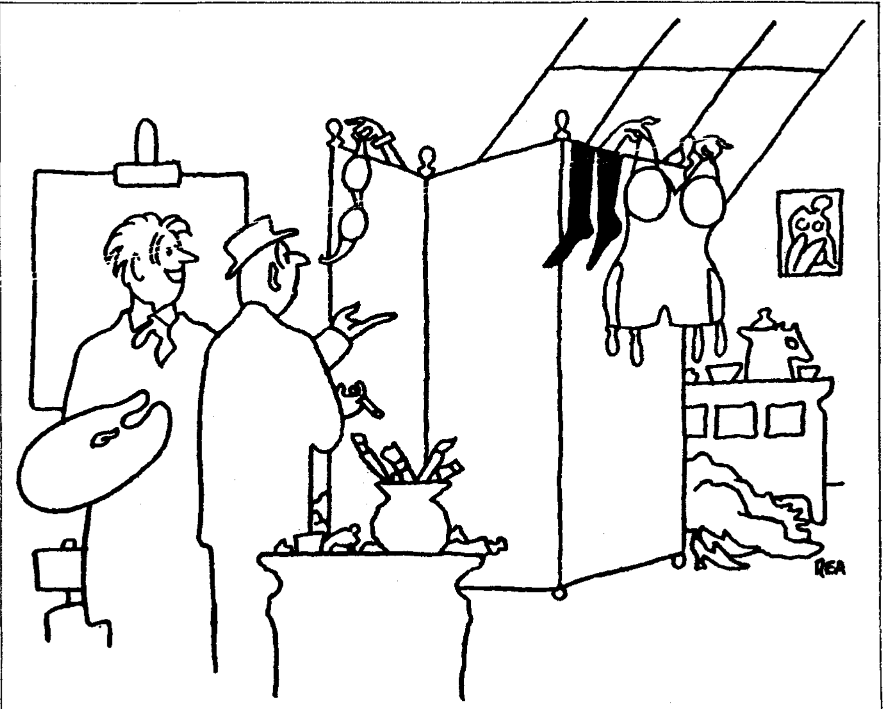
Moreover, Soviet suspicions of the popular leaders in some of their neighbor countries—and I use popular in the sense of leaders who have the larger measure of support from public opinion in their own countries—are, I am convinced, misplaced.

This is certainly true in respect to the leaders of the Peasant party in Poland. Mr. Mikolajczyk, for instance, is, to my certain knowledge, firmly convinced that his country's future calls for the closest friendship and understanding with the Soviet Union. No one who has worked for any length of time with these men, as I have done, can doubt for a moment the sincerity of their will to work with their Russian neighbors.

The truth is that if the Soviet Union is determined to rely in these neighboring countries, and in many other parts of the world, mainly on those with Communist sympathies for friendship and loyal support, her policy will not be founded upon the good will of the majority of the people. Such a biased choice of friends will even alienate the zealous and kindly feelings of countless millions who wish the Soviet Union well, but are strongly opposed to the advance of Communism in their own lands.

Here then is the dilemma, and until it is faced and resolved we shall go through a lengthy period of acute unease in international relationships. There will be a tendency for alignments to be drawn up with the Soviet Union and governments of a Communist complexion and their Communist sympathizers elsewhere on one side of the fence, and those who would wish to work with the Soviet Union but who regard the preservation of free democracy (which they believe to be inconsistent with Communism) as their sacred duty, forced to line up on the other.

Nothing could be more distasteful than this to those who, like myself, re-



COLLIER'S "Her mother always comes along as chaperone" GARDNER REA main unshakably convinced that an enduring understanding with the Soviet Union is an essential condition of world stability and progress.

It is to be hoped that with the passage of time the Soviet Union will come to recognize that it can enjoy friendly, neighborly relations with governments which are of a totally different political complexion. The experiment was tried in war and succeeded without, so far as I know, damage to any of the faiths or practices which the Soviet Republics hold dear.

The stakes are just as great in peace. If that stage of wider and wiser international toleration could once be reached, the sharp nature of existing divisions could be largely modified and international collaboration become a practicable reality over large parts of the world where it has no free play today.

Harmony Would Benefit Soviet

It is certainly a world interest that such a stage should be reached. For, difficult as it is to persuade the Kremlin of the fact just now, it is a British and American as well as a Russian interest that close and friendly relations should exist between the Soviet Union and the freely elected governments of her Western neighbors. In this respect the conception of Yalta was undoubtedly the correct one. Unhappily it has not been realized.

Our Soviet allies are too ready to suspect that we take some elfin, or even devilish pleasure in seeing them at odds with their neighbors, and that we try to create difficulties for them in these territories. That is not so.

We have a responsibility for the undertakings given at Yalta, but for the rest, good relations between the Soviet Union and her neighbors *is* an Allied interest. We are concerned because we fear that it cannot be brought about without some modification of present methods.

Mr. Harold Nicolson in his admirable study, The Congress of Vienna, recently published, quotes a revealing passage from Metternich's writings which is relevant in this context:

"The establishing of international relations on the basis of reciprocity under the guarantee of respect for acquired rights . . . constitutes in our time the essence of politics, of which diplomacy is merely the daily application."

If the lesson of those words could be universally learned, we should be in the fairway to a solution of some of our most intractable problems. Where there is neither reciprocity nor respect, there will be no settled peace.

Meanwhile, how is progress to be made with the immediate work of peacemaking? The four Foreign Secretaries must continue at their task. When the Peace Conference in Paris is over, they must resume their joint examination of the essential issues, Germany and Austria.

In the interval, there will surely be some sober reflection in all the capitals upon the consequences of further failure. They are stark enough for all to see. I am not without hopes that if we persevere on these lines, they will be seen and avoided.

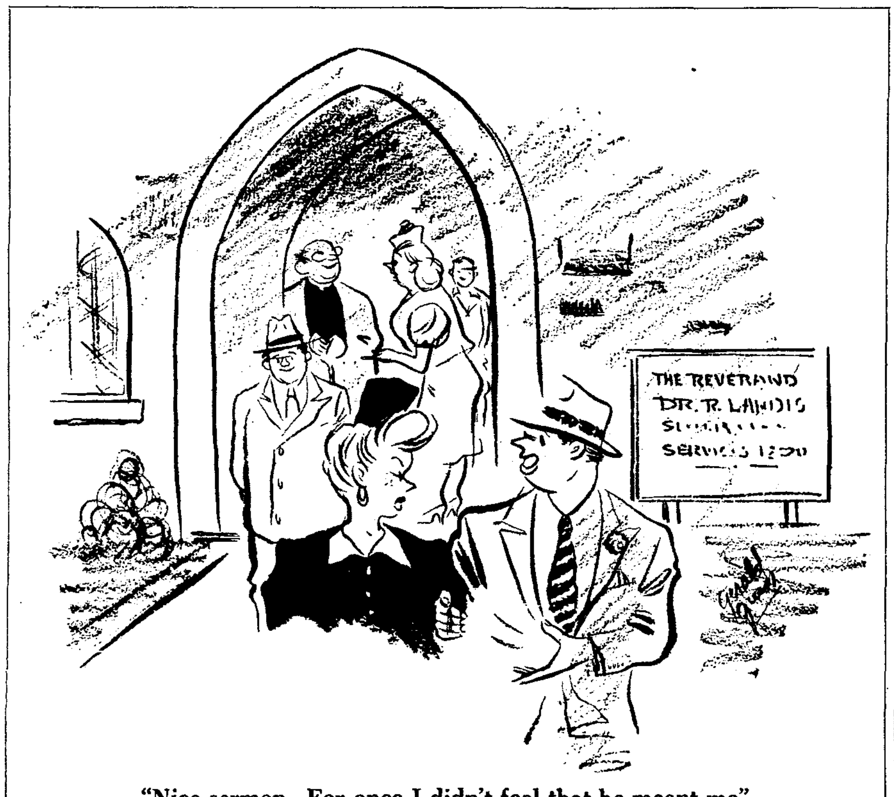
If, however, these reasonable hopes are not fulfilled, recourse has been proposed to the General Assembly of the United Nations under Article 14 of the Charter. This article empowers the Assembly to "Recommend measures for the peaceful adjustment of any situation, regardless of origin, which it deems likely to impair the general welfare or friendly relations among nations."

Should the four Foreign Secretaries again fail to reach agreement, there can be no dispute that this article could be invoked. Few, however, would advocate such a course now; I certainly should not. Moreover, it must be admitted that a body as large as the Assembly is not well suited to the task of peacemaking.

On the other hand, we should not, as a matter of general principle, be too hesitant to make increasing use of the United Nations organization. Now that this machinery has been set up, it should be used to the fullest possible extent. It is only by using the machinery provided that U.N. itself can gain authority. Other branches of the organization have made good progress, but the Security Council has, so far, been concerned too exclusively with what may be called negative tasks.

I am not myself greatly impressed by the argument sometimes used that too much strain should not be imposed on the United Nations organization in its early days. In my experience, more damage can be done to an international authority by sidetracking it than by overworking it.

THE END



"Nice sermon. For once I didn't feel that he meant me"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

Teachers Can't Know Everything!

NO, BUT I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN A PROBLEM EVER SINCE YOUR BROTHER AND I STOPPED SEEING EACH OTHER, JOHNNY! AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY!

WELL, DON SAID YOU NEEDED TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, MISS BROWN! AND THAT SORTA MIXED ME UP, I GUESS!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

BET I GET TEACHER FOR A SISTER! THAT'S A MILLION TIMES DON'S KISSED HER!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day—and before every date

Sleep, My Love

BY LEONARD Q. ROSS

The Story:

Richard Cordeley, weak, handsome, treacherous husband of Alison Cordeley, plans to kill her so as to be free to use her money and to marry Daphne Vernay. Cordeley plans to force Alison to commit "accidental suicide" while she is in a drug-induced trance, during which she obeys his commands. Alison's new friend, Bruce Elcott, to whom she is strongly attracted, believes Alison is the victim of Cordeley's treachery and decides to investigate Cordeley's actions. Elcott discovers that Cordeley has purchased a string of pearls for Daphne. Under the guise of an insurance investigator, Elcott gains entrance to Daphne's apartment. Here he finds a picture of Daphne's stepfather, Charles Vernay, who is Cordeley's accomplice. Cleverly, Elcott questions Mrs. Vernay, finds that Vernay has masqueraded as a psychiatrist, and terrified Alison on several occasions. Certain at last that Cordeley and Vernay plan to kill Alison, Elcott leaves to warn her. Vernay returns, finds the picture gone, runs after Elcott, knocks him unconscious with a whisky bottle, so that he falls into a basement. . . .

Conclusion

VERNAY did not look down for a long moment. He let the broken neck of the bottle drop. He looked up and down the street. A pungent whisky smell formed in the air. Inside the dark house, a baby began to cry. Vernay took his glasses off and wiped away the perspiration with his sleeve. At the far end of the street two men and a girl were sitting on a stoop, talking and laughing. There was a cigar store open at the other end of the street. Its light fell across the sidewalk in a cone on which the shadow of the lamppost lay.

Vernay went down several steps, over Elcott's body, and bent down and pulled the photograph out. Then he took everything out of the pockets: keys, money, handkerchiefs, and a pigskin wallet. He opened the wallet and when he saw the name Bruce Hartley Elcott his lips went bloodless and his eyes wild, bloodshot, and he sucked the air in with rasping breaths and looked around. There was a row of milk bottles in front of the basement door. He picked up a bottle and brought it down on Elcott's head in frenzy until it smashed into fragments. Then he picked up another bottle and raised it and just as he was about to bring it down, the baby cried louder and he heard a door open in the building and he dropped the bottle and ran up the steps wildly. Elcott's hat lay on the sidewalk, battered, a thick stain on the crown. Vernay shoved the hat down the steps with a push of his shoe and he looked up and down the street, licking his lips in agitation, and then he lurched across the street toward the cigar store.

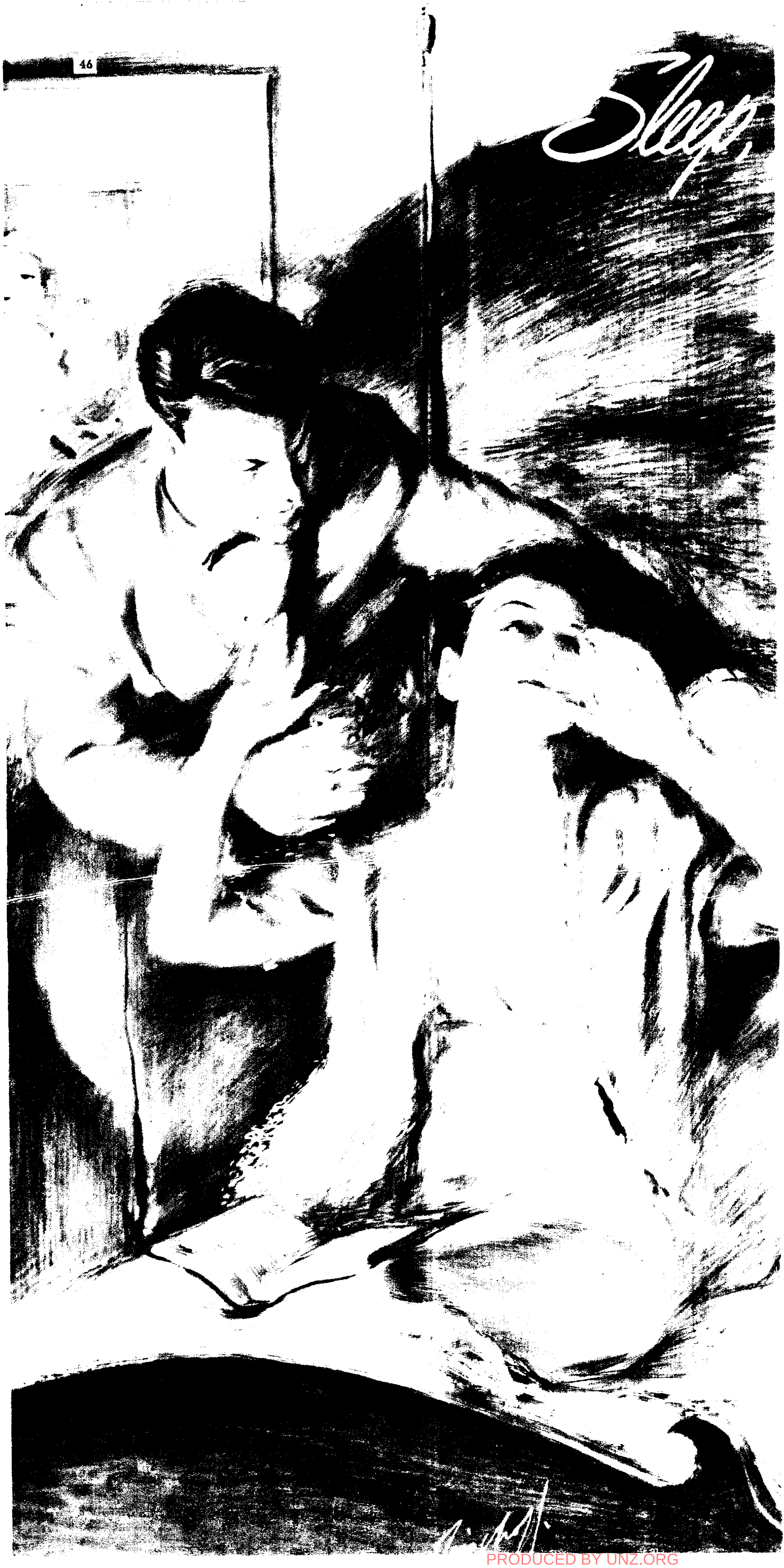
THE telephone rang a long time before Haskins came into the vestibule irritably. "Hello," he said. "Yes . . . Is it important, sir? He has guests . . . Very good, sir. Hold on, please." He went into the living room with a discreet cough.

Cordeley closed the doors to the living room carefully and waited until Haskins disappeared before he picked up the receiver.

Vernay's voice was hoarse: "We're in trouble!" From the telephone booth in the cigar store, he could see across the long counter, through the window of the shop, to the railing in front of the house, lit in a pale disk from the distant lamppost, and the top of the railing that led down the steps to the place where Elcott's body lay. The sweat stood out on Vernay's forehead and hung on his eyelids. "A guy—Elcott. Bruce Elcott. Know him?"

Cordeley caught his breath. "Yes."

"He's poison. Been talking to Daphne. Said his name was Evans. I shut him up—good. I had to." Vernay's voice was a quivering rasp. "I don't know how he found out. But it couldn't be much. I saw him lift a picture. An old picture of me. You understand,

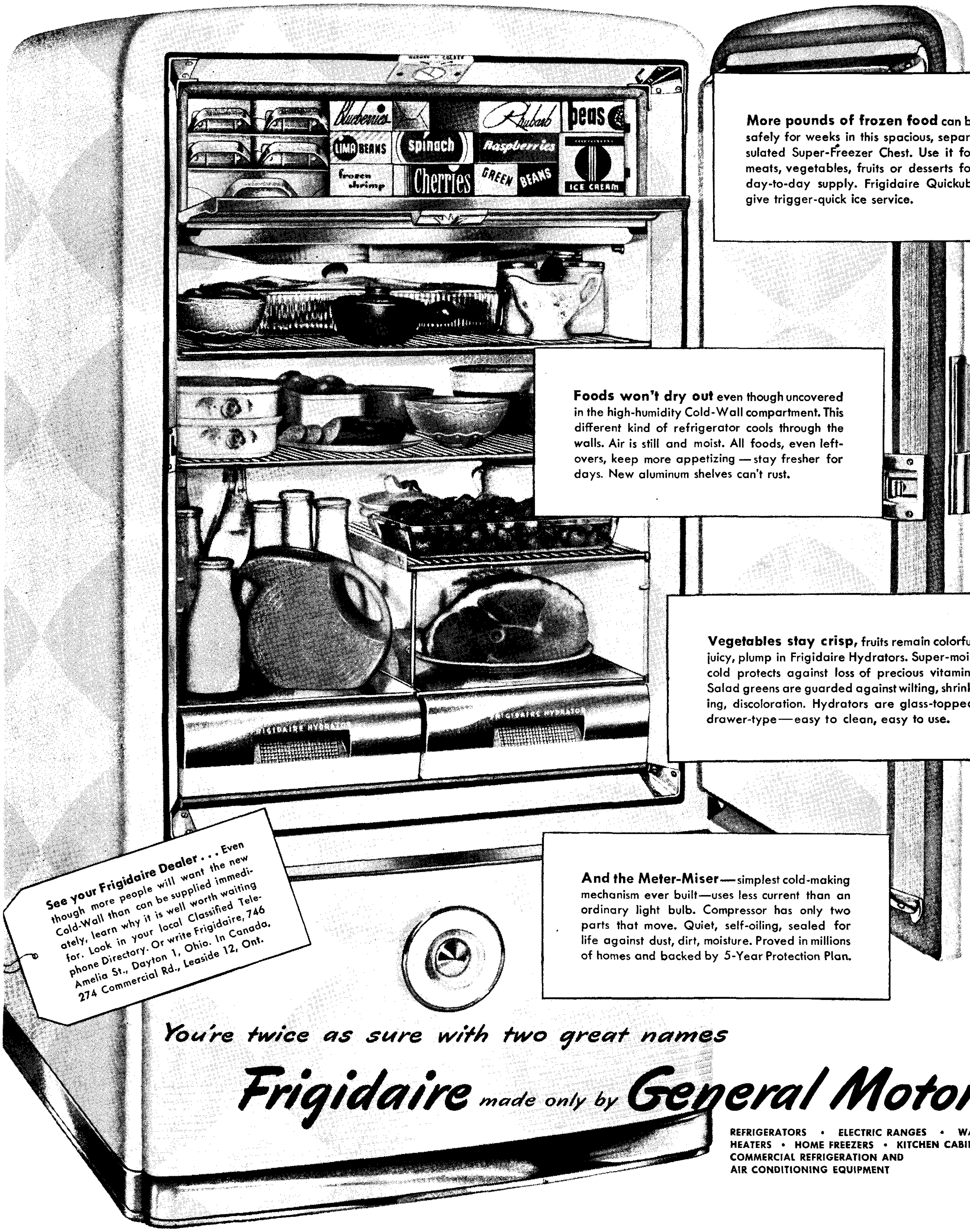


Alison drank the last of the brandy and wiggled her fingers at Dick to hand her the water. "What in the world did you put in this?" she asked. "It's bitter"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

See how much more you get in this

New FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL!



More pounds of frozen food can be stored safely for weeks in this spacious, separately insulated Super-Freezer Chest. Use it for frozen meats, vegetables, fruits or desserts for handy day-to-day supply. Frigidaire Quickube Trays give trigger-quick ice service.

Foods won't dry out even though uncovered in the high-humidity Cold-Wall compartment. This different kind of refrigerator cools through the walls. Air is still and moist. All foods, even leftovers, keep more appetizing — stay fresher for days. New aluminum shelves can't rust.

Vegetables stay crisp, fruits remain colorful, juicy, plump in Frigidaire Hydrators. Super-moist cold protects against loss of precious vitamins. Salad greens are guarded against wilting, shrinking, discoloration. Hydrators are glass-topped, drawer-type — easy to clean, easy to use.

And the Meter-Miser — simplest cold-making mechanism ever built — uses less current than an ordinary light bulb. Compressor has only two parts that move. Quiet, self-oiling, sealed for life against dust, dirt, moisture. Proved in millions of homes and backed by 5-Year Protection Plan.

See your Frigidaire Dealer . . . Even though more people will want the new Cold-Wall than can be supplied immediately, learn why it is well worth waiting for. Look in your local Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Frigidaire, 746 Amelia St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, 274 Commercial Rd., Leaside 12, Ont.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire *made only by* **General Motors**

REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • WATER HEATERS • HOME FREEZERS • KITCHEN CABINETS COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT

If your hair looks like a
SHOCK OF WHEAT
IN A WINDSTORM..
You Need

LUCKY TIGER
HAIR TONIC

When you first look in the mirror in the morning, hair all tangled and wild you've got Morning Mirror Blues . . . Reach for your bottle of LUCKY TIGER HAIR TONIC, Regular or With Oil. Apply freely, rub hard. Feel that invigorating "wake-up" tingle. Enjoy its fresh fragrance. Then comb and see how handsome you look. LUCKY TIGER makes your scalp feel better, your hair look better. Relieves scalp itching caused by minor surface irritations, removes loose dandruff, helps keep you well-groomed all day long. Avoid those "Morning Mirror Blues." Ask your barber or your druggist for LUCKY TIGER HAIR TONIC . . . Regular or With Oil. There's nothing better for hair and scalp.

When you wash your hair use Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo

for HAIR and SCALP
LUCKY TIGER
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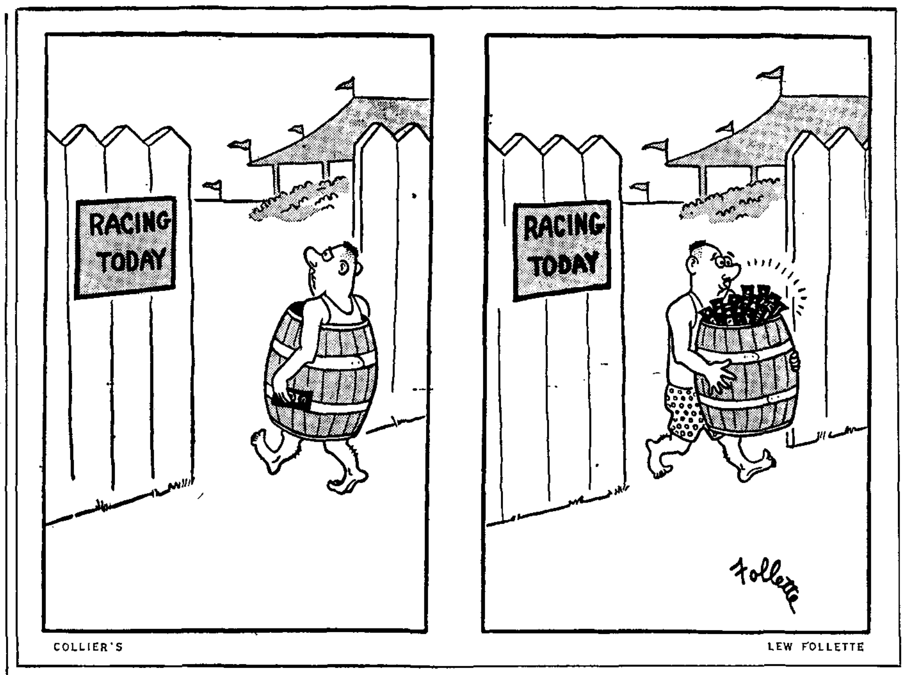


Mr. Cordeley? No—wait—listen! A picture of me *in the glasses!* I had to get that back! I went after him and caught him. He's laying down a basement now stinking with whisky. I called the police and told them a drunken bum fell down all the steps and smashed his head open."

The wail of a siren reached through the store and the telephone booth. Vernay saw a police car pull up to the front of the house with the railing in front of it. "They're picking him up now. You got to move *fast!*"

Cordeley's face was working in spasms of fear and fury, as if different masks were being thrust upon his features.

"They can't pin a thing on you," Vernay was saying, "and they can't pin a thing on me because *nobody ever saw me!* Nobody but *her,* you understand, and she won't be around to tell. So you've got to do it right away! It's no good waiting any more!" Vernay could see the men huddling in a group down the steps, their hats sticking up above the level of the sidewalk. A siren died as an ambulance came around the corner and pulled up behind the police car.

Cordeley said into the phone, "Go away. Take the old woman and go away," and he hung up.

TWO interns were picking the body up. Vernay saw their white jackets in the light as they carried the limp, slack form into the ambulance, and then the doors closed and the ambulance pulled away.

Vernay took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his forehead and his hands. His hands were trembling. He ran his handkerchief under his glasses and wiped his eyelids to clear the fog, and then he left the telephone booth and crossed the street.

Two detectives were standing in front of the police car, with a little crowd around them.

Vernay heard a man saying, "No, heard nothing at all and we weren't sleeping."

"We were sitting in the front room, listening to the radio," said the woman in the hair curlers.

Vernay asked, "What happened? Anyone hurt? Anyone see what happened?"

One of the detectives said, "All right," and they both got into the police car and drove away. . . .

Cordeley went up the stairs quickly, on his toes, making little noise, entered his bedroom and locked the door. The room was dark except for the glow and flicker of embers in the grate. He drew the drapes, shutting out entirely the light from the street. Then he went to the fireplace: a large painting of a general in a powdered wig hung over the mantel. He lifted the painting off the wall and set it on the floor. Recessed in the wall, was a wall safe. Cordeley turned the knobs several times and opened the door. He pulled out a large book in a limp leather cover, a small black notebook, a small jar filled with a whitish powder, and a glass beaker with graduated markings. He turned on one lamp, opening the big book, and turned the pages until he found the page he wanted. He ran his finger down the page:

". . . allowing for the variations referred to above, the range of minimum and maximum doses is 2/10 gr.—2.5 gr. 2/10 gr. represents the normal oral dose. 2.5 gr. is considered sufficient to induce deep and prolonged sleep. . . . The development of tolerances by the patient will, of course, require increased dosages to precipitate unconsciousness . . ."

Cordeley opened the little black notebook and examined the table of penciled entries in his own handwriting:

"August 26th, 2.5 gr. 10:45 P.M., 8:52 A.M. September 2d, 2.8 gr. 11:30 P.M. 9:45 A.M. September 4th, 3 gr. 11:18 P.M., 9:30 A.M."

He studied the page, then rose and ripped the cover off the notebook. He tossed the cover into the fireplace. Then he tore the pages in half, and once again, and then he took the pieces of paper and dropped them one by one into the open fire. He took the jar of white powder . . .

Cordeley came back into the living room. Alison saw him. "Was it important, Dick? You were on the phone for half an hour."

"Good news," he said, kissing her on the cheek. "That Nadwick contract is signed, sealed, and ready to be delivered."

"Dick, how wonderful!"

He went to the sideboard and got the brandy bottle, turned, and in mock formality addressed the guests, "Let's all have a drink, for a nightcap." He pulled the bell cord. When Haskins came in he said, "Haskins, would you be good enough to make some hot chocolate for Mrs. Cordeley?"

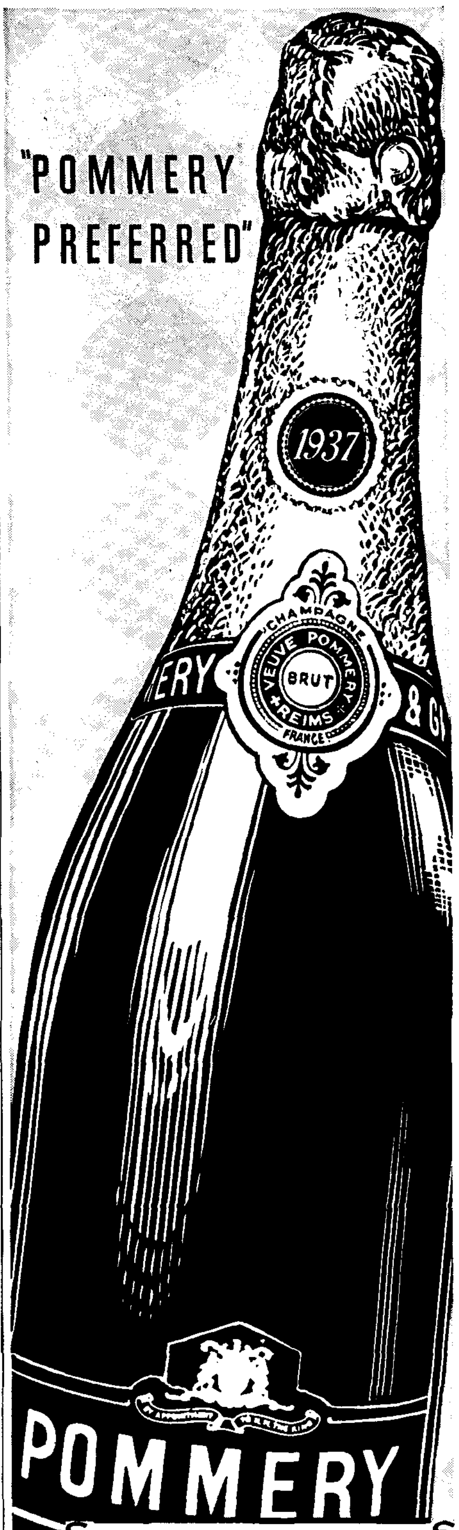
"Hot chocolate?" one of the women echoed.

"Sissy!"

"He treats the woman like she wore pigtails."

Alison laughed. "You can see there will be no hot chocolate tonight, Dick. *You* drink it."

Cordeley poured brandy into the glasses. The guests talked animatedly. Cordeley reached into his pocket, removed two little packets of white paper, opened the packets quickly, his back to the others and poured the powder into one of the brandy glasses. He watched the glass and saw the brandy



"Pommery Preferred"

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turn a creamy color. He got the bottle of soda water and squirted some into the brandy. "Soda in your brandy, Alison?" Cordeley asked without turning.

"No. Straight, please," she said.

"You drink too much." He smiled. The creamy color of the brandy disappeared. "You'll take it with soda and like it, child."

He handed the glasses around.

ELCOTT lay on a table under a huge, green-shaded droplight, but he did not know it.

His head was an immense chamber, hollow, echoing with rolling sighs and discordant sounds echoing indefinably back upon themselves in waves, merging into endless and intolerable confusion. All perception was translated into noise and all the noises were mixed, formless.

Then the aching came through and the great room which was his head beat and throbbed and yielded as if the walls of his skull were being punctured with needles. External sensations were pounding him now: light stabbing at his eyelids, a sharp burning at the back of his head, pungent and acrid odors attacking his nostrils. The forces of consciousness began to stir, to communicate pain to some central place where sensations were recorded and vaguely identified.

The pain was unendurable. The light had substance and a cutting edge, trying to slash through the protecting eyelids which shut it out until he could bear it no more and he opened his eyes with an enormous effort, pushing the heavy eyelids upward and seeing the curtain of his lashes. He felt the burning at the back of his head, sharp and unbelievably intense, and then the luxury of a cry rising up in his throat, expelling both sound and pain across his thick tongue and through his thick, parched lips.

A layer of confusion was suddenly ripped aside and he knew that things were clearer now, though the pain was awful. He opened his eyes and encountered a recognizable image: a man's head above him, leaning over. "Okay, okay." That was the first thing he heard.

He smelled bitter, penetrating odors—alcohol, iodine, whisky? He was on something hard. His feet were heavy, his legs were iron, his stomach was twisted. He felt himself being lifted and he tried to force himself to form certain words in an effort to compress his disorientation into meaning: "What—hap—pened?"

"Okay, okay," he heard again, and knew they had not heard him or he had succeeded in saying nothing. They were lifting him off the hard board and it was a table under a light. The face came over and down before him, and he saw the white jacket under the face. He heard some message being sent from deep within his head. A long, long time after the symbol was sent out he could receive it: "Doctor."

Another face leaned over him. The lips and mouth parted and the face was saying, "Can you hear me?"

His tongue fought toward his teeth too big, too heavy, and when no word came out he forced his head to nod slightly.

"Can you talk?"

He knew he was saying "Yes." He felt his breath curling around the sound like a fist around a ball, and he tried to throw it out from within himself, but nothing happened. The face said, "What's your name?"

"Elcott," he said. He said it slowly, with an effort, but clearly, and yet the sound did not form itself outside the zone of his inner articulation. The big fleshy face did not move. The eyes studied him without expression and he heard, "Naw . . ."

"Elcott. Elcott." It was maddening that they could not hear. It was maddening that the sound was imprisoned within the big empty chamber soundlessly. He tried to force it out, to force it past the iron gate of his teeth, but it was like beating against an immovable barrier.

He felt them holding him under his arms and lifting him and he felt his feet off the ground, making childish movements in the air the way they had moved the first time someone had tried to teach him to walk.

THE brandy glass was still on the table before Alison, untouched, the soda sparkling, sending tiny bubbles into the air like balloons that broke at once.

Cordeley raised his glass and drank and watched the glass in front of Alison. The others were chattering away and she was laughing.

"We really must go," someone said.

"It's not late," said Alison.

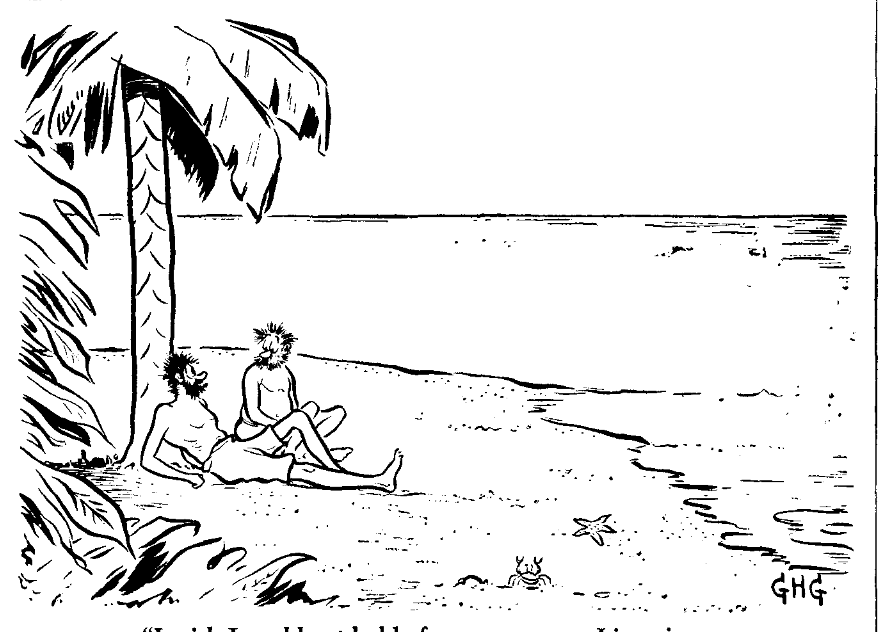
Cordeley looked at his watch.

Roger Crossworth stood up. "I can take a hint. Come on, everybody."

Cordeley said, "Alison ought to get some rest."

Then they were all standing around saying the usual things, and Cordeley opened the doors. "Lovely party . . . Thanks so much . . . Our house, Friday? . . . Bring Tony, someone. Doesn't anyone here know where Tony is? . . . Goodby, good night, good night."

Cordeley's eyes went back to the table in the other room where the brandy



"I wish I could get hold of a newspaper—I imagine a lot of things have happened in the last seven years"

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glass stood. He could hardly control his overpowering impatience and urgency. . . .

It was a cot, Elcott decided. A cot. That's what it was, because it had a lumpy mattress and a very hard, iron rung across the head and foot. It was a cot. Elcott sat up and his hand went to his head. He felt a large bandage on the back of his head, the hair clotted around it. There was a light outside the room—but it was barred light. Suddenly he realized that he was in a cell and that the door was barred. He lurched to the bars and fell against them and held them and tried to rattle them feebly.

Someone hiccuped.

"Don't beat your brains out," a voice said.

Elcott turned. There were five other men in this place: one in a drunken stupor, one unshaved and bleary-eyed, one unkempt, one filthy. There was a big man in a sweater, his cap pushed back; he was red-haired and freckled and he was simpering foolishly. "Don't beat your brains out," this man said and then hiccuped again.

FOOTSTEPS came ringing down the corridor, mixed up with a shuffling, dragging sound. The big redhead grinned. "Big night. *Every*one's here." Suddenly the door was thrown into shadow. A key turned in an iron lock and the door was opened and a policeman threw a man into the cell. Elcott stumbled to the door. The policeman put a hand on his chest and shoved him back gently.

"Let me out," Elcott said. "Got to get out."

"Sure, sure," said the policeman.

"Let me out. He'll kill her. He'll kill her."

The policeman kept his big hand on Elcott's chest, pressing him back farther, slowly, almost with amusement, and locked the door.

Elcott grabbed the bars and began to shout, "Listen! He'll kill her! Let me out! You must let me out!"

The policeman was gone. Elcott shook the doors and shouted.

The other men in the cell mumbled, "Pipe down . . . Get him quiet . . . Shut up."

The redheaded man in the sweater hiccuped foolishly and mimicked him, "He'll kill her. Oh, my. Oh, my. He'll just go off and kill her." . . .

Cordeley carried the brandy glass upstairs. He went to Alison's door. "Ally."

"Yes, Dick. Come in."

He pushed the door open. She was lying in bed, reading.

"You didn't drink your brandy," he said. "I poured myself another. Thought we'd have a nightcap together." He came to the bed, put the brandy glass down beside her, pulled the slipper chair over and sat down.

"You'd think you worked for Courvoisier on a commission."

"There's nothing like good brandy," he said. "To soothe the nerves. What are you reading?"

She held the book up and his eyebrows arched in surprise. "The Bible? Morbid," said Cordeley. "I never read it."

"You should. Listen to this." She picked up the book and read:

"I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them,
With the poison of serpents of the dust.
The sword without, and terror within."

"You shouldn't read stuff like that, Ally. It's damned depressing."

"Perhaps I'm depressed," she smiled. "What else did the police say, Dick?"

"They'll pick Rinehart up tomorrow," he said. "He went up to some sanitarium upstate. He spends a day there once a week."

"Were they co-operative?"

"They were flabbergasted. But I insisted. I told them you'd identify him the minute they slapped the warrant on him."

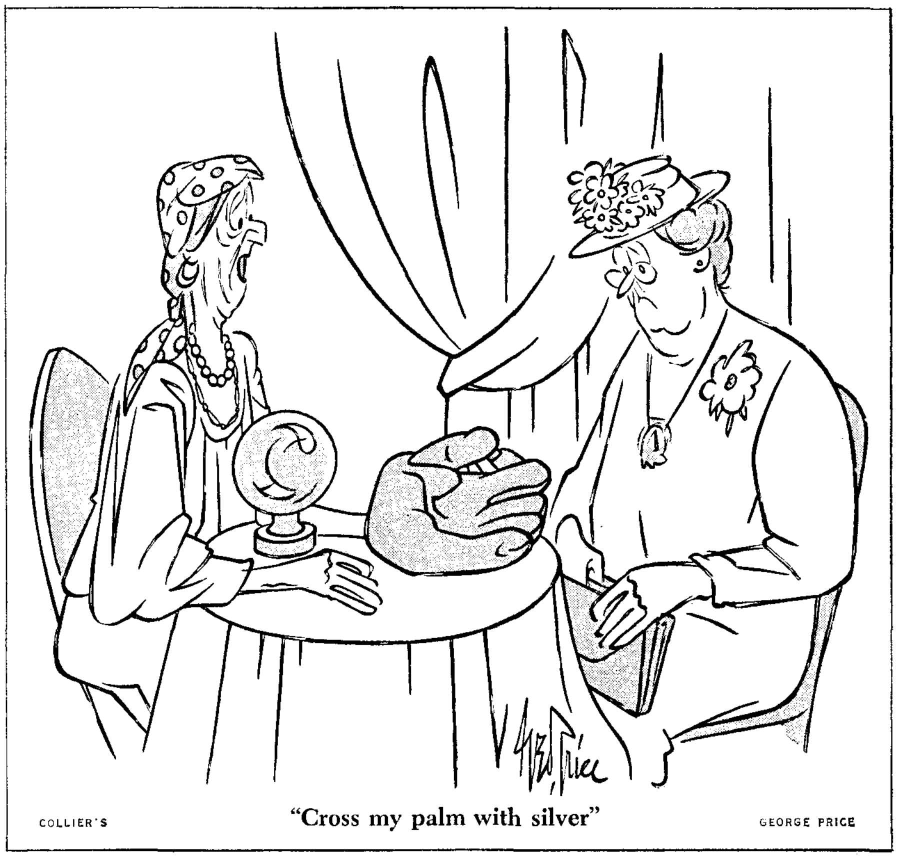
"Good." She tapped the page. "That's very appropriate, you know. 'The sword without, and terror within.' Me and Dr. Rinehart."

"Ally, you mustn't talk that way! Now put that wicked Book aside and try to relax and get some sleep."

She yawned and put the Book away. "All right, Simon Legree. Sometimes I think all you think about is me getting to sleep."

He raised his brandy glass to his lips. He could see her over the edge of the rim. "I worry about you."

"Of course you do." She reached her hand out and put her hand on his and squeezed it. "Sometimes I think you want to sing me lullabies. 'Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee . . .' That could be our theme song: 'Sleep, my love.' Don't worry, I'll drink your rare, old brandy." She picked the brandy glass up and raised it to her lips. Then she



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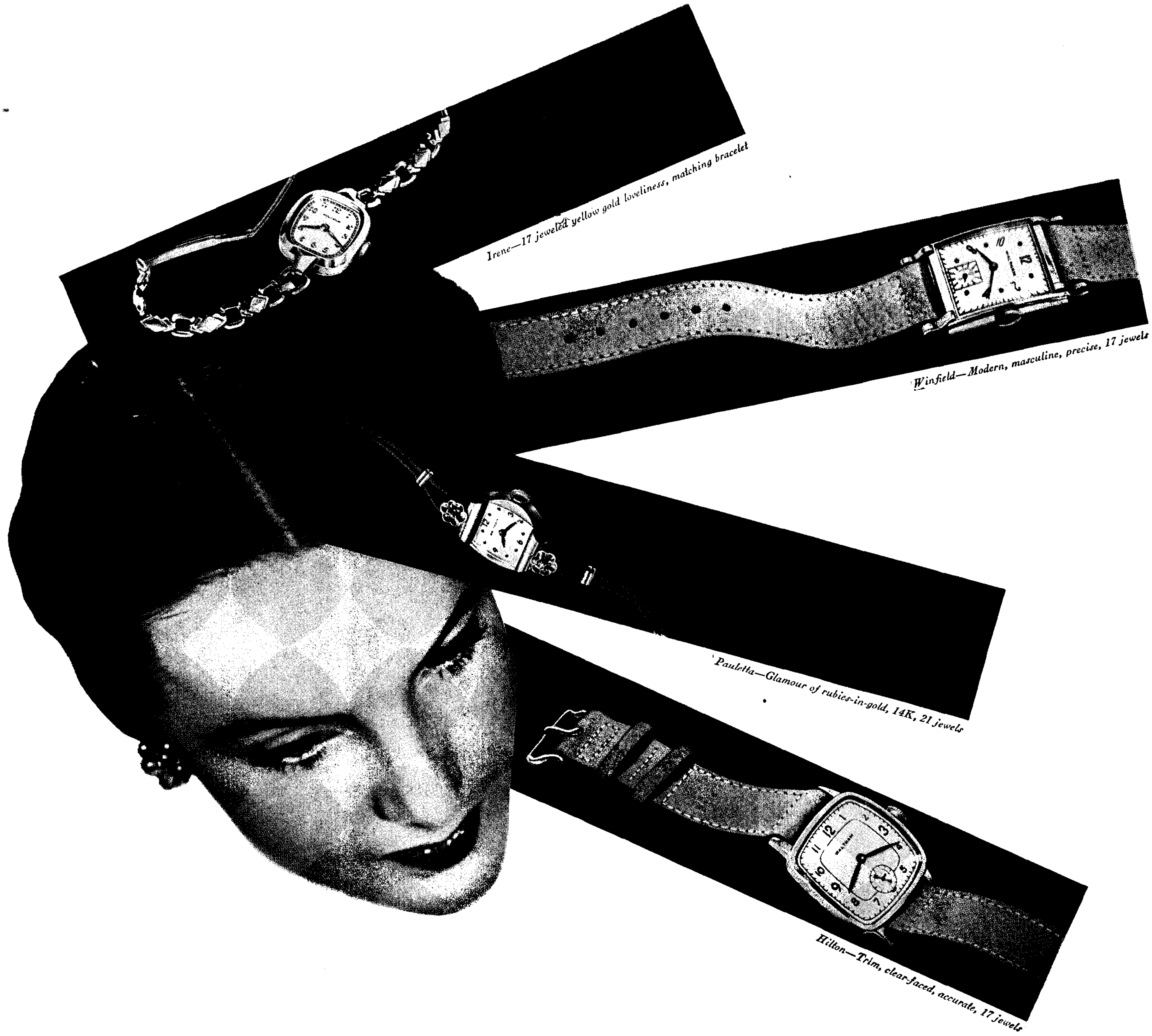
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lowered the glass a little and said, "Be a dear. There's a glass in my bathroom. I'd like a chaser."

"Certainly." He stood up, carrying his brandy glass with him into the bathroom. "Nice party, wasn't it?"

"Grand."

"Too bad Elcott had to leave so suddenly . . . Where'd you say that glass was?"

"Isn't it on the washstand?" she called.

"I don't see it."

"It must be in the medicine cabinet. Mary is a demon for putting things in order and hiding them."

He found the glass on the shelf, closed the medicine chest, rinsed the glass out, and filled it with water. Then he came back into the room. Alison had the brandy glass against her lips, her head tilted far back, and she was drinking the last of the brandy. She wiggled her fingers for the chaser. He handed her the glass of water. She put the brandy glass down, wrinkling her nose. "What in the world did you put in this?" she asked. "It's too strong. Bitter."

He did not say anything. He turned the lights out and started to leave.

"Aren't you going to say good night?" she asked sleepily.

"What? Oh, sorry." He came to the bed and bent over her; his lips brushed her forehead like a cold moth. "Sweet dreams," he said.

THERE was an old cowhide suitcase on the bed and Vernay was throwing things into it. He was perspiring heavily. There was another suitcase on the other bed which the old woman was packing.

"My, Charles, I'm certainly proud of you," she said. "It's like I always said—you never know from one minute to the next. Oh, I knew it would happen, Charles. Aren't you glad?"

"Where are my pajamas?"

"I'll get them, dear, I'll get them. A man shouldn't have to worry about things like that at a time like this. Will we be gone long, Charles?"

"Can't tell," he said. He threw some socks and handkerchiefs and ties into the bag and wiped his face.

"Charles, you're not packing neat!"

"It's all *right,* Grace! It doesn't matter!"

"Won't Daphne be surprised though?" the old woman smiled, clucking her tongue. "My, my, I'd like to see her face. There's no point in waking her, like you said, only I would like to tell her myself and see how she looks when she hears. Will you have a great big office all to yourself, Charles? With your name on the door and a desk with a glass top and a big leather chair?"

"Where in hell is my belt?"

"Who would have thought I'd go to—You're wearing your belt, Charles. My, you *are* excited. Why, an hour ago I was wondering about lamb chops or lamb shank for tomorrow, and then all of a sudden—"

"Damn it, don't waste time, Grace!"

"Oh, Charles, you swore. Yes you did, and after promising. Will they give you the money as soon as we get there, Charles?"

"It will take a couple of weeks. But we'll get it!"

"We'll be rich, won't we?"

"Yes, Grace. We'll be rich!" He tightened the straps on his suitcase savagely and took his coat and hat out of the closet. "Give me a pencil and I'll write Daphne a note. And hurry, damn it, hurry!"

ELCOTT was at the door of the cell and he was shouting. The sound of the policeman's club rattled across some bars. Elcott saw that he was a different policeman from the one who had been there before.

"I want to confess!" Elcott cried.

The policeman stopped. "Huh?"

"I want to confess! Can't you understand? I've committed a crime. I don't belong in here. Get the homicide bureau. I can't stand it! I've got to confess."

The redheaded man in the sweater sidled over to him and put an arm around Elcott. "He wants to kill her. He wants to kill her. You bottle baby. You glowworm. You admiral."

Elcott shoved him away in disgust. "There isn't much time, officer!"

"It'll keep till morning."

"Morning?" Elcott wet his lips. "Rocky Morelli will be in Mexico by morning! I'm offering it to you now! I'm putting it in your lap! I'll tell you everything!"

"What are you talking about?"

"I kidnaped Alison Cordeley!"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Richard Cordeley! I snatched her, took her to Boston! The police are going crazy looking for her. I'm scared, copper. I don't know what Morelli will do with her! I can't stand it any more. I'll squeal! I'll talk! I'll sing!"

The policeman said, "Pipe down. I'll see." He hurried toward the room at the far end.

THE safe was open in Cordeley's room and all the things which had been in it were spread out on the candlewick spread on the bed. Cordeley locked the safe door and hung the old painting back over the fireplace, adjusting it carefully so the edges of the frame fit perfectly against the edges of the faded outlines.

He took the big book in the limp leather cover and tore the pages out in handfuls, then tore them again and tossed them into the fire, a batch at a time. Then he opened the jar and poured the whitish powder into the fire. The flame sputtered and went yellow and a tiny cloud of smoke popped and disappeared up the chimney. Cordeley took the graduated beaker into the bathroom, put a towel around it and smashed it against the bathtub several times, pounding the towel down with short, quick blows. Then he emptied the towel into the washbowl, shaking the towel out carefully and brushing it with his hand, drained the bowl and tossed the towel into the clothes hamper. He went back into the bedroom and looked around. Everything was in order.

He looked at his watch and undressed, hanging his clothes in the closet carefully. Then he went to his door and unlocked it. The house was very quiet. He tiptoed to Alison's room and listened. He was about to enter her room when he heard a sound downstairs and he pressed himself back against the wall, into a deep shadow. Through the balustrade he could see Haskins in his bathrobe turning off the lights in the living room downstairs. Cordeley waited. He heard Haskins snap off the light in the butler's pantry and disappear into his own room.

Cordeley opened the door.

LIEUTENANT STRAKE pushed his hat back, lighted another cigar with a big match, and bent the gooseneck of the desk lamp so that it did not shine in Elcott's eyes. "Why did you say you kidnaped her?"

"I had to get out of that hole!"

"But why kidnaping?" Strake repeated. "What made you mention that?"

"I've told you a dozen times! Alison's not batty! I don't believe Cordeley's fancy story!" Elcott passed his hand across his face; his head felt like the inside of a foundry; the bandage felt incredibly heavy on the back of his skull. "She's in the house with him now, Lieutenant. Alone! God knows what he's up to! Can't you let me go now?"

"There won't be another 'kidnaping,' " said Lieutenant Strake dryly. He turned to a man in shirt sleeves who was sitting in the corner, operating a stenotype machine. "Got everything down, Frank?"

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"Yes, sir."

"We're wasting time!" Elcott cried.

"I doubt it," Strake said. "Slap that stuff out, Frank, and shoot it over to Captain Hannegan."

Elcott got up and beat his hand on the desk. "What are you waiting for?"

A barrel-chested man in a brown suit came into the office without knocking, and a tall, thin man with gray hair was with him. Lieutenant Strake smiled. He shook hands with the tall, thin man. "Glad to see you again, Dr. Rinehart. Sorry to pull you out of bed at this hour."

"It's all right, Lieutenant."

Strake indicated Elcott with a lazy movement of his head, and the man in the brown suit said, "He got to the Cordeley house at a quarter to eight and left just after ten. There were three other couples at the party. They left around midnight. Cordeley hasn't left the house, or Mrs. Cordeley. No one went in after the party broke up."

Elcott sank back into his chair in surprise.

"Monte's handling the graveyard shift," said the man in the brown suit. Then he whispered something in Strake's ear and nodded toward the door which led into the next office.

"You've been watching the house all along," Elcott murmured.

A wry grimace twisted itself across Lieutenant Strake's lips. "Cordeley jumped at it too easy when his wife said it would make her nervous if I had one of my boys keep an eye on the house. If he'd really been worried about kidnaping—and he should have, when she disappeared—he would have asked us to watch the place *without* her knowing about it. And if he'd really been worried about her sleepwalking out of the place—and he should have been if she did it once, the way he said—he would have wanted her protected, too." He went to the door which opened into the next office and opened it carefully. Then he wiggled his finger at Elcott. Elcott stood up and looked through the crack. He saw a policeman lead Charles Vernay into the room. Vernay sank to a bench and put his head in his hands without a word. Then the old woman came into the room, flustered, silent, blinking her eyes and bobbing her head up and down in bewilderment. "That them?" Lieutenant Strake asked.

"Yes."

Strake closed the door. "We thank you, Mr. Elcott." He took a gun out of a drawer and slipped it into his pocket. He moved quickly now, talked rapidly: "Now I've got blue chips to play with. I had nothing to go on. Nothing at all. Just my nose, sniffing a rotten egg. You can't bust into a house on Sutton Place every night to see what's going on. Cordeley was too smooth. He shouldn't have tried to play button-button-who's-got-the-button. He shouldn't have tried to play the doctor here for a sap. I've got plenty of string to tie up the package. Let's go, gentlemen."

ALISON was breathing very deeply, her bosom rising and falling rhythmically, and she did not stir as Cordeley took his hand away from her pulse. She had fallen asleep in her bed jacket. He went to the doors which opened on the balcony and unbolted them.

Cordeley went back to the bed and knelt next to Alison. In a high, thin, monotonous voice he began to whisper: "Dr. Rinehart . . . Dr. Rinehart . . . Oh, my God! Please go away. Please! Let me alone. Don't kill me. Put that poker down. Dick! Dick! Save me. Save me . . . Run. I've got to run. *I've got to get away!*" He put his arms around her and held her up as her head began to weave from side to side.

"Run. Get away. This time I will! Once and for all. This time I will!"

He held her up and guided her to the

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doors. Her bare feet were clumsy but as she touched the carpet they tested it and found some automatic equilibrium and she strained forward, sighing. Her mouth opened and she sucked the air in and her eyelids fluttered and then her eyes were open, staring ahead blankly, in a glaze.

Cordeley looked toward the tall apartment building to the left of the balcony. There was only one light on now. He took his arms away and leaned against the door, deep in the shadow of the trellis. "Now! Now I'm clear. I can run! I'm faster than he is . . . The poker. He'll beat me and beat me and kill me. Faster. Faster."

She stumbled forward, her hands making stiff motions as she sought to find in the air some palpable substance to support her, guide her, show her the way.

"The wall! Up! Over!"

Her hands touched the balcony and her feet took quick little steps. Her bed jacket flared in the wind and her nightgown swirled. "I'm there! Now up! Now over!" She stumbled to the end of the balcony and met the corner of the balustrade and stopped, leaning against it, leaning forward, blocked in her escape.

"Up! Up! Up!"

She started to climb.

THE car wheeled around the corner, and skidded, leaning over like a sailboat caught in a gust of wind on a turn, righted itself and hurtled ahead. Elcott leaned forward, holding his hand to the back of his head over the bandage.

The car took the corner into Sutton Place and the brakes brought it to a shuddering stop in front of the Cordeley house. Elcott was out of the car before it stopped. Strake and a policeman followed. A man stepped out from under the shadow of a portico across the street and joined them without a word. Elcott was at the front door, ringing the bell again and again. No one said anything.

Elcott turned and jumped down the stairs and ran toward the side of the house. "Monte," said Lieutenant Strake, and the man who had been watching the house followed Elcott.

Elcott tore his jacket on a rosebush and once his feet caught on a flagstone and he tripped and almost fell, but he kept running until he reached the gate which led to the back terrace. He pushed it open. It was dark in the shadow of the building. Monte stepped behind him. They stopped and listened. Elcott's heart was pounding so violently that it took a moment before he could hear any other sound, his ears straining to sort out the sensations: a truck in low gear groaning across the long bridge, the lapping of the water against stone below, a plane throbbing high and far overhead, toward La Guardia Field, and then a whispered shuffling sound above, a faint dragging or rustling, perhaps of feet, perhaps of an object being dragged. There was no light on the balcony. There was no light anywhere in the house. Elcott could hear Strake knocking loudly now at the front door. He found a trellis against the rain pipe at the corner and began to climb up. Monte took out his gun and pried open a window.

THERE was excitement and triumph in Cordeley's whisper. "Up! Up! . . . I'm doing it. Just a little more. Up! Up and I'm free." Alison hesitated, outlined against the clouds.

"Now, jump! Jump!" The words froze in his mouth and something sucked the blood out of him, for Alison had turned to face him, her eyes wide open, accusing; she was looking right into his eyes and her hand moved under her bed jacket and she had a gun in her hands and was pointing it at him. "You swine," she said.

Everything within him coiled, a spring demanding release, tensing to fling him forward in fury, but the spring was wound too tight and held. His entire body shook.

"So simple," Alison said. "So very simple, my love, isn't it? Pick up the telephone. Call the police. Keep your voice shaky and say, 'My wife—just killed herself. Oh, my God, my wife just killed herself!' And put the phone down and wait for them without the slightest concern, because it's all so simple. 'She walked in her sleep, a nightmare, over the balcony. She thought that man was after her again.' Who would question it? A woman who disappeared and was found on the train. A woman who imagined a man no one else ever saw was trying to kill her. A husband so concerned, so worried, so frank, who called the police and the doctors and his friends in despair. Everyone knew. Poor Alison. Something has to be done about poor Alison. God only knows what she'll do next. Fall off a subway platform, be run over, jump off the balcony."

"Today fair and warmer. Maximum temperature 72 degrees"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

He did not say a word for there was no word to say.

"The cocoa was too sweet, dear Dick, and the brandy was too bitter. I hope it doesn't ruin the plant in my room. Thanks for the chaser. It was good of you. Do you think the plant will be asleep now? Was the dose large enough? Have you ever tried drugs on flowers?"

And still he said nothing. But the spring was uncoiling and his body stirred.

"Did you put it in my coffee that first time, at the club, and in the Martini that time at the Crossworths', and take me upstairs? *My* voice, I thought it was. Did you walk me out of the house and into a car and into Grand Central, so solicitous a husband, holding your sick wife up, and leaving me there against a pillar with a ticket in my hand while you went off and did not return? It wouldn't have mattered if someone hadn't put me on the train, would it? I still would have disappeared without knowing how—in a dream, in a nightmare—and you still would have called the police and—"

Cordeley straightened. His face was white and he was breathing short, shallow breaths.

"Surprised, dear Dick?" she asked harshly. "You look dumfounded. 'How did she guess?' you're asking yourself. '*What made her suspect?*' I'll tell you, my beloved husband. You planned it all so carefully, so cleverly, but you forgot the simplest things, the most obvious things in the world. *Why didn't you offer to change rooms with me?* Your room is safe, Dick, even for a sleepwalker. Your room has no balcony. Or why didn't you insist on moving a bed into my room and sleeping there yourself, to protect me from myself? Why didn't you make me get a nurse, or Mary, to sleep in my room and prevent me from walking in my sleep? Why didn't you just *lock the doors to the balcony and remove the key?* Even a sleepwalker can't go through locked doors. *Why* didn't you do any one of these things, dear Dick, even if I refused out of fear or pride? *I* would have done that for you. They're the first things that occurred to me. They're the things that would have occurred to anyone who was really worried. Why doesn't Dick? I wondered. Why does he let me sleep in this room? *Why doesn't he make it impossible for me to risk my life again?* There was only one answer, a horrible answer I couldn't let myself believe, but the answer was still there no matter how many times I thought about it, no matter how many times I tried to find excuses for you. Everything fell into a perfect pattern, shouting the answer it was impossible to deny: 'Dick *wants* me to—' "

Suddenly he took a step toward her. She raised the gun slightly.

He took another step, stiffly, his body rigid, his face an image of death.

"Stop, Dick," she said.

He came on.

"I'll shoot."

He did not hesitate.

She pointed the gun right at his stomach. "I'll shoot!"

He shook his head, his eyes black and burning. "Not with that gun."

He took another step forward and she pressed the trigger and there was an empty, futile, little click and nothing else. She pressed the trigger again and again and there were only a succession of tiny, clacking little sounds.

"No bullets in that gun. Did you forget?"

She turned to flee but his hand grabbed her wrist, the gun clattered to the floor and he twisted her arm down and back, wheeling her around, forcing her against the edge of the balcony, holding her arm behind her with one hand and covering her mouth and smothering her cries with the other. Then he pushed her up and forward, using her own excruciating pain as leverage, twisting her arm so that she lifted upwards with his pressure. She sank her teeth into his hand and he recoiled with an oath, and she wheeled around beating at his face with her fists. He struck her across the mouth, his eyes consumed with rage. She tried to scream but his hand held her throat, squeezing the words down, and he forced her around.

As Cordeley pushed her up and almost over the balcony in one violent movement, Elcott pulled himself over the rail behind them and dropped to the balcony floor. The thud made Cordeley wheel around wildly. Downstairs a door was opened and feet were pounding through the hallway.

Cordeley lunged toward Elcott, striking him across the face with his fist, and Elcott's body dropped, his hand catching Cordeley around the waist. Cordeley pounded at his head, but Elcott pulled himself up and smashed out at his chin and sent him crashing backwards through the bedroom window, and the sound of the glass shattering was like a waterfall. He fell against a table heavily and as Elcott leaped toward him, Cordeley's hands found a big ash tray and he hit Elcott across the face. Elcott struck him again, knocking him against the wall.

THEY were pounding at the bedroom door. Cordeley hurled himself at Elcott and his knee came up and caught Elcott in the stomach and Elcott staggered back. Cordeley lunged out of the bedroom to the balcony rail. He put his foot on the rail and went up, poised to jump, heard Alison cry out, and then Elcott's arms were around his waist, pulling him back and down and around, and Elcott flattened his hand and rapped Cordeley sharply above the teeth with the flat side of his hand and a blinding, paralyzing pain split his head. Elcott was hitting him across the mouth with the edge of his open hand, in short, choppy, paralyzing blows, and Cordeley wove around blindly, groping for the man's hands, lurching wildly, the blood in his mouth bitter and the flashes in his head hitting his eyeballs, and then hands were separating the two of them and arms were tightened around him from behind and he was pinned helpless, gasping for breath, choking, struggling with the frenzy of defeat which howled around. Cordeley drew his lips back in one final externalization of hate. "You bastard!" he said.

They led him away.

Alison watched them, her face pale, set, spent of feeling. Elcott saw her reflected in the glass of the doors, staring into the bedroom as they took Cordeley out. He turned and went to her. She was shivering. He took his jacket off and put it around her shoulders. "You're cold."

He led her toward the house, but at the doorway to the bedroom she stopped, shuddering. "Not there," she said. "No more in this house."

"Once more," he said. "Through the bedroom and out of the other door and out of the house forever."

He put his arm around her shoulders as they went into the room.

THE END

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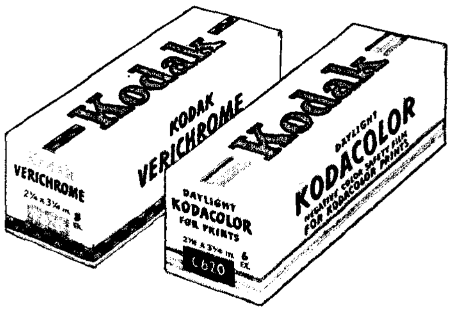
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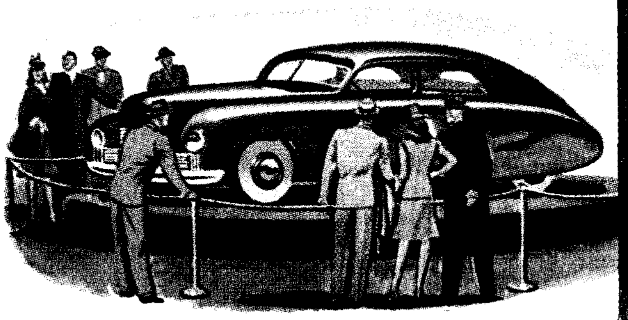

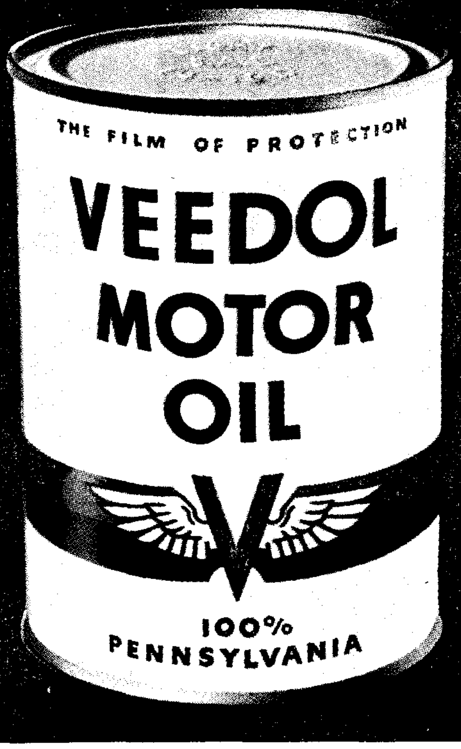

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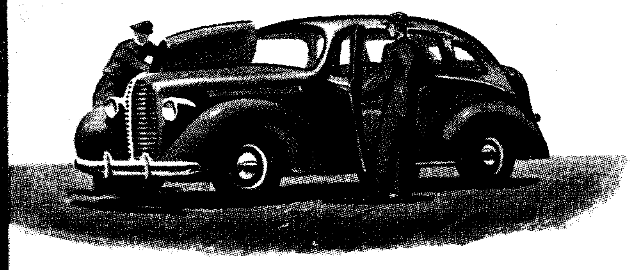

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Dowager Queen

Continued from page 29

speaks to a servant. If anything displeases her, she communicates with W. E. Briggie, her secretary, at the Twombly estate New York offices on the 54th floor of 20 Exchange Place. He in turn reports the complaint back to the head of the department in which the slip occurred.

The Twombly menage is so faultlessly managed, however, that there is seldom cause for complaint. Mrs. Twombly's philosophy is: Quality comes first. Her establishments cost more to run than the White House. Her pay roll, also handled by the Exchange Place office, averages upward of a quarter of a million annually, and every servant is pensioned. She is loyal to those who are loyal to her.

"If you please Mrs. Twombly, you're endowed for life," said an employee.

She is their queen as well as society's. The policeman on the beat, the postman, even the street cleaner, are remembered "with an envelope," as they put it, at Christmas.

The salary of Donon, the chef, is, as I've already mentioned, $25,000 a year. Those familiar with his creations call him "America's greatest chef." He is secretary of the American Culinary Federation, a society to improve the quality of chefs, and wears the *Croix de guerre*, an honor won on the battlefield in the first World War. He has under him two cooks—one for the help (he would never dream of cooking for any but the family), another to relieve him of routine work such as preparing soup stock, baking bread, and making the less intricate dishes. In turn, this pair is given two scullery workers to clean the vegetables, wash the pots and pans and scrub the kitchens.

A Glimpse of the Wonder Kitchen

The kitchen at East 71st Street is famed among the trade as the cleanest in all New York. It is tiled white from floor to ceiling, has the latest in electrical equipment and the finest collection of copper pots and pans in the culinary world. Also the envy of other cooks is the Twombly storeroom piled high with supplies; the refrigerator big enough to take whole hind quarters of beef, limitless quantities of fresh eggs, butter and heavy cream (Florham's contribution); the cold-storage room stocked with groceries and fresh vegetables the year round.

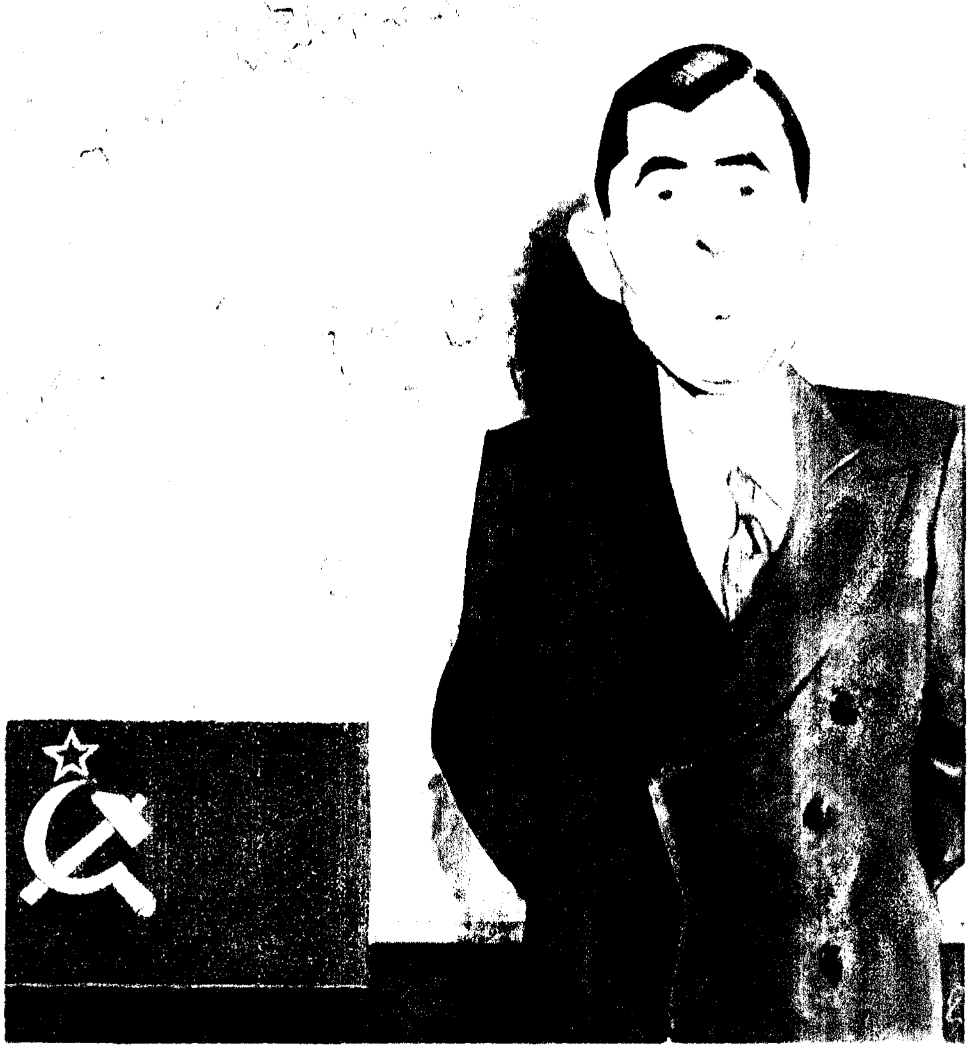
In winter the vegetables are grown in hothouses, in summer they are raised on fertile acres. Florham supplies all the produce but the diamondback terrapin, Russian caviar and meats. Donon buys these from his old friend, Arsène Tingaud, New York's French butcher.

The least experienced butler rates $5,000 these days. Bill Berles, Mrs. Twombly's head butler, in the words of the shopkeepers he patronizes, is "a king among butlers." Four footmen assist him. He directs; they set the table, serve the food and carry out the dishes. He is also in charge of the wines and the decorations. Connoisseurs go into ecstasy over the Twombly wine cellar; every château wine you can name, century-old brandies, prewar Scotch and bourbon, rare liqueurs, vintage champagnes.

The decorations are something again. Mrs. Twombly insists on orchids. The yard of orchids down the center of the dinner table was Berles' idea. Guests claim orchids are tied on the backs of chairs and hung from the ceiling. This, I think, is a slight exaggeration stemming from the fact that orchids were actually tied to palms at several parties given by Mrs. Twombly's parents.

(Continued on page 60)

UNITED NEIGHBORS



VI: RUSSIA'S GROMYKO

RUSSIA'S delegate to the United Nations Security Council, Andrei Andreyevich Gromyko, is a tall, handsome young man with gleaming black hair, a pleasant basso profundo voice and a tendency to five-o'clock shadow. He wears somber, skillfully tailored suits, and prefers shirts with French cuffs. He abhors dinner parties, enjoys an energetic game of volley ball, likes to ride through Central Park in an automobile and plays a crafty game of chess.

He speaks English with a heavy, mushy accent but sufficiently understandably to have addressed a mass meeting of American Russophiles at Madison Square Garden. He could, if he wished, use English at Council sessions, but he prefers to employ Russian and so to add another language to be translated into French and English, the official tongues of the U.N. He frequently interrupts the translator to correct interpretations of important phases in a speech.

From Gromyko's secretary, one A. Tokina, we were able to extract only a typed page of biographical material about as inspiring as an inscription on a tombstone. The Russians cling to the notion that a man whose utterances make headlines, fill columns in the newspapers almost daily and comprise the bulk of the official records of the meetings of the Security Council is strictly a private character. On Gromyko, as on the subject of Generalissimo Stalin or any other Soviet official, the Russians are decidedly reticent.

"Only a man's actions are important," they tell you; "the man himself does not matter."

The vital statistics in Comrade Tokina's handout show that Gromyko was born in the small town of Gromyki, near Gomel, on July 18, 1909, which makes him, at thirty-seven, by far the youngest of the top diplomats of the U.N. He was graduated from the Moscow Institute of Economics and after teaching the subject for two years became, early in 1939, chief of the American Division of the Kremlin's Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

He came to the United States later in 1939, as Counselor of the Embassy in Washington, was appointed Chargé d'Affaires in May, 1943, and served as Acting Ambassador until his formal appointment as Ambassador in August, 1943. He represented the U.S.S.R. at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and was chairman of the Soviet delegation at the San Francisco Conference in 1945.

Comrade Tokina's handout did, however, disclose two little-known facts about the aggressive Gromyko. One was that he is a member of the Supreme Soviet and, therefore, of the top-drawer, policy-making Communist Party leadership. The other was that he has twice been decorated with the Order of Lenin, which is something like winning the Congressional Medal of Honor twice.

It is obvious from his standing in the Soviet hierarchy that he has the confidence of Generalissimo Stalin and the Kremlin crowd. It's a reasonable assumption that he could act on behalf of his government independently more often than he does. In every tight spot, however, he elects to "ask for instructions." This tactic isn't, of course, peculiar to Gromyko. It's a maneuver as old as diplomacy itself. But his overfrequent employment thereof hasn't helped to endear him to his colleagues.

Gromyko's rank and honors clearly indicate that Moscow is satisfied with his work as a diplomat. Yet if diplomacy, as the dictionaries insist, is "artful management in securing advantages without arousing hostility," Gromyko isn't one of its more successful practitioners. What advantages he's gained in the Council's debates have been few and the antagonism he has generated is as thick as treacle.

While it would be unfair and inaccurate to attribute to him personally the Council's failure to resolve any major problem to date, the fact remains that he blocked action on Spain, Iran and international control of the atom bomb. Solutions—not entirely to Russia's liking and possibly not even perfect ones but acceptable to the majority—might have been found had Gromyko proved himself more amenable to compromise.

None of his colleagues questions Gromyko's skill in executing the Kremlin's wishes which appear to most Council members to be to impose upon them a strictly Russian interpretation of the rules of world order contained in the U.N.'s Charter. Fear of a Western cabal against the U.S.S.R. seems to be the leitmotiv of Gromyko's acts and speeches. This was particularly evident during the debate over whether there were any Soviet troops in Iran.

"In recent times," Gromyko said, "the question of relations between the Soviet and Iran has been used by certain elements to aggravate the political atmosphere of the world. They have helped the activities of certain groups who aim at engaging in propaganda destined to foment a new war by sowing distrust and anxiety among peoples."

A few days later, having failed to prevent the Security Council from considering Iran's claims that the presence of the Soviet soldiery there constituted a threat to its sovereignty and to world peace, Gromyko walked out of the Council meeting. But not until he had accused the Western powers of "working against the international peace and security" and of misusing "freedom of discussion" and "freedom of the press for their (aggressive) purposes."

Gromyko has also managed to antagonize most of the press short of the Daily Worker to whom he is, of course, a sort of Galahad. Gromyko was renowned to reporters on Washington's diplomatic beat as a "no comment-er" on visits to the State Department and he's done little to win their friendship since.

He has improved somewhat. He occasionally smiles at a cameraman and unbends to the extent of exchanging banalities about the weather with a reporter. But on the background stuff which is the meat of a news story he's still strictly a "no comment" man. Gromyko gripes, as did the tweedy and tousled Ilya Ehrenburg, the Soviet's famous war reporter, in a recent article in Collier's, about the "abundance of misinformation" concerning Russia contained in the American press, but provides no information.

The human side of Russia's eminent curmudgeon emerges, however, despite the secrecy with which he surrounds himself. Family ties are strong among Russians and Gromyko is devoted to his brunette wife, a sixteen-year-old son, Anatole, and an eight-year-old daughter, Milya. He likes his wife's peasant cooking. At the Hotel Plaza, in New York, when the Gromykos stayed there, Madame often cooked the borsht on an electric plate in their rooms, filling hallways with cabbage odors.

The Gromykos have since moved to a large Georgian brick house on Long Island's north shore belonging to Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, widow of the former Secretary of the Treasury.

Gromyko lost a brother in the war and another was a prisoner of the Germans for years. His wife's entire family, including five sisters, disappeared during the German occupation of White Russia. He hasn't been able to find any trace of them. . . .

FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Dowager Queen

Continued from page 59

Donon and Berles are responsible for the kitchen and pantry, Miss Gertrude Curry, the Twombly housekeeper, for the front of the house. She belongs to the top-flight group paid $5,000 a year and up. The closing and opening of 1 East 71st Street's seventy rooms every July and October is her headache. So is the opening and closing of the Newport villa in these same months. She also has on her mind Florham, a 365-day proposition.

When visitors praise the luxurious equipment of Florham's guest rooms, they are praising Miss Curry's work. In addition to supervising the houses she has charge of the two parlor maids and two upstairs girls.

In another group are the two maids who take care of Mrs. Twombly and Miss Ruth. Their duties are those of any personal maid; raising the bedroom shades in the morning, drawing the bath water, laying out the gowns of the day, dressing their mistresses, arranging their hair, and—if they plan a trip—packing their clothes. There is also the continuous care of the very extensive wardrobes; pressing, cleaning, mending, storing away for the summer, returning to circulation in the winter.

Also on the pay roll are the seamstress, the family laundress, the household laundress, the carpenter, the upholsterer, the handyman, the electrician and the chief engineer. A hotel man's dream, you might say, but this isn't all.

In the Twombly New York garage at 161 East 69th Street are a head chauffeur, a second chauffeur, two footmen, two mechanics and two car washers.

The head chauffeur drives only Mrs. Twombly. Beside him on the box sits one of two automobile footmen in the city. Miss Ruth has the other. She also has her personal chauffeur.

No Need to Use the Subway

Mrs. Twombly owns fifteen automobiles—five Rolls-Royces and ten American cars. Her Phantom 12-cylinder Rolls has the speed of a racer. Motoring is her passion. She has yet to travel in a public conveyance. The subway at rush hour has never been a problem in her life.

It would take too much space to list every employee at Florham. Some put it at 100, others at 125, depending on the season. Those who know Ray Allen, the superintendent of the farm, say there is no better manager in the country. His direct responsibility is the 500-acre model farm, the finest of its kind in the United States, from its prize-winning Holstein cattle to its network of sprinklers. Robert Tyson is in charge of the $1,000,000 greenhouses, the 60-foot orangery and all the gardens. Like every other Twombly employee he is superlative.

Florham, a combination of the first part of Mr. and Mrs. Twombly's given names, is the favorite home. From neighboring hills it looks the palace it is.

These details of fabulous living all fit into any portrait of Mrs. Twombly today. Those, like ninety-three-year-old Colonel Creighton Webb, a brother-in-law by marriage, who have known her down through the years, speak of her as a singularly beautiful character, a sincere friend and glad to share her good fortune with others. The colonel described her as a lively conversationalist in French.

This drawing-room elegance came later in her life. On the New Dorp, Staten Island, farm (the house still stands) where she and her four brothers, Cornelius, Willie K., George and Fred, and their three sisters, Louisa, Emily and Lila (Liza) were born, living was simple. Their mother, daughter of the Reverend Samuel Kissam (a folksy Albany-New York Dutch Reformed preacher), appears to have been a homebody who enjoyed nothing better than to bake a cake and let the children lick the batter bowl. William H., her husband, had not yet come into the huge inheritance from his father, the commodore.

The Vanderbilts stayed on their Staten Island farm until 1863 when Florence Adele (Mrs. Twombly) was ten. At the old commodore's insistence they moved to their first New York home, 2 West 38th Street. From then on, Mrs. Twombly was surrounded by all that money could buy. But let the newspapers of the period tell that life.

"Vanderbilt's daughter married in the most costly wedding dress ever worn in this country," declared the New York Times of November 21, 1877. "Her real lace stockings cost $120 a pair. Several thousand invitations were issued. Twenty-five hundred jammed St. Bartholomew's (then at 44th Street and Madison Avenue). Hundreds more failed to get in. Carl Walters played the organ."

"Yes, we did call you—but my husband managed to fix the leak himself a few weeks ago!"

COLLIER'S ABNER DEAN

The Herald itemized her wedding presents, among them, "a necklace of three rows of large pearls with a diamond pendant from Mr. and Mrs. Kissam Vanderbilt; Miss Lila Vanderbilt, a beautiful clock with a gypsy design around the dial surrounded by a bronze bull of Nineveh; the gift of her youngest brother, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, a ring composed of a sapphire center and on either side a solitaire diamond of large value; from Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a bracelet of six diamonds and three large pearls."

At the Oriental fete staged by her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, in 1883, Mrs. Twombly had her photograph taken publicly for the first time. You can see it at the New York Historical Society today. She is wearing a blue satin 18th century shepherdess costume quilted in diamonds.

This was only the beginning. In 1891, she was mentioned at Brother Fred's famous Newport fete. Two thousand roses were tossed on the stairway leading to the drawing room. Ten thousand candle power blazed in the lights and there was music from a Swiss organ and a Hungarian band.

In 1893, a Herald reporter told of the routine of the Twombly household. "Mrs. Twombly's little girls (Alice, Florence and Ruth) lead a systematic life of study. At eleven o'clock each morning they meet at the house of one of their friends—generally Mrs. Twombly's—where for two hours they are under the teaching of Professor Rosa. The cost of these lessons is $300 to $400 through the winter. Two afternoons in the week there is the solfeggio (sight singing) class for which is paid $40 for twenty lessons. The riding class is $25 for twenty lessons. The music lessons range from $25 to $50 a quarter.

"On unemployed afternoons there is the instruction governess who takes the children to walk and who, while walking, is supposed to instruct them in the knowledge of the various objects they see. These walks cost $1.50 an hour. Besides all these there are one or two private lessons in different languages."

These glimpses into the Twombly personal life came to an abrupt end when Mr. Twombly closed Florham to the public (it had been open certain days a week) because a visitor tried to take a photograph of Mrs. Twombly. After that, all stories concerning their doings were strictly news. In 1906 he made the papers when he criticized the Metropolitan Opera for permitting a performance of Salome. A few years later Mrs. Twombly was reported to have walked out of St. Bartholomew's because its then rector, Madison Peters, called New York women tipplers. (She is now a member of St. Thomas Episcopal Church.)

From the 1920s, when I edited the society page for the New York Evening World, down to the present, one man—Alexander Haas—has furnished the music for all the big Newport and New York receptions, debutante parties, and weddings. Important is the dinner which rates half a dozen Haas musicians. Mrs. Twombly engages the entire orchestra.

They announce their arrival at every party with her favorite gypsy song, "I would like to pick lilacs on a May night." It was the prelude to the most talked-of party she has yet given, a dinner for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor last August at her Newport villa.

Haas and his eleven musicians slipped out to the blue-hydrangea-bordered terrace at Vinland, looked up at Mrs. Twombly's suite and played, "I would like to pick lilacs on a May night," as the August moon rose above the Atlantic Ocean, which Vinland faces. A few moments later Mrs. Twombly leaned out of an upper window, nodded graciously, and withdrew as the music came to a close.

After the two dozen or more guests, including the Windsors, had arrived, Haas and his men moved to the great hall for a whirl at Viennese waltzes while the party curtsied and bowed to the Duke, European court-fashion, and sipped cocktails and nibbled goose-paste *canapés,* another Twombly specialty.

Memories of Old Vienna

The musical program formed a framework for the dinner. My Heart is Thine, another popular tune with Mrs. Twombly, was used for the march into the dining room (she and the Duke led the procession). There was no music while the guests ate, but as the champagne began to flow at the dessert course, a soft obbligato of Viennese waltzes drifted in pianissimo, to bring back memories. This continued while the party again shifted to the big hall for coffee and the celebrated 120-year-old French brandy. Once the guests had broken up into smaller groups for mah-jongg and gin rummy the music became fortissimo.

Finally, at 11:30 on the dot, the orchestra swung once more into My Heart is Thine. It was Mrs. Twombly's bedtime. The Duke escorted her up the grand stairway. A wave of her hand, a nod of her head and she vanished. The party became less formal. Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly (the three names are always used) acted as hostess. There was dancing. No jitterbugging. Mrs. Twombly will allow only waltzing. Since the waltz is the accepted dance of court functions, this fitted in very well with the Windsor party. The first number was the Emperor Waltz. The Duke danced with Miss Twombly.

"No European court could have done it more correctly," said a guest. The hands of the hall clock pointed to two o'clock when the last guest left. Another Twombly party had become a memory.

Most people think it is Vanderbilt money which pays for these lavish entertainments. That might have been possible in the twenties when New York Central, the Vanderbilt stock, was selling for $217 a share.

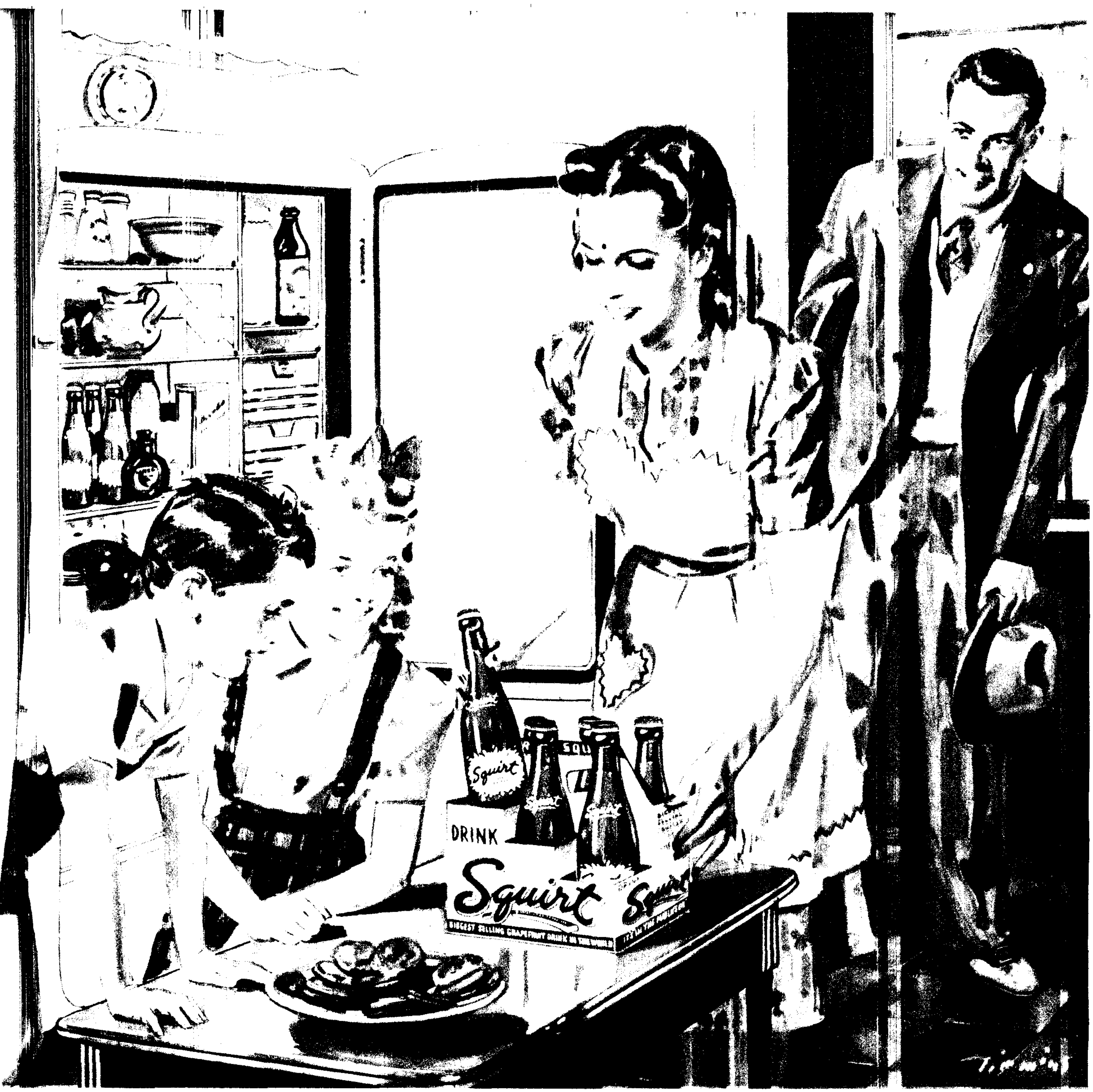
Twombly, not Vanderbilt money, makes Mrs. Twombly's way of living possible. In 1893 a German chemist, Herman Frasch, asked Mr. Twombly (then moderately prosperous) to invest in his invention for liquefying sulphur at the mines. Mr. Twombly raised the money. By the time he died, his investment had netted him millions. Frasch's invention not only endowed Twombly and himself but places America among the leading sulphur producers of the world. It also aided the refining of crude oil.

When people refer to Mrs. Twombly as an original Vanderbilt they use the reverent tone an art connoisseur might in speaking of an original Picasso. This bended-knee attitude creeps in even in discussion of her parties. At least it does as far as the older generation is concerned.

Recently I heard a Tuxedo mother and daughter (both guests at a Twombly meal) holding a post-mortem. The mother said, "What a wonderful dinner. So like old times."

The daughter said, "Mother, how can you stand parties like that? So much food. So much formality. Did you ever enjoy yourself when you were young?"

THE END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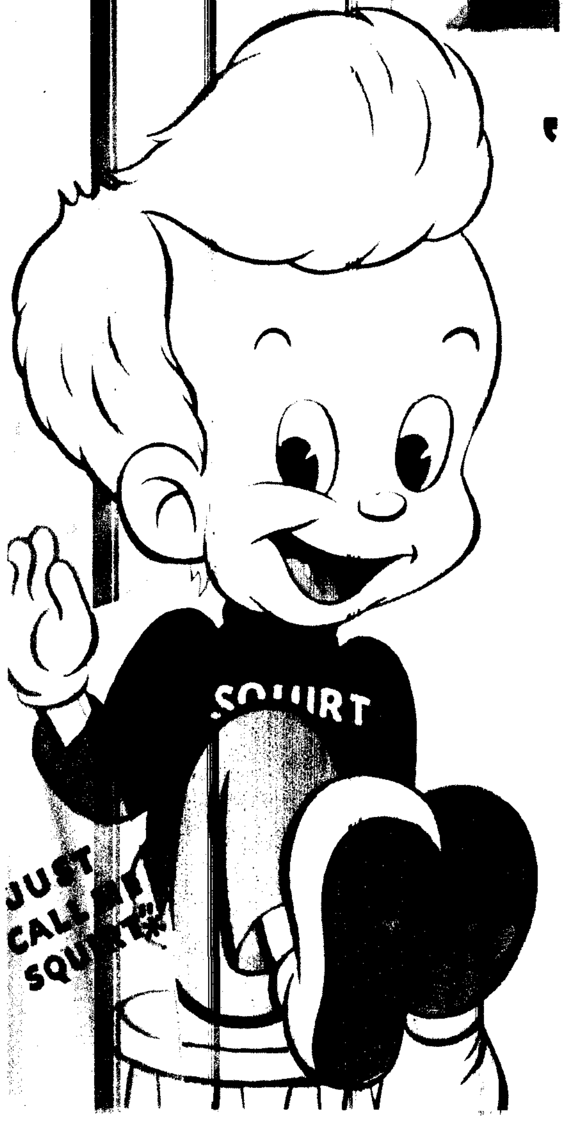
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CALLAGHAN'S MIRACLE

BY A. E. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Dead, buried and reborn all in a day—it shouldn't happen to a dog, but it did!

HERE, boy. Here! There's a bit of steak for you with a slice of liver thrown in and a whale of a bone to bury if your stomach gets overloaded this night. A healthy appetite you have for a ghost, Rory boy, for ghost you are whether it suits you or not. And by the look of you, you don't give a damn.

Wag your tail, you heathen, for it's adventures you've been having this day. Adventures such as no other dog in the universe has set down to his credit. But it's careful you must be, it's careful we must *both* be—and it's nothing you know of the poor creature that lay so still and stiff in his coffin an hour or so since and who now rests on the bleak hillside with the wind moaning about him and a spot of poison in his tum tum.

Oh, it's all very well to be looking so innocent, but conspirators we are, Rory boy, and kindly remember *I never set eyes on you till this blessed day,* though you are as like as a twin to the poor dog I poisoned with my own hand and carried away to his lonely restin' place on the far hillside . . .

Do you get me, you spalpeen? *I never set eyes on you till this day* when I was returnin' from the funeral of my late pup, and, glory be, there's a stranger passin' with a dog on a string, and "What's his name?" says I, and "Rory it is," says he, and "Sure, it's a ghost I'm seein'," says I, "for the dog you have on a lead, stranger, is the livin' spit of a dog I poisoned with my own hands and have this moment committed to Mother Earth."

"You don't say," the stranger says. "You don't say now? It's a mighty strange coincidence and it's lucky it is that you met me for I was wonderin' what I would do with the dog I have here since he is almost a stranger to me and was left me in the will of my uncle, and my old woman, you must know, cannot bear the sight of dogs."

I says to the stranger, I says, "I can see you have a mind to get rid of the dog," I says, "and seein' that he is about the same age and appearance of the poor creature I was forced to poison, I will buy him off you if you care to sell."

"Ten shillings and he's yours," he says, "and I give the rope in."

"Five," I says, "and you can keep the rope, for I've a notion that this dog of yours is so much like the poor animal I had to poison all on account of the law, that he will follow me home without any coaxin'."

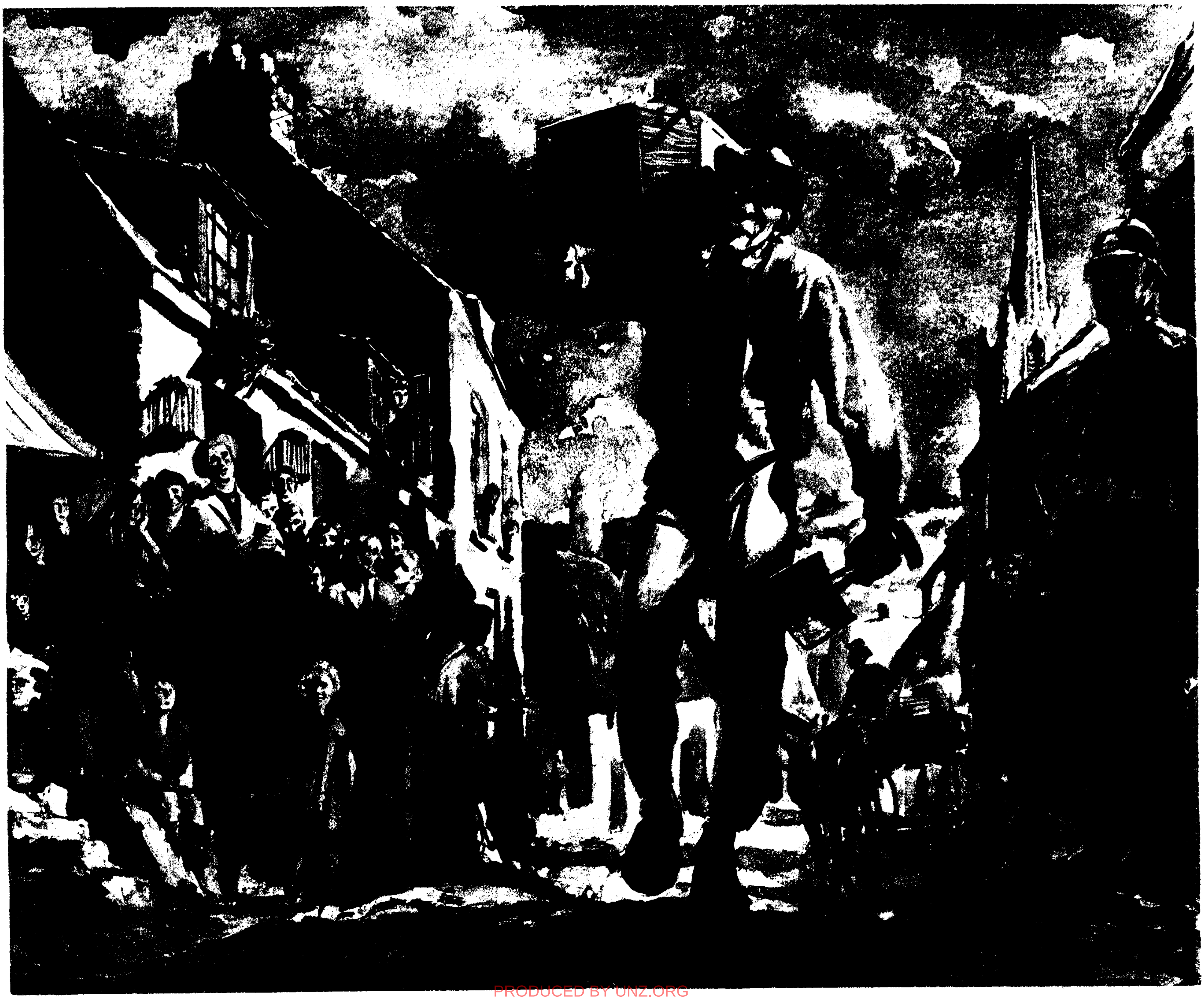
So we came to terms at last, me and the stranger, and off he goes with his bit of rope, and I come home with you, Rory, ye spalpeen.

And that's our story and we stick to it for if we don't there'll be the devil to pay, and, even as it is, I'm wonderin' what Father Mulcahey will have to say about the matter . . .

Lucky I am I have a good excuse for callin' you Rory and it will not cause suspicion, for is it not the custom of the country for a man to have a succession of dogs by the same name? But it will be well, spalpeen, if you don't obey me too well in the days that are comin', till the hue and cry have died down and Mother Moriarty has begun to forget the things that happened, for the dog that now lies with the wind moanin' about him on the far hillside I had trained from a pup, while you, as I have told you and I beg you to remember, I bought this day from a stranger for the matter of five shillin's, no less.

Folk will look at you and they will say, "Sure, you are the livin' spit of the dog the law took away from poor Callaghan and 'tis a miracle entirely that

It's a sorrowful sight I am as I walk through the village, and the neighbors are weepin' and wailin'. "It's poor Callaghan," they cry, "takin' his little pup to bury him"



he should be comforted by the sudden appearance in the village of a stranger with a dog that might be the twin brother of the poor animal that is dead and gone."

Oh, it's a comfort to an old man to have you, little dog, for it's lonely I'd be if I was sittin' here with only my sad thoughts for company. It would be a hard life for a man of my years to be without a dog after bein' accustomed to one for such a length of time, and, had I not come across the stranger comin' from his uncle's will and leadin' you by the bit of a string, I'd as lief be lyin' with the wooden coffin on the hillside.

YOU look at me with a whimsical eye, Rory boy. It's winkin' you are. Well, wink away, wink away so long as you wink in private, but when we're in public you must keep your winks to yourself, especially in the presence of Mother Moriarty, and don't take it to heart if I speak evil of you nor if I sigh and carry on and shed a tear or two while I say, "Sure the new dog's the livin' spit of the poor dog you made me poison, but it's only in appearance is he like the unhappy creature that now lies with the cruel wind howlin' about his coffin, for this new pup has none of the nice ways of the one whose place he's taken. Still, it's a consolation to an old man to have a dog that *looks* like the one he's lost, even if he don't act like the one."

There! You've put your velvet muzzle into the palm of my hand and you're lookin' up at me with your soft eyes as if you don't quite understand, and it's a blow or two to your heart maybe I'll be givin' you, little dog, in the days that are to come when I go about, for both our sakes, treatin' you as a stranger more or less. It's ashamed I'll be because of the trust you put in me but it will be better for both of us, for law is the law and by all the regulations you have no right to be alive and kickin'. Did I not stand up in the court o' law and hear my name called? . . .

"Dennis Michael Callaghan."

"Here I be," says I.

"You are charged with bein' the owner of an animal, to wit a dog, that is a danger to the public at large," says the clerk. "What have you to say?"

"What have I to say?" I says. "Just this, Your Honor, it's four years or more," I says, "since they laid my dear wife to rest," I says, "and lonely I was with the years comin' thick upon me and no kith nor kin nearer than the Americas, and one night I am walkin' beside the river, and it's a lonely night with a little wind rustlin' the reeds, and heavy is the heart within me knowin' that, by and by, I must turn from the lonely river and go back to the lonelier cottage.

"I put my two hands together, Your Honor, and I pray, 'Holy Mother, give me somethin' to fill the hole that's been drilled into my heart,' and at that I hear a sound—just a little sound—and it comes from the edge of the river where the thick reeds grow. And it is not the *lap lap* of the water that I hear, nor the croak of the little frogs but a tiny, helpless sound that carries with it the spirit of despair. And I climb closer to the stream and there, among the reeds, is a black object, and I drag it to the bank and I open it, Your Honor, and it's a shameful sight that meets my eye, for within there is a mother dog and her litter that some foul fiends has thrown into the black water to drown an' die.

"Dead entirely is the poor mother and dead entirely are three of the litter, but alive is one of the tiny pups and I take him into the palm of my hand and warm him in the shelter of my coat, and I go down on my knees. Your Honor, and 'Mary, Mother of God,' I say, 'you have answered my prayer and given me this small mite of a creature to love and cherish and ease the ache that is in my heart.'

"And I walked away from the darksome river, Your Honor, with the cold little creature snugglin' against my heart, and carryin' the bag with its poor mother and the three little dead ones; and, by and by, the one that is livin' I have fed, and, by and by, the ones that are dead I have buried decent at the end of my garden where they lie to this day.

"And to the small creature that was sent to me like a miracle from heaven I give the name of Rory. Rory, I calls it, and a fine pup it was, and a finer dog it grew into, without the semblance of vanity nor the sign of deceit. A sweet nature it has with its soft eyes and gentle ways. Obedient it is and beloved by all and divil a word will I believe of any evidence that is tendered to Your Honor that says it would bite man or beast. It's a pack of lies this Mother Moriarty is makin' up."

"Order! Order!" cries the clerk of the court.

"Order," they says, "little feller," when I sticks up for the character of my dog. And very prim and proper is His Lordship on the bench, pursin' his lips, an' pressin' his finger tips together as he says:

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS

"I really miss people during summer vacations. Houses seem so lonely"

COLLIER'S

"We have listened very patiently, Mr. Callaghan, and we sympathize with you. But unfortunately, there is evidence that your dog bit Mrs. Moriarty's little boy."

Ah, there it was, Rory given in evidence. The dog flew at Mrs. Moriarty's little boy and bit a small chunk out of a necessary part of him. But only Mrs. Moriarty spyin' out of her window and the boy himself give evidence. There is none to speak for the dog. And the dog can't speak for himself . . .

"The order of the court is that the defendant's dog, being proved a dangerous animal, shall be destroyed within twenty-four hours," says His Lordship.

And I can't see for the tears in my eyes nor speak for the choke in my throat as I hear him.

"Constable O'Shannessy, you will please see that the order is obeyed."

It's sorry I am for poor O'Shannessy that he should have it put on him to see the shameful sentence is carried out, and a word in my ear he has when the magistrate has strutted off for his lunch.

"Listen, Callaghan," he says, "never a stomach have I for the job that lies ahead of me, but the law is the law and I have me sworn duty to see that your dog shuffles off this mortal coil within twenty-four hours, and, so, tomorrow I'll be callin' on you, and, if you haven't had the heart to dispose of the poor creature by then, I'll have to be doin' it for you, bad cess to the Moriarty woman and her monkey-faced son, for never a more mischievous young varmint have I known, and it's my firm conviction, Callaghan, that he was teasin' the dog Rory beyond endurance that the gentle creature should fly at him."

And it's that same thing I am thinkin' myself. I thank the constable kindly for his opinion and, "I'll go along," I tell him, "and make a wee coffin for the poor creature."

And I make me way to the shop of Mulligan the chemist, and there, by all the saints, is the Moriarty woman, sittin' in a chair waitin' for a prescription to be made up for this same monkey-faced son of hers to whom has been vouchsafed such a bellyache he will remember it to his dyin' day.

And I say to Mulligan, "I have had word from the court that my dog Rory is to be done away with and there is no more than twenty-four hours to do the deed; and I haven't the heart to drown him like his poor mother before him, neither have I the courage to hit him on the head, and so, Mulligan," I says, "have you in your store a bottle of poison I could give the poor creature so that he'd lap it up and none the wiser and wake up with the angels?"

Mulligan looks at me with anger in his eye and says he with indignation, "Divil a drop of poison have I in the entire shop, Callaghan." He speaks in a loud voice and I know it's the kind heart he has, for has not this same Mulligan, on many a night, sat up with me and watched over this same pup, Rory, when he had the collywobbles?

"Divil a bit of poison have I in the shop," he says, the grand liar that he is, and, "It's a shame," he says, "that such a gentle creature should have to be put out of the world when it's doin' no manner of harm," and he glares at the Moriarty woman and she glares back and says she:

"The law is the law."

And Mulligan says: "The law's an ass, Mrs. Moriarty. To think that such a fine animal should be sent to glory before its time. Why, think of the tricks Callaghan here has taught the creature! To sit up and beg has he taught it, to fetch and carry, to lie down and pretend to be dead, and such as that."

"And to bite the bairns, has he taught it that?" asks the old witch.

I don't fly back at her; for why? Because a fine thought has just come to me head because of something the chemist Mulligan has said. "I wink at him behind the woman's back and says I, in a firm voice, "The law's the law, Mulligan, and it's no use makin' a pother. Dead the poor animal must be within twenty-four hours no less, and even now I am off to the timber man to buy me the boards for his coffin. So pretend no further, Mulligan, but bring out a bottle of your finest poison so that I can put it in the unhappy creature's food."

And, like a wise man, Mulligan catches on to what I'm drivin' at and he goes off; and soon he comes back with some white powder and he puts it in a bottle and he sticks a paper on the bottle with the word POISON in large letters for all the world to see and Mrs. Moriarty in particular, and says he:

"There you are, Callaghan. Put a trifle in the poor creature's milk and when he laps it up he will have a pleasant sensation of goin' to sleep, but never again will he wake up."

"And will he feel any pain?" I ask with solemnity.

"Divil a pain," he says and then he leans over and whispers to me, "It's only sugar," he says, "and what are you up to, Callaghan?"

So I say in a loud voice, "Thank you kindly for the poison for my poor dog, Mulligan, and now I'll be trottin' along to buy the timber for the poor creature's coffin. Good day to you, Mrs. Moriarty, and tell your monkey-faced son if he ever comes within sight of my cottage again, it's the spirit of the dead Rory will come moanin' from the hillside to haunt his bed." And the old witch yells back at me:

"Be off with you, Callaghan, an' poison your savage cur."

SO, WITH the insult ringin' in my ears, I go to the timber man. "Give me some small planks suitable for a coffin for a dead dog," I says, "for even now have I come from the chemist's with this bottle of poison to give to the creature."

Says the timber man: "It's a dirty trick entirely for the law to be riddin' the village of such a well-behaved dog, and it's sure I am that he's been condemned on circumstantial evidence that same as hanged my great-grandfather, though heaven knows he deserved every inch of the rope they gave him."

And I went home with my planks and I begins to work and "Look at the fine coffin I'm makin' for you, Rory," says I. "A fine coffin it is, fit for the king of all dogs," and when I had finished I looked at the casket and I looked at Rory and, "Glory be," says I, "I wonder have I made it a bit on the small side?

"Well, since you are the one to lie in it there's no harm in havin' a little bit of a rehearsal, so hop in, Rory, and lie down," I says, and like a good dog he hops in and lies down in a comfortable fashion. "But," says I to him, "it's no place for you to *sleep* in; ye have got to be dead in it. So go dead, boy," I says; "*dead*," and dead he goes in the manner I've taught him, and lies still and stiff and he stays like that till I give him the office he can get out and enjoy himself.

And then I set beside the coffin the white powder Mulligan has given me with the label showin' the word POI-

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

SON, and I go to the window and soon there comes in sight O'Shannessy, the constable. "Quick now," I says to the dog, "into your coffin with you and go dead, boy! *Dead*, do you hear? And stay dead till I give you the word to resurrect," and in he hops like the well-mannered dog he is, and still he lies and stiff like I've taught him, and I go to the window again and call O'Shannessy.

"Come in, Constable," says I. "Come in and see what I have done to my poor dog accordin' to the cruel law," and in he comes. "Look at him," says I, "lyin' there in his coffin," and O'Shannessy looks and says he:

"It's a shame to see him lyin' there so still and—"

"Dead," I say, in a loud voice, *"Dead* he is and *dead* he'll stay," and O'Shannessy says:

"It's no exaggeration what you're sayin', Callaghan. It's enough for me who is but the letter of the law and not the whole alphabet. Dead I have seen him in his coffin. Dead and stiff with the bottle of poison beside him."

And "Take him away and bury him," he says, "for it breaks my heart to look at him," and off he goes in a hurry, and then I say softly to the dog Rory, "You are dead no longer, but don't get out," I says, "but stretch out in your nice coffin while I put the lid on—the lid with the two nice holes so that you can breathe."

And he stays there, wonderin' no doubt and uneasy in his mind no doubt, but trustin' me with all his big heart.

SO I carry the coffin with the live dog inside on my shoulder and it's a sorrowful sight I am as I walk through the village, and the neighbors are weepin' and wailin' and a colleen runs out and places a lily on the casket.

"Ah me," they cry, "it's poor Callaghan takin' his little pup to bury him on the far hillside, his poor little dog that was murdered accordin' to the cruel law," and they would have followed after me, wailin', to show their respect but Mulligan, bless him, says, "No. Let no man nor woman follow. Let the man be. Leave him alone with his sorrow."

And I see by this that Mulligan has a farseeing eye for he carries on with his speech. "Let him bury his dead on the far hillside and let us pray this night to the saints that they will send him another Rory to take the place of the one he has dispatched with the poison I give him."

So I march on with the lament of the villagers in my ears, and, when I reach the solitary hillside, I open the casket and let the dog Rory frisk about me while I dig a hole and bury the empty box. And presently I go back to the village by devious paths with the dog followin' sedately at my heels, and there is Mulligan waitin' at his shop door and "Glory be," he cries, "for I see your prayers have been answered."

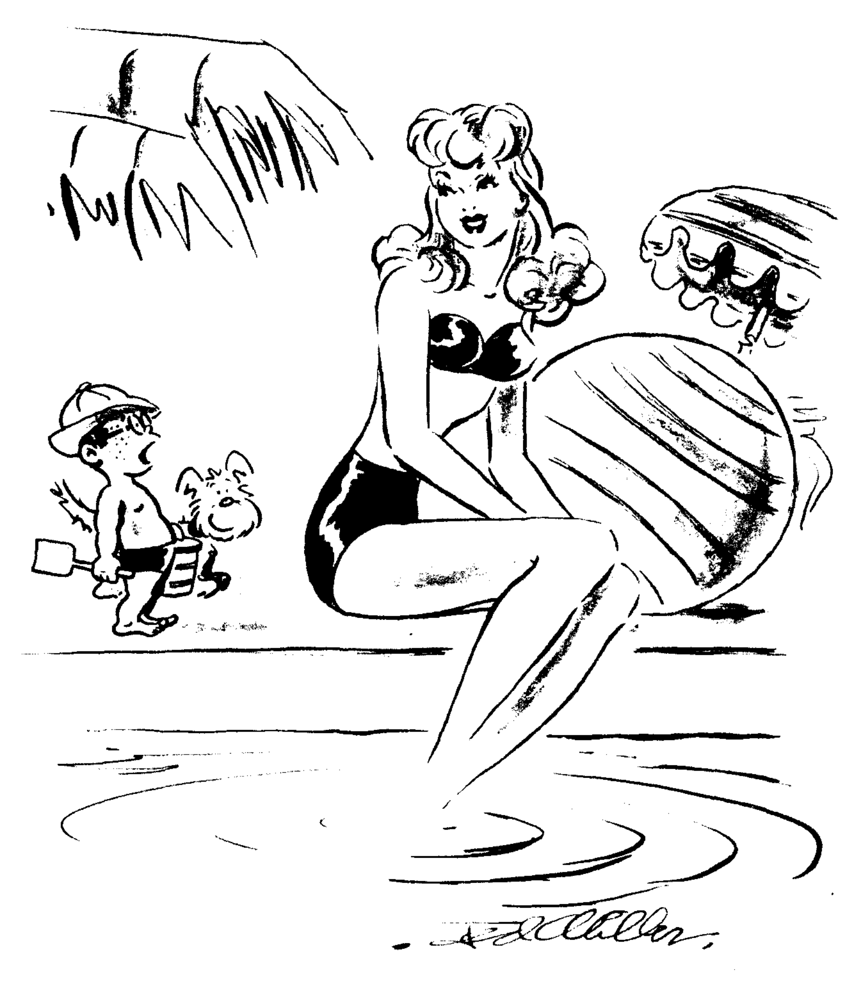
And then I tell him about the stranger I have met straight from readin' the will of his uncle and "Glory be," he says again, "it is a miracle no less," and he repeats the story to Father Mulcahey when he happens along and the good Father looks at the dog and he looks at me with a long look and he says, "Sure, Callaghan, this dog you had from the mysterious stranger is as like as two peas to the poor dog that was taken from you by the law, and a miracle it is indeed and I endorse it with all me heart."

And, by and by when I am at home, there comes a knockin' at the door and it's the Constable O'Shannessy. "It's a strange thing I have been told by Father Mulcahey," he says, "concernin' a miracle," and then he catches sight of the dog and "Mother in Heaven!" he cries. "It's the dead spit entirely of the poor creature, I saw stiff and dead in his coffin. The law has been vindicated," he says, "for did I not see your dog in his casket?"

He walks to the door. "Dead and stiff he was all right, all right," he says, "with the bottle of poison alongside him for all to see." And then he looks at me with a queer look. "A miracle it is, Callaghan," says he, "and not a doubt in the world of it. For it's the first time in my life I ever saw a dead dog blink. Good night to you."

A nice man is Constable O'Shannessy, with a keen appreciation of the works of God.

THE END



COLLIER'S "You're not exactly repulsive yourself" TED MILLER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

reduced to eight-fifty if you went home week ends. It was a simple school although it had other mysteries, too. For example, the students were never fed meat. However, there were always huge bowls of gravy and plenty of bread to drown in the gravy. The mystery here was where the gravy came from. The place, he thinks, has now become a college but he's not sure.

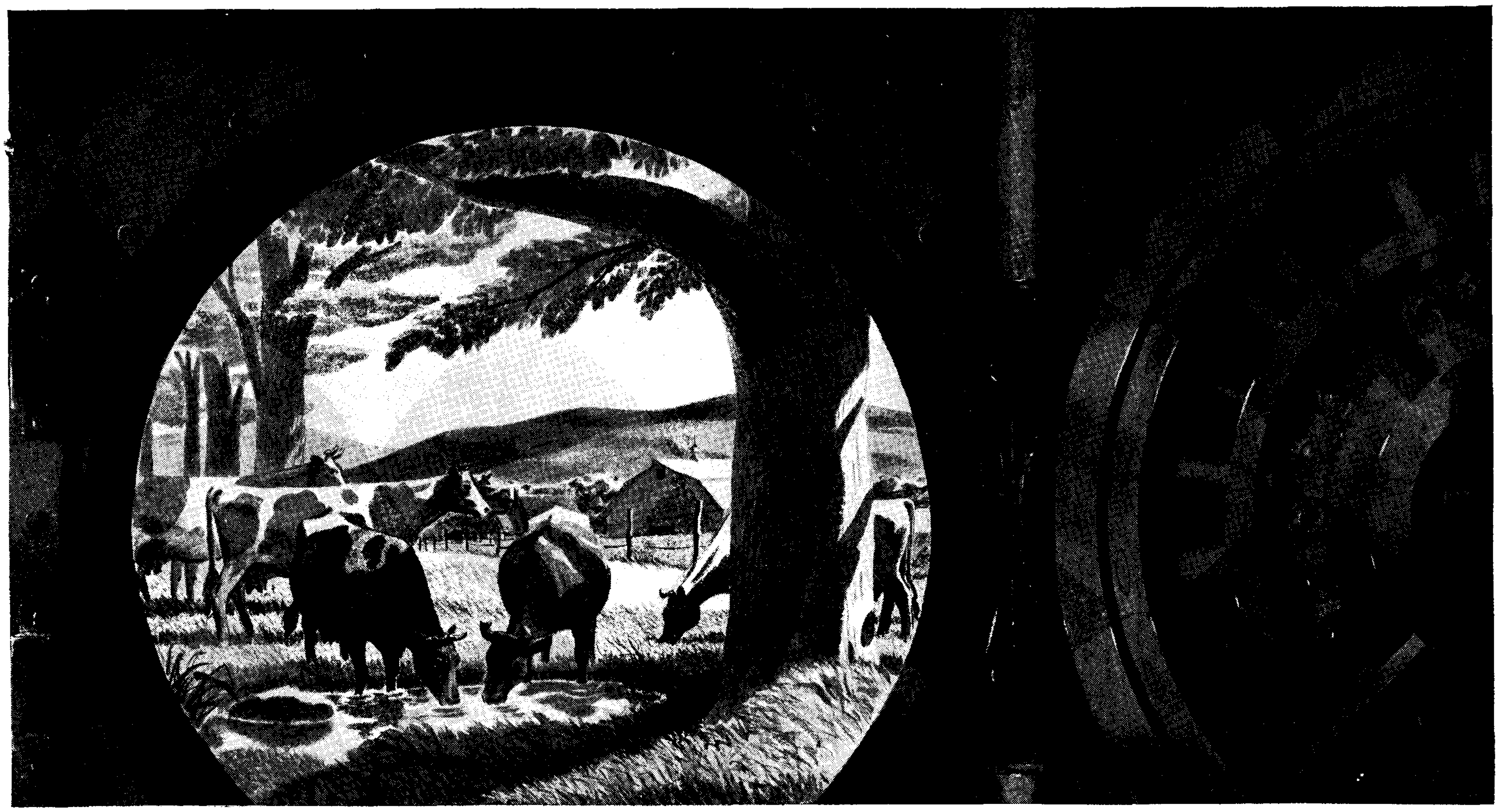
"WHAT became of them two bucks I sent you?" indignantly demands Mr. H. Briedenback of Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. "You can't get away with it. Don't tell me you turned it into some Red Cross because I saw you. When I come for it, have it in the hand. Two dollars."

WELL, we talked one day to a governor of one of our more colorful states who told us that our job of rambling up and down the country finding out how people were getting along was a great waste of time. "Just depend on it, my friend," said he, "thirty-three point nine per cent of the people of this country aren't worth the match to light the powder to blow them to hell and gone." We asked him how he came by such exact figures. "Oh, stop quibbling," he replied impatiently. "Make it forty-five point six per cent if you want."

A WARNING from Mr. Joseph B. Panoz of Albuquerque, New Mexico: "I hope in the near future to launch the Fraternal and Benevolent Society of Non-Combatant Officers of World War II. This movement is not likely to get very far. Will you assist?"

AFTER years of persuasion, Mr. Wiley B. Seedaker induced his grandfather to come north of the Mason-Dixon line. Mr. Seedaker's grandfather had spent many, many years in his native Georgia taking pot shots at the ghost of General William Tecumseh Sherman. But finally in New York City, Mr. Seedaker introduced the old man to the famous statue of the general at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park. Grandfather looked at it coldly for some minutes, then said: "So the scallywag's dead, hey? Good riddance."

THIS column may limp a trifle for a week or two. It might even decide that life's hardly worth the limping and quit entirely. We doubt this last, but just wanted to prepare you to whom said life would naturally be unbearable without it. But something shocking happened to us. We were made Editor. It has taken us a few days to get over the shock. Our immediate plan is—and it may be a perishable one—to write sage observations about this and that in this column from now on. Just be charitable for a while, won't you? . . . W. D.



Look at *your* investment this way

Farmers can't keep their dairy cows in a vault. Yet if anything should happen to the herd, the farmer would stand to lose plenty! So a great many of them turn to Hartford Mortality Live Stock Insurance for protection!

There's a lesson here for all of us. Everyone has important investments that can't be locked up—a home, furniture, automobile, business, property of every kind. And everyone can guard these investments, by policies of the Hartfords, the companies that write practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance.

Journey's end

Let this familiar scene remind you: Over-age cars mean greater accident hazards. Drive *your* car safely. And be ready for what *might* happen . . . protect yourself with Hartford's broad coverage Automobile Insurance.

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Burglars are on the prowl in rising numbers. A good time for merchants to get the broad single-policy protection of Hartford Storekeepers' Burglary and Robbery Insurance. It covers holdup, burglary of safes, stocks of goods and damage done by intruders.

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It's comforting to know that your good friend—the Hartford Agent—is always near at hand, ready to serve you, no matter where you travel in the U. S. A. or Canada, in Alaska, Hawaii or Puerto Rico. That's another advantage of doing business with companies that operate as widely as the Hartfords do.

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The smart-looking Kirsten Cigarette Holder provides a cleaner, more healthful way to smoke cigarettes—for men . . . for women!

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AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CIGARETTE HOLDER

The Other Woman

Continued from page 16

her ego, her precious little ego that pushed its way out in front every now and then and insisted on being the one, the *only* one. Which probably makes me, she decided, quite an unpleasant character.

"So what's eating on you?" asked Louie, wearily leaning one elbow on the bar in front of her. Louie had the dyspepsia. It kept him from being affable; he always expected the worst. "You and The Great Profile had a fight?"

Louie's names for Keith (there were several of them) bothered Roxy more than she would admit, even to herself. It didn't mean anything, of course; Louie sniped at everybody. And Keith *did* have a distinguished profile. That sensitively carved nose and fine brow would be noticed anywhere. Women made the most of their good points; they were expected to. Then why shouldn't Keith?

"No fight," said Roxy briskly. "Nothing eating on me. I'm gay like anything."

"Uh-huh," Louie commented. "So I see. Never mind. He may show up later."

"No, he won't. He's out of town."

IN a queer way, she welcomed the nights when Keith was out of town. They gave her a breathing—no, a thinking—spell. To Keith she might seem the intellectual type. ("Why?" she had once asked him in a bitter moment. "Just because I don't paint my fingernails too red?") But the truth was that when she was with him her mind seemed to take a holiday, a hazy, feet-off-the-ground vacation. An evening alone was a chance to get things straightened out. Tonight, she always told herself, she would think it all through, dispassionately, efficiently. The intellectual type in action.

But invariably, no matter what path her mind took, she ran smack into Mae. There was no getting around Mae; there she stood, an enigma and at the same time a key to all that was unexplained about Keith.

What did Mae do, for instance, when Keith was out of town? Drink Martinis and think about Roxy? Apparently not. Apparently not in Louie's, anyway. And yet, why not? Louie's wasn't very far from the apartment; it was an inviting little place, not noisy, seldom very crowded. Maybe Mae didn't drink. That wasn't very likely, Roxy decided. But she probably wasn't the type to drink by herself. A giggly drinker, that would be Mae; the kind that gets giddy on two cocktails and likes ginger ale with rye.

It pleased Roxy to figure out new details about Mae. Some things, the first ones, had been easy: the frilly, fussy dresses hanging in the apartment closet, the little high-heeled slippers, the foolish hats with veils and feathers, all had told their obvious story. So had the dressing table with its jumble of creamy, fragrant stuff in jars and bottles; its scattering of little gold hairpins.

But other things, like this about Mae's drinking, took more work; their discovery brought a tiny glow of triumph.

"Have another one?" suggested Louie. "You might as well," he added gloomily.

"You're quite right," Roxy said, and she watched his thin, hairy hands expertly measuring and mixing. If she didn't have another one she would go home and think about Mae. If she did have another one she would sit here and think about Mae. She might as well.

"Did you ever know anyone you'd never met, Louie?"

From under their wiry brows Louie's eyes peered at her, suspicious but not startled. "Well," he said, "I never met Hitler personally."

"I don't mean anybody like that. A public character. I mean—"

She stopped. Mae—no; just *possibly* Mae—was coming in the door. A little blond woman, anyway. And the clothes were typically Mae.

At least a reasonable facsimile thereof.

The blond woman hesitated in the doorway, looking rather flustered. Maybe she was looking for someone? One of the men clustered near the door, perhaps? No; her eyes hurried past that end of the bar and came to rest, in relief it seemed, on Roxy.

She came over (and she walked just the way Mae would walk, a teetering, short-stepped gait) and sat down on the stool next to Roxy.

"I'll have a—a rye and ginger ale, please," she told Louie breathlessly.

She fussed around, getting cigarettes out of her purse, and stirring up an oversweet, pinkish, Mae kind of smell. Out of the corner of her eye Roxy could see the plump hands with the thin platinum wedding ring.

"Rye and ginger ale," said Louie, slapping it down on the bar. "Mix it for you?"

Yes, of course, mix it for her.

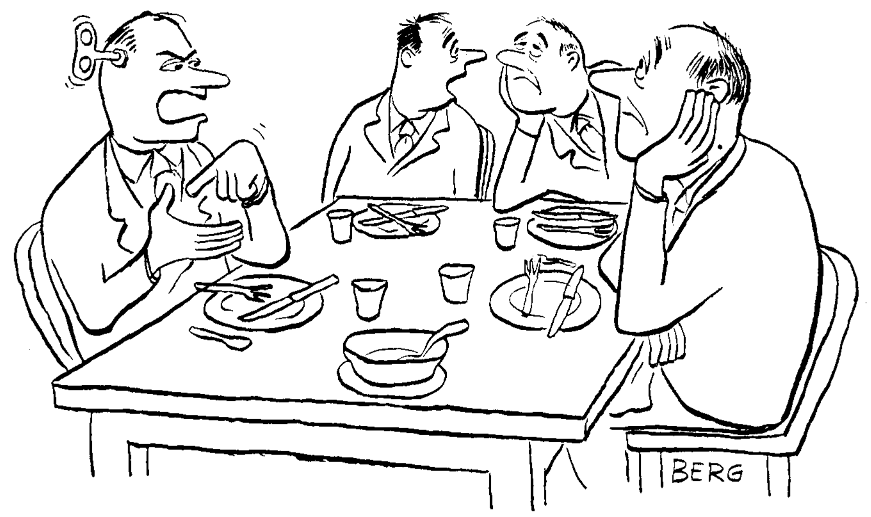
"So you don't mean Hitler," resumed Louie, taking up his weary stance in front of Roxy. "Then I don't get it."

"Well, supposing you rented somebody's apartment, with all their furniture and stuff in it. You'd maybe never see the people, but you'd get to know all kinds of things about them. What kind of books they liked, their taste in pictures, all kinds of things."

It didn't impress Louie. "So what? So you'd know whether they drank beer or cocktails. So what?"

So what, indeed. "Why, I don't know," Roxy said. "Just kind of interesting, figuring it out, I mean."

"Look," said Louie. "You could fig-



COLLIER'S "He's bound to run down sooner or later!" WILLIAM BERG

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ure them out all wrong, too, you know. Ever think of that? Matter of fact, you can see people every day and still not have them figured out right. Only sure thing in the world—you can't be sure about anybody." Having thus disposed of the human race, Louie balanced his cigarette on the edge of the bar and moved toward the front where someone was signaling for more beer.

There was a sigh from the Mae person beside her. The tremulous, exaggerated, self-conscious sigh of someone who wants to be noticed. Someone who is, in fact, dying to talk.

In just a minute, thought Roxy, I'll look right at her, and that's all she's waiting for, she'll be off in a cloud of dust.

Well, why put it off?

THE woman pounced upon Roxy's glance; she was all prepared with her uncertain, eager smile. And immediately a little fountain of words gushed out of her: "Excuse me, I couldn't help hearing. You know, what the bartender said. About not being sure about people, even. He's so right, you know. He's so right." Again the tremulous sigh.

"Oh, I don't know," said Roxy. (Keep it casual; this may be just a trivial little bar encounter.)

The woman nodded sagely, keeping her mascaraed, not quite sober gaze fastened on Roxy. Then she was talking again, as if she were panic-stricken at the thought of losing Roxy's attention now that she had it. "I don't know what got into me tonight. I went to this cocktail party uptown, and I don't know, I was feeling so awful blue to begin with, and they say you shouldn't drink when you feel that way, it never does any good. But you get to the place where you've got to do *some*thing—"

Oh, dear, thought Roxy. Her own state of mind—a startling mixture of reluctance and avidity—alarmed her as much as anything. Nothing could stop Mae (if it were Mae) from unloading. But no amount of fastidious reluctance could stop Roxy from listening, either. She was not only going to listen; if necessary, she was going to encourage the unloading process. She couldn't help herself.

Mae was really starting now. They had all been clever people at the cocktail party uptown, she said. They painted pictures; they wrote books; they knew all about ballet dancing and music and poetry. Not just the men, the women too.

"They looked like hell," Mae reported earnestly. "Honest, there wasn't a woman there that knew how to dress. I guess they just don't care about anything except—well, art and stuff. One thing, they certainly don't care about me. They made that plain enough." Her soft mouth tightened in a hurt, bitter smile.

No one had paid any attention to her. No one had said a word to her except hello there and where's your husband? They were all her husband's friends; she should have known better than to go to one of their parties without him. She had just stood around. Roxy could see her, forlorn in her stylish new outfit, conscientiously maintaining her bright, cocktail party smile. Had drunk too many Manhattans. Had crept away at last, miserable and unnoticed. No one had even said goodby to her.

"I just *can't*—" To her embarrassment, Roxy saw tears welling up in the shallow, doll-blue eyes. "Why did he marry *me*, if that's the kind of people he likes?"

A very good question, thought Roxy. Only we mustn't rush these things. Later; we will deal with your very interesting question a little later. She absorbed herself in salvaging the olive from her drink; set down her empty glass and looked for Louie. "Why don't we have another drink?" she asked.

Another drink was all right with Mae. Only it was going to be on her. That had to be understood right now. There began an immediate, eager fumbling in her patent-leather purse.

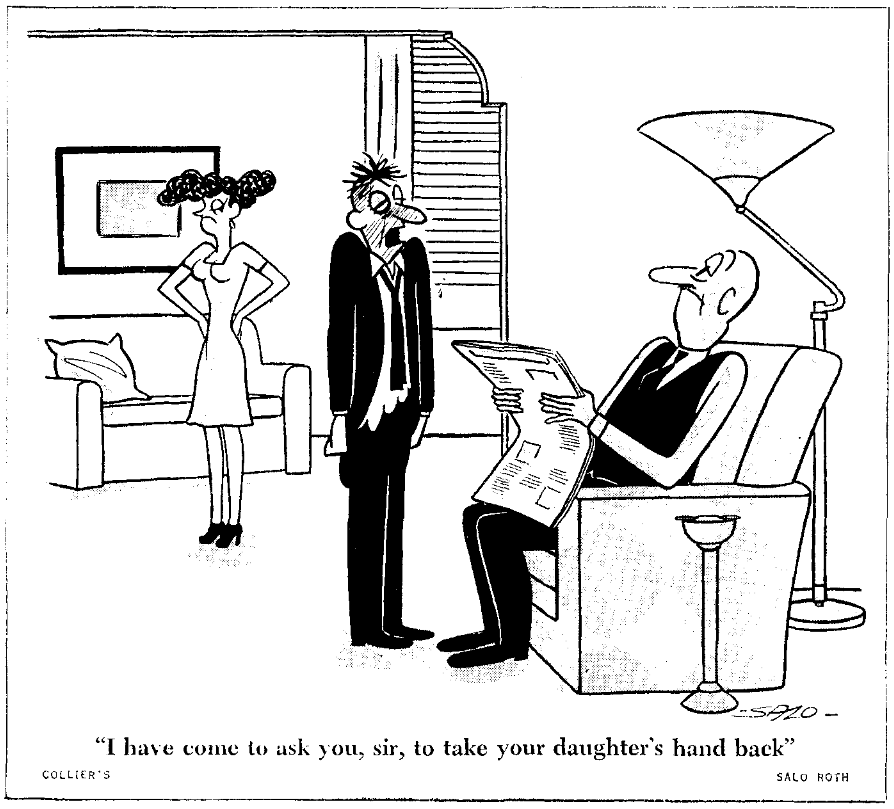
Louie cast an interested eye at the two of them. Taking it all in. Drawing conclusions, no doubt. All the wrong ones, Roxy told herself with pleasure. Keep your fingers crossed, she told herself; but this may very well be the day and the hour.

Yes, she was almost sure of it. Everything was going to swim into clear focus, just as Mae herself had materialized into a three-dimensional, pathetic, somehow likable bit of fluff sitting here beside her.

In a little rush of warmth Mae put her hand over Roxy's. "The thing is, I haven't really got anybody to talk to. Somehow, it makes me feel better to talk to somebody. But I guess you're probably bored stiff."

"Not at all," said Roxy. Roxy, the Mother Confessor, she was thinking. Keith hadn't anybody but Roxy to talk to, either. A coincidence, that's what it was. A strange twist of fate.

Under the guise of lighting a cigarette, she drew her hand out from under Mae's. It wasn't that she felt unsympa-



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thetic. Quite the contrary. She was afraid, then, of growing *too* sympathetic? Was that at the root of her reluctance? She had not been prepared to feel so sorry for Mae. She had expected brainlessness, vanity, and here they were. But she had also expected wifely complacence. There wasn't any of that. Here instead was someone helpless, friendly as a puppy. Someone who liked her.

It had never occurred to Roxy that Mae would like her. She *shouldn't* like her. That was against the rules.

And yet there it was. Mae probably liked everybody, even those clever people who had ignored her at the cocktail party.

"Are you sure he really likes that kind of people?" Roxy asked. She almost said "Keith" instead of "he"; that was how completely Mae had taken over, in her mind.

Oh, yes, no doubt about that, Mae went on. Why, he would have been happy as a lark this afternoon; right in the middle of all the talk that didn't mean anything to Mae. Stimulating, he would have called it. All the friends Mae used to have bored him to death. "They're so *petty!*" he said. "They never talk about any of the things that matter. The neighborhood movie—that's their idea of an evening of culture." If Mae enjoyed them, fine—he had no desire to interfere with her pleasure, but she must not, she *must not* ask him to put up with it.

"He's high-strung, you know," she explained. "Temperamental, I guess you'd call it. That's why I haven't got anybody to talk to any more. Of course, I could do as he does," she went on, moodily swishing the ice in her glass. "Play around on the side, I mean. I could have, if I'd wanted to." She brightened, automatically settled her ridiculous hat a little farther over her eye. "I've had plenty of chances."

Roxy sat very still. "Is that what he does, play around on the side?" She asked, but now she was hearing Keith's voice: "You've got to believe me, darling, I'm not a philanderer. God knows I may not have been a good husband to Mae, but I've never gone in for *that.* It's just that when you find someone you've been looking for all your life, without realizing it—"

"What do you think?" Mae gave a grim little laugh. "It almost killed me, the first time—that was years ago, when we first got married. You'd think I'd be used to it by now, wouldn't you?"

"What kind of—" Roxy's voice sounded so faint to her own ears that she started over again. "What kind of girls are they?"

"Nothing like me," said Mae promptly. "They say men run to type and, come to think of it, they all are kind of the same. Only nothing like me."

"How do you mean?"

"Well—" She paused. "I'm—I guess you'd call me the dressy type. They're more the tailored type, like—well, like you, for instance. He'd like you." Roxy felt herself being looked over candidly. Every item was checked off. "Yes," Mae said finally, "he'd probably go for you."

"You're so genuine and straightforward looking." Keith's voice again "No fuss about you. You look like you've got some *brains!*"

IT WAS confusing, hearing two people talk to you at the same time. Especially when they insisted on discussing the same subject, only in such different terms. Especially when it was so important not to miss a word.

"—the kind that women go for," Mae's voice, confidential, slightly blurred, was going on. "Sort of poetic, you know, high-strung and temperamental. It's a funny thing," she hitched a little closer, and Roxy got another wave of the pink-ish perfume, mixed with rye, "I can always tell when he's going strong with somebody else. You know how?" She gulped a little, a strange sound that could have been a laugh but wasn't quite, and her face wrinkled up in an expression at once hurt and triumphant. "He's always extra nice to me! It never fails."

Naturally, thought Roxy. Keith would have to do that, to preserve his private portrait of himself—sensitive, martyred, tragically shackled to a silly, shallow little wife. That was how Keith saw himself. That was how he had made Roxy see him too. A flawless portrait. Only tonight the lighting was bad.

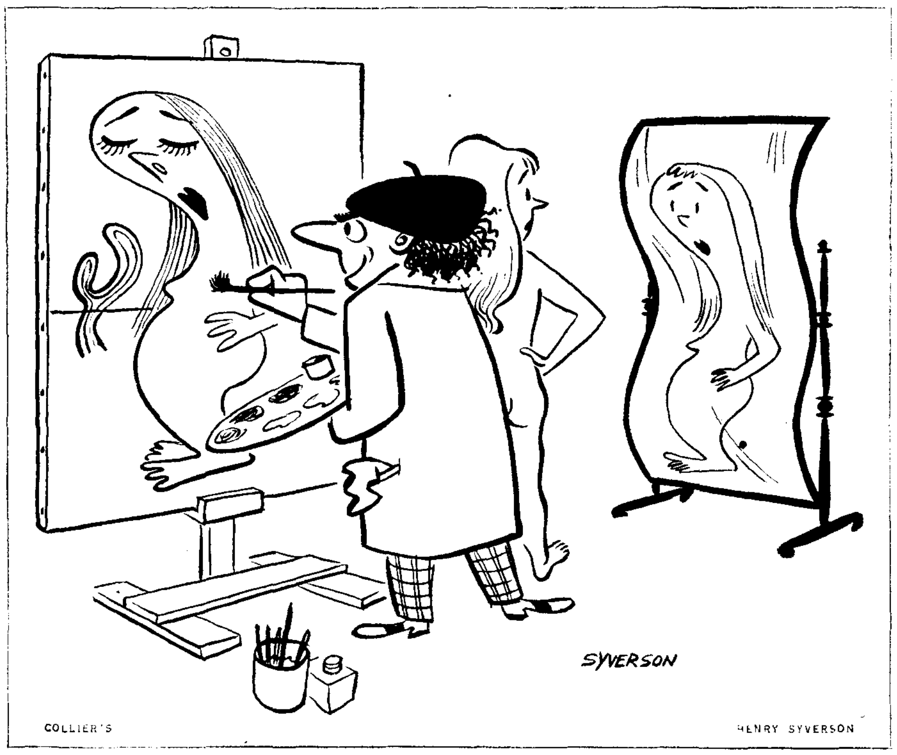
"I suppose he's—going strong now?"

"He bought me this whole new outfit," said Mae, and she patted her dress with a pathetic little gesture of pride. "Insisted on it. He even went to the movies with me once last week." She drew a shaky breath. "Oh, yes. He's going strong all right."

"I wonder what happens to the girls."

Mae had often wondered too, she said. "Does he fight with them, or just get tired of them, or what? He always comes back to me—I mean, he always has. What gets me down, I guess, is someday maybe he won't."

It was getting more confusing; Roxy could hear herself talking now too. Talking to Keith. "I hate this sneaking around," she had told him one night. "Why do we have to keep on this way? Other people get divorces and marry



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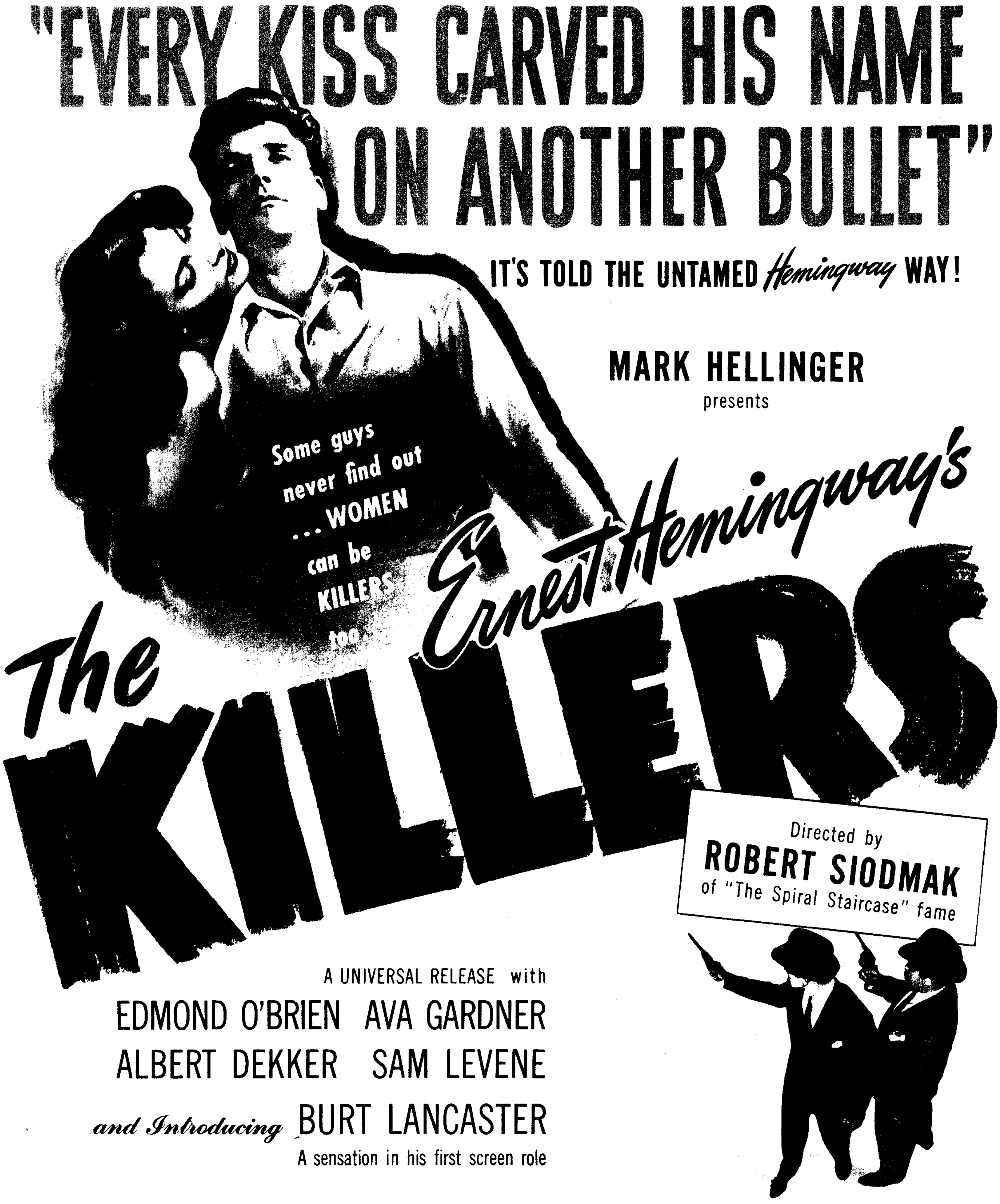

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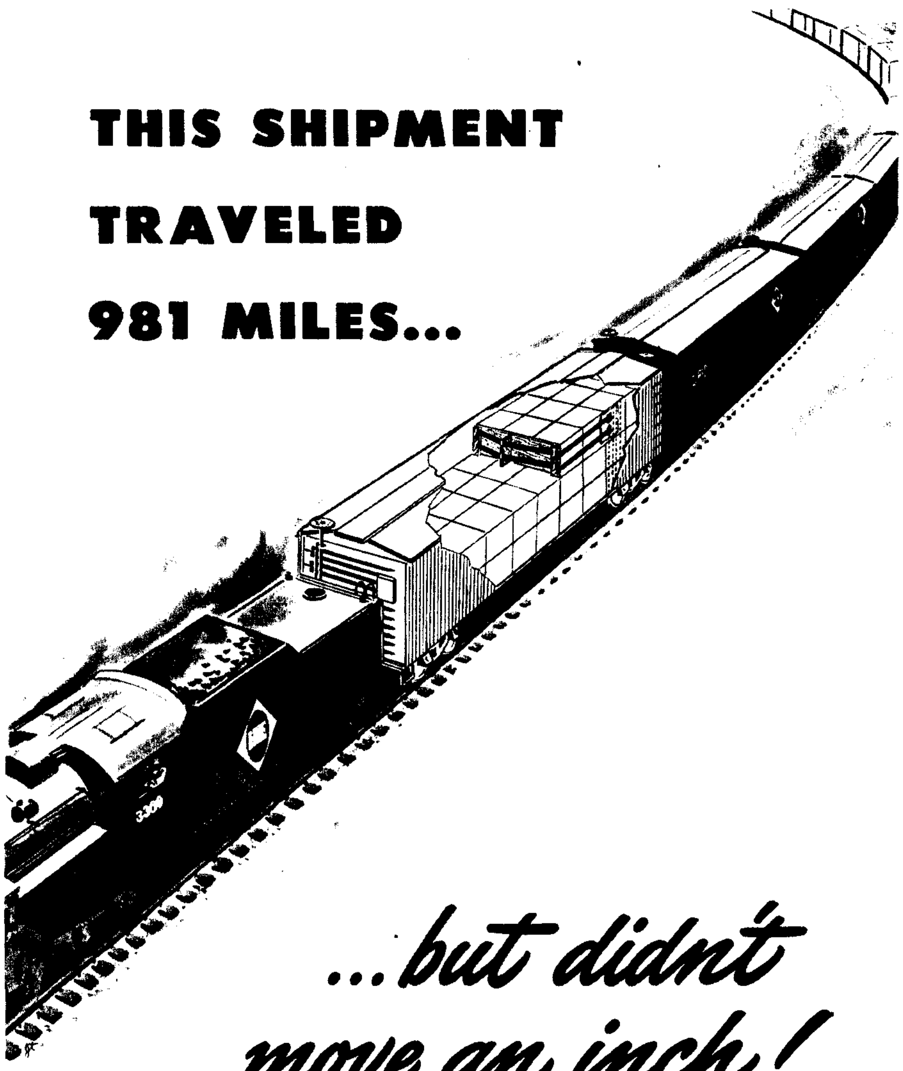

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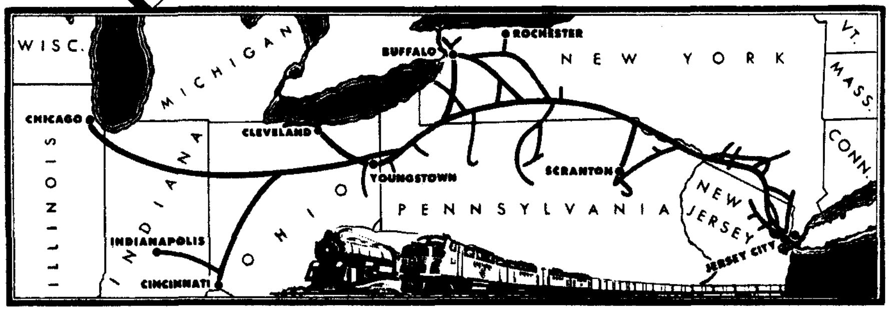


somebody else. I can't see why we have to go on sneaking forever when we're both so sure." That, she remembered, was the night they had quarreled. A pointless, bitter, puzzling squabble about nothing at all, as far as she could see. It seemed almost as if Keith had *picked* that quarrel.

"No," she told Mae slowly. "I think he'll always come back to you. I don't think you need to worry."

"Honest?" Mae's eyes wavered up, fastened on hers in uncertain hope. "You're not just saying that to make me feel good?"

"Of course not. Why would I do that?"

Mae leaned one elbow on the bar, gazing into a space, apparently rendered hazy by rye and ginger ale. When she slumped like that, thought Roxy, she just missed looking blowzy. Another five years and the little anxious lines around her eyes would be scratched in deeply, her chin would sag undeniably, her figure would be not so much plump as soft. Another five years, and blowzy would be the word.

But she still needn't worry. Keith would always come back to her.

"I still don't get it," said Mae helplessly. "Why did he marry *me,* if that's the kind of people he likes?"

Here it was again. The very good question, the very interesting question that need be postponed no longer. The answer, now, was all in focus, uncompromising, flattering to nobody.

"Why, because he wanted to," said Roxy, and with those words she seemed to step off the brink of an abyss; she was falling, falling—Keith's face stared down at her, that haunting, empty face that she could never return to. She hung tight to the bar, and went on breathlessly. "You're what he wants. Only he doesn't want to admit it. You don't fit in with the picture of himself that he's taken all these years to build up. He's got to play around with these other girls—these frightfully clever girls—because he can't bear to think he's really satisfied with you." She caught a glimpse of Mae's wide eyes, her mouth a little open, before she hurtled on. "But let one of those girls begin to take him seriously and he's scared, he hurries back to you because you're what he really wants. You don't ever need to worry, not the least little bit. He'll always come back."

When she finished, she realized that she had been talking almost in a whisper, to herself actually, instead of to Mae. And she realized, too, that she had stopped falling. The long, terrifying descent was over, and for the first time in months her feet were planted stanchly, comfortingly, beneath her.

"Well," said Mae aimlessly. "Well—" She began to busy herself, gathering up her cigarettes, her lighter, putting them away in her purse. She cast a timid glance at Roxy and when she spoke again it was in a tiptoeing kind of voice. She guessed she'd better go home now. And she wanted Roxy to know—well, maybe she was just kidding herself—but talking to Roxy had made her feel better. Once more she fumbled in her purse, drew out a small, genteel card. "Look, I don't know if you'd want to bother, but I'd love to see you again some time. Any time you're in the neighborhood, just ring my bell. I'd be tickled to death—any time—"

She climbed down off the stool with dignity, straightened her skirt, pressed Roxy's hand warmly in goodby. Then, her short, ladylike steps wavering only a little, she went out the door.

FOR several minutes, Roxy left the little card there on the bar. She knew so well what it was going to say. The name, with Mrs. in front of it; and underneath it the familiar address. She picked it up, ran her finger over the engraving. Finally the letters arranged themselves into a pattern—

A completely unfamiliar pattern. A name she had never heard of. She read it carefully, every letter of it.

This ought to make a difference, she thought; in just a minute this is going to make all the difference.

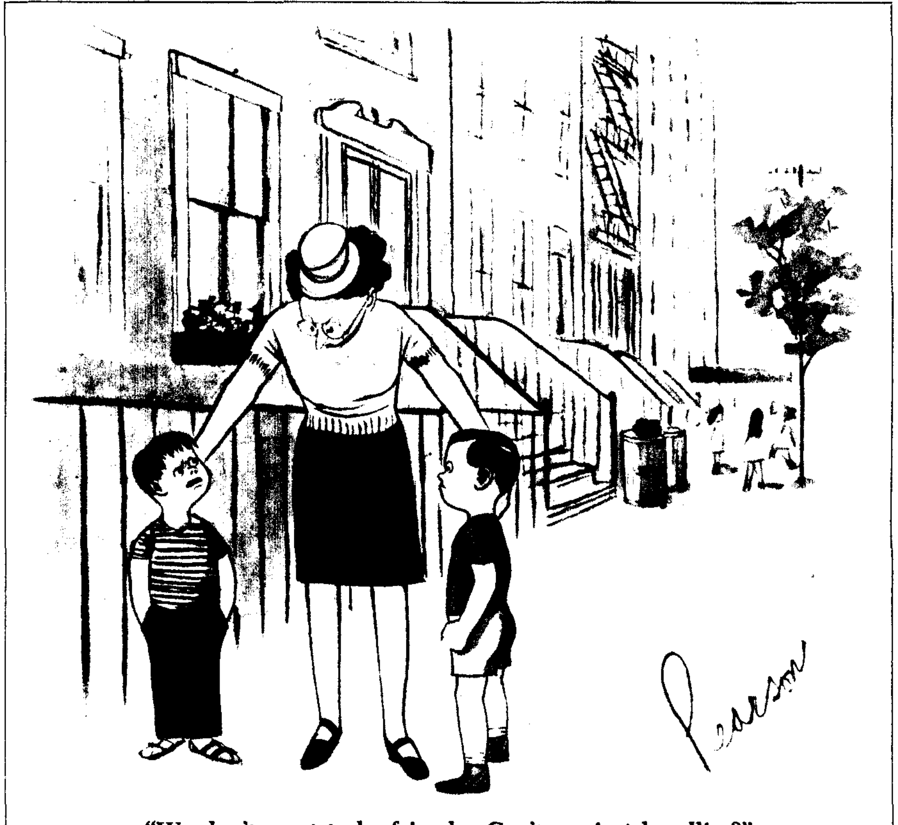
Only it didn't. Nothing could restore the flawless portrait of Keith; the plunge that had landed her firmly on her feet, herself again, had shattered it forever.

She tucked the card away in her billfold, next to the snapshot of Keith. Someday, not quite yet, but someday she would throw them both away.

When she glanced up, Louie was standing in front of her, trying hard to look sardonic instead of inquisitive. "Who's the girl friend?"

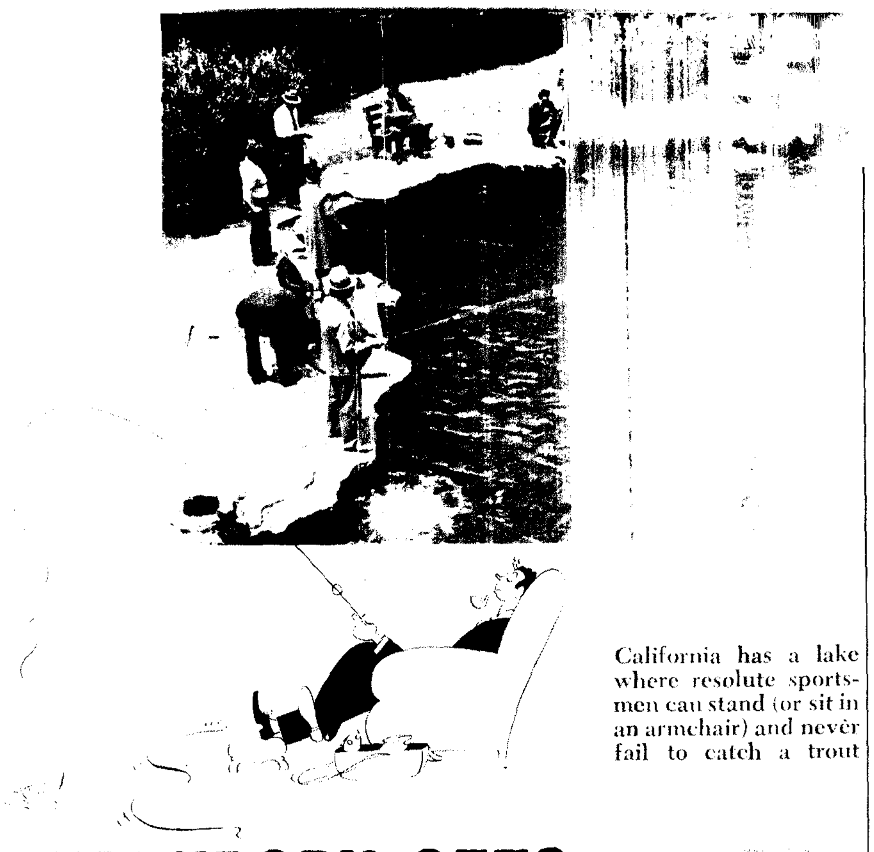
"The girl friend?" Roxy smoothed her hair and got down off the stool. "Why," she told Louie gravely, "it's just like I told you. She's someone I'll never meet."

THE END



"We don't want to be friends. Can't we just be allies?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON



California has a lake where resolute sportsmen can stand (or sit in an armchair) and never fail to catch a trout

EVERYBODY GETS

By Arthur Bartlett and George de Zayas

Out in California there's a place where an angler can't miss. Only danger is he's likely to get glass arm from pulling in too many of them

THIS is a California story. That is not a crack, but admittedly the story would be unbelievable in any other setting. It is the story of the Rainbow Angling Club in Azusa, California. The angling takes place in a lake, covering about an acre, that was brought in from the San Gabriel River via an irrigation ditch. The lake is neatly surrounded by a naturalistic shore line built of concrete. A concrete waterfall keeps the water swirling at one end, and a twenty-five horsepower electric blower riffles it at the other end.

So you sit in a comfortable chair (or stand up if you feel that energetic) and catch trout. You catch them by tossing in a hook loaded with a specially prepared bait of dough and ground-up shrimp, which is handed to you in a paper cup. You catch them virtually as fast as you toss in your hook. Rainbow trout—nothing else. Every one at least six and a half inches long, and not a fraction less.

There is no limit. You keep on catching them until you get tired, but two hundred is about as many as anybody ever takes in a day. Several people have done that, without collapsing.

When you decide you have caught enough trout, you hand your creel to an attendant who dumps it into a dumbwaiter, and in a few minutes your fish come back to you neatly cleaned, chilled and packed eight to a cardboard box. You may then retire to a rustic, screened-in cabin, ignite a campfire in a gas stove, cook up a mess of your fish, stowing the surplus away in a refrigerator, and sit down to your zestful, outdoorsy meal at a table tastefully covered with checked linen.

The two Californians who dreamed up the place are Leigh G. Garnsey, Jr., and Walter W. Alden. Garnsey owns it, and Alden runs it. You have to join the club to fish there: that costs eleven bucks. Then you pay for your fish at bulk rates: eight for a dollar. The fish bite from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

The club has 2,100 members, and they aren't all Hollywood stars either, though Hollywood does send its quota of angling enthusiasts. Other members come not only from the Coast, but from the Middle West, the East, Canada, and even (tch-tch) Florida. The Azusa Chamber of Commerce is pretty cocky about the whole thing.

Garnsey and Alden started the club back in the twenties, on the hunch that fishermen don't really enjoy scrambling around mountain streams and snagging their hooks on willow trees, but are primarily interested in catching fish. To make sure that their members catch fish, they import a million and a quarter fertilized rainbow trout eggs a year from Massachusetts. They keep the hatch in separate pools and dump in enough fish every week to make up for the week's catch—between 5,000 and 10,000 a week. No fish is eligible for the transfer until it measures six and a half inches.

That way, there is no need for anybody ever to throw back a fish because it is too small; in fact, that is strictly against the rules. Occasionally a chiseler tries, the eight-for-a-dollar price being the same no matter how big or small the fish are. The management has had to make an additional rule that anglers must not connive to let small fish slip off the hook by slacking the line. Most of the members, however, accept their responsibility as true sportsmen, and conscientiously catch all the fish that attack their hooks.

If you are a perfectionist, you may fish as fancy as you like. Some members keep their own rods, reels and tackle in the clubhouse, in racks with their names on them, like shaving mugs in an old-time barber shop. You may buy all sorts of brightly colored flies, lures and gadgets in the main lobby and there are even gravel-covered concrete peninsulas running out into the lake to give the fly casters room to practice their art without snagging the eyeballs of their fellow sportsmen.

On the other hand, you can borrow one of the club's split bamboo rods, a fly reel, and a No. 8 hook, take a pinch of Manager Alden's patented bait out of your paper cup, wad it into a doughy ball, stick it on the hook, and toss it in, and the results will be the same: fish. Every once in a while the trout get to biting so fast that the management tosses half a washtubful of ground beef to them, thus easing the fishermen's burdens. Honest. ★★★

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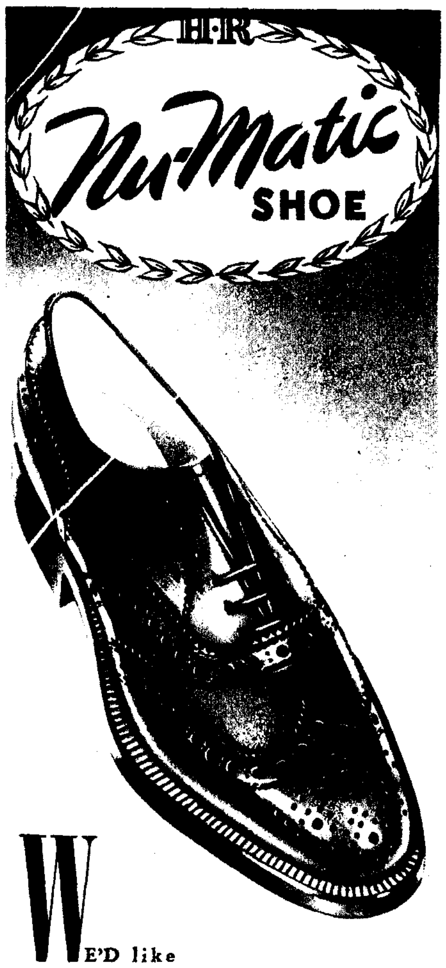

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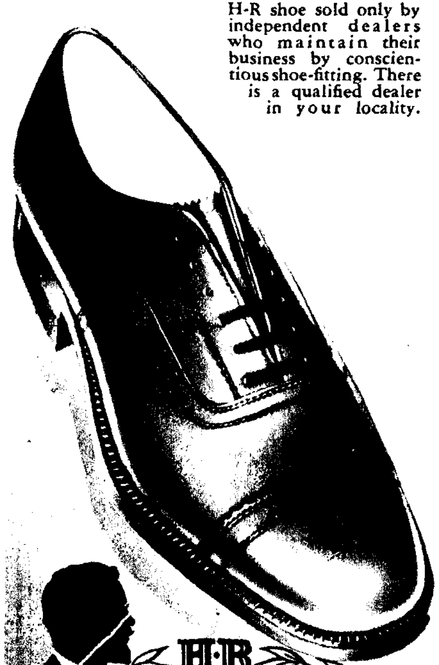
The Nu-Matic is an H-R shoe sold only by independent dealers who maintain their business by conscientious shoe-fitting. There is a qualified dealer in your locality.



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Just Swing the Club Head

Continued from page 19

leverage. Science tells us that centrifugal application of power produces the greatest speed possible from a given source of power, and that's what you want, isn't it? But if you do anything with your hands or body to interfere with the swing, you are destroying part of that power."

About this time the student's eyes begin to glaze, and Jones hands him a club. "Now hold this at the extreme end of the handle with your thumb and forefinger," he says, "and swing it. Just swing it back and forth. . . . That's easy enough, isn't it? You get the feel of a swing?" He stops the club's motion. "Now make it move back and forth by pressing on the end of it, by leverage, in other words. . . . That's harder . . . strains the muscles in your wrist and forearm, doesn't it? You see the difference now between swinging the club and moving it by leverage. The problem is to learn to get that swinging action using both hands."

His Favorite Demonstration

And now out comes the Jones trademark, a red handkerchief to one corner of which is tied a pocketknife as weight. Jones swings it back and forth, easily. He tries to apply leverage with his fingers and destroys the swing. "You can't apply leverage to a handkerchief as you can to a golf club, obviously," he admits as he begins twirling the knife at the end of the handkerchief. "But you can make this knife move faster by swinging it than you can by applying power in any other way. The same thing is true with the club head."

"Are you saying, in effect," inquires the polite skeptic, "that you could hit a golf ball just as far if the club head were attached to a length of rope instead of a shaft?"

"Just about," Jones says imperturbably. "All you need is a shaft stiff enough to reverse the direction of the club head after you swing it back—stiff enough to give you one complete motion, in other words. Fred Wetmore, a pro in San Francisco, won a driving contest with a lot of other pros a few years back with a shaft in his driver exactly like a buggy whip. You could bend it double easily. He averaged 293 yards against the runner-up's 261."

"All right, I admit you have to swing, but you have to do a great deal more than that."

"Let's see if the swinging won't take care of the other things," Jones says as he hands the skeptic a brassie. "Now swing the club head back and swing it forward with one continuous motion. . . . Do you feel the outward pull of the club head? If you do, you're swinging."

"What about my pivot?"

Jones sighs. "How many things can you think of at once? How can you think about your pivot, or your left arm, or your right leg, or anything else and still think about swinging the club head? Look," he says, wadding the handkerchief up so the knife is only an inch from his fingers. "As I start to swing this in a circular path, the knife exerts an outward pull. You see how it pulls the handkerchief through my fingers? All right. If you *swing* the club head back with your hands, it automatically pulls your body with it, doesn't it? That's your pivot. And as you swing it down, it pulls your body forward and through, which is your follow-through. Correct form is the *result* of swinging, and not the other way around. If you swing, your form *has* to be right."

The polite skeptic hits a few balls off the rubber mat into the heavy canvas curtain.

"Swing it back and swing it forward," Jones intones in a soothing voice. "Don't let your arms overpower your hands. Your hands are the medium through which your power is applied. Rely on your hands to give you the feel of the swing."

Eventually there comes the moment when the skeptic feels the club head through every split second of the swing. The ball leaves the rubber mat with a smoking crack and smacks viciously into the canvas. A slow smile spreads over the student's face. He knows he has never hit a ball with more power, and he knows that he never hit one with less effort.

"Did you feel that one?" Jones asks.

"I'll say I did!"

"That's fine," Jones says, getting up from his chair. "It's really very simple, isn't it? A swing is an automatically timed thing. So it's silly to try to hit the ball harder than you can swing the club head, because it can't be done. All you do when you overpower the swing is move the *handle* of the club faster. *Swing* the club head as hard as you can, but swing it."

That, in effect, is all that Jones teaches. "Swing the club head with the hands." The patter is the same during the first lesson, the fourth, the tenth.

HOBBYIST

A hobby's a joy,
A heaven-sent gift;
When troubles annoy
It gives you a lift.

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And bans irritations—
As much as it bores
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—ETHEL JACOBSON

Jones is convinced that the necessity of feeling the swing through your hands is applicable to all sports utilizing centrifugal force, from bowling to polo. Mary K. Browne, a Jones golf pupil, applied the doctrine lock, stock and barrel to tennis when, after her tour with Suzanne Lenglen, she began teaching the game professionally. Nowhere is its importance more dramatically demonstrated, however, than in the fisherman's cast, where any attempt to overpower the naturally timed swing of the plug promptly brings the penalty of a backlash.

Critics Are Being Converted

Jones has had his share of heckling, both in print and face to face. But the hecklers are gradually being silenced by the snowballing number of golf writers, professionals and tournament players who are coming around to the Jones point of view. His followers are scattered all over the continent. Phil Farley, a young Canadian who was five times the leading amateur in the Canadian Open, was quoted in a national magazine last year as saying flatly that Jones was the greatest teacher in the game, and had taught him more about golf in two hours than he had learned in the previous twenty years.

Grantland Rice has long been a Jones booster. Betty Hicks, now a professional, is preaching the straight Jones doctrine. So is Paul Scott, a California pro.

Recently another Jones disciple, a discharged veteran with a badly shot-up foot, called to refresh his memory, and probably to get a morale boost, before resuming his duties as professional at a Pennsylvania club. "Get out and play," Jones told him. "And don't you worry about your foot. You don't hit the ball with your foot, you hit it with your hands."

Jones, of course, is the living reminder of this. "I wish I could talk to all the physically handicapped veterans who think they have to give up golf because of an arm or leg injury," he said when the Pennsylvania pro had left. "There are plenty of good one-armed golfers. It's a little harder to learn to swing with one hand, but it can be done. And as for one leg—Leo Diegel, you know, has scored in the low 70s while standing on one foot. And plenty of blind people have played creditable golf. Why, any good golfer can hit the ball with his eyes shut."

Hitting the ball with your eyes shut, by the way, is a good way to check your swing, and your balance. A correct swing will automatically come back to its starting point, i.e., the ball. If your body is not properly balanced on your feet, however, you are likely to hit the ball with the toe or heel of the club, or miss it entirely.

Proper balance, acquired by taking an easy relaxed stance, and proper grip of the club are important only because it is difficult to swing properly without them.

Soft Pedal for a Corny Adage

All other golf commands, including "Keep Your Eye on the Ball," he dismisses. "Sure you look at the ball. Why wouldn't you? That's the thing you're going to hit, isn't it? But you don't *concentrate* on looking at it. You concentrate only on sensing, through your hands, the feel of the action of the club head. If you concentrate on that, you'll automatically look at the ball, just as you'll automatically move your hips, your shoulders, and the rest of your body."

Jones doesn't promise anybody a quick trip to the low 70s or an immediate end to his golfing ills. "It's a partnership undertaking," he says, "and just as much responsibility rests with the student as with the teacher."

Nor does learning to swing mean an end to practice. "Somebody asked me the other day how long it would take him to learn to swing perfectly. I answered, 'I don't know, but certainly it won't happen in this lifetime. And a good thing, too, because if you could swing perfectly every time, nobody would ever want to play with you!'"

He is firmly convinced of one thing: that concentrating on learning to swing is the only road to the enjoyment of golf. Even the champions he has taught—Mary K. Browne, Charlotte Glutting, Elizabeth Ryan, Glenna Collett, Helen Hicks, Maureen Orcutt, Virginia Van Wie and Betty Hicks—have stressed their gratitude to him for teaching them the *joy* of golf.

They, along with the lesser mortals and week-end golfers who have had a successful Jones inoculation, tell him enthusiastically, "Even my misses now are better than my good shots used to be."

Jones merely beams.

THE END

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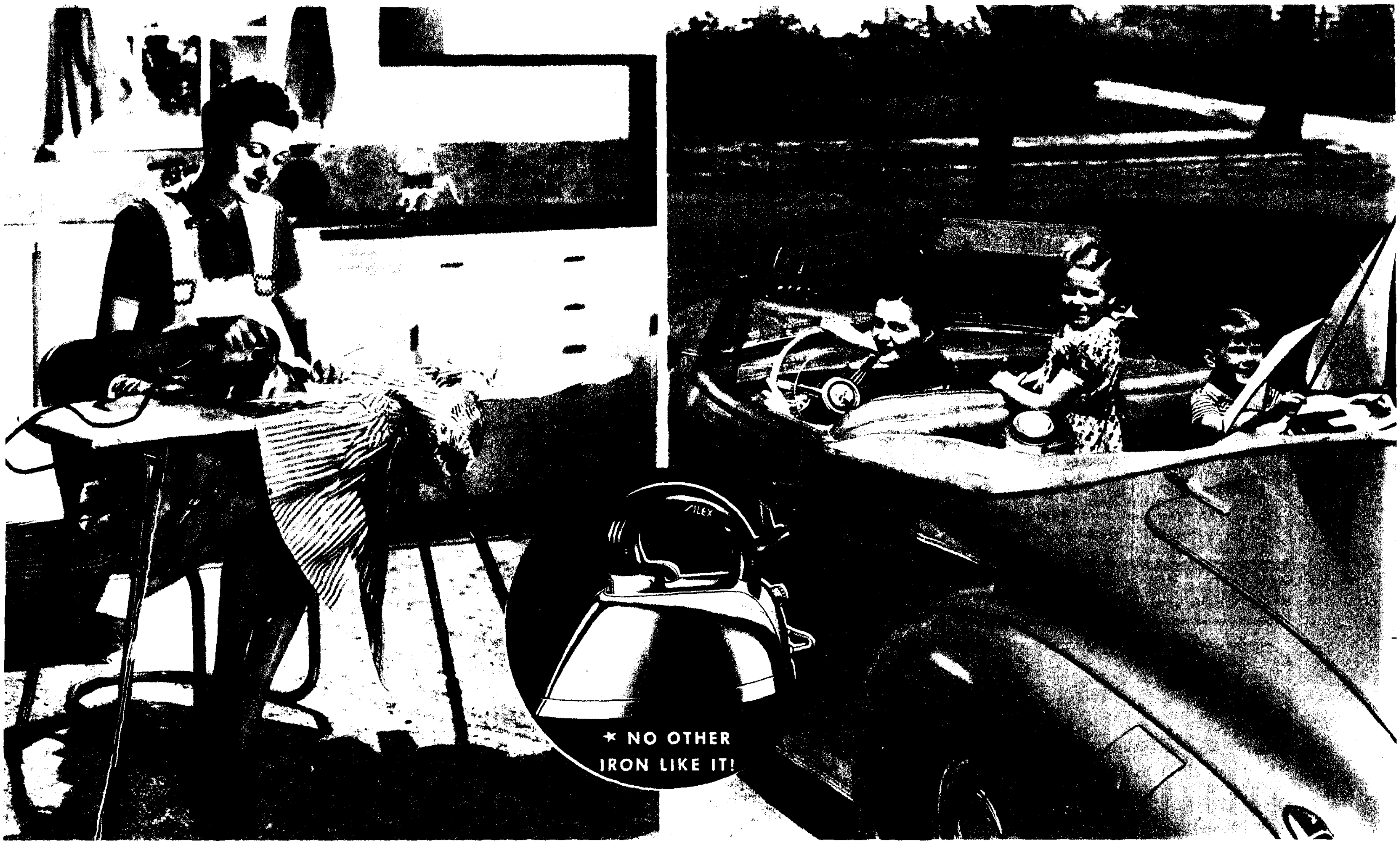
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Leader of the Band

Continued from page 15

were notes that tinkled in his head—and worried only greatly, by personal finance and a pair of tender hands. This was what he had to show for that wild ride, almost a year ago, when he and Kay Gerard and many ryes too many had smashed into another car. He'd been on a four-day drunk because Jeannie had finally left him; her farewell note said she had gone to Chicago to prove her voice was better than the jump songs he wanted her to sing.

Kay had managed to track him down, but he wouldn't go back to the Clover Club where the band was to play its opening that night until she had joined him in a few. So they drank. And going back, a car appeared from nowhere, looming large for a suspended moment before the shuddering terrible crash that flung Kay and Jiggs through the windshield.

JIGGS remembered very little of that ride, save that he'd come to and found that both his precious hands were smashed to hell and that Kay was sitting in a sea of shattered, bloody glass beside the wreck, screaming, through hands held up before her broken face.

Jiggs had kept calling for Jeannie. Then the state cops arrived and started asking questions while they waited for the ambulance. Jiggs was dazed, but he was thankful that he had sense enough to stick to the story that he'd been driving—even after he saw them carrying the pitifully slack body from the other car. . . .

He'd seen Jeannie once since—when she'd come to the hospital. But then, as now, he saw no point in sympathy. He didn't have her love; he didn't want her pity. She hadn't come to the courtroom, where his case had gone to trial after a coroner's jury had pronounced its verdict. The trial was a brief affair, however gaudily some of the tabloids treated it. "For operating a motor vehicle in such a manner as to cause death . . ." The judge sentenced Jiggs to a year's imprisonment. His driver's license was permanently revoked.

So far there'd been no mention of divorce, which was not difficult to understand: Jeannie was not one to say, "I told you so," or to accumulate the expenses of divorce when he was already down. And he *was* down. Below the bottom. It had cost him many thousands to have the doctors put Kay's face back together and to make his own hands usable again. Since he'd had no insurance on his car, the civil suit brought by the family of the man who'd been killed in the accident had taken what was left in his bank account.

Jeannie, Jiggs thought, why was I such a fool? . . .

"Jeannie," he said, and almost lost his balance on the stool—for there she was!

He blinked, thinking that perhaps the barkeeper, in a moment of forgetfulness, had spiked his ginger ale. But when Jiggs opened his eyes, the vision still remained. She was standing there, half a dozen yards away, small and bright and very lovely, looking like a well-dressed angel in a coat of fur that wore some sparkling snowflakes on it still.

She was in huddled conversation with Larry Blain. Larry shook his head once or twice. Jeannie did the same, after she had looked at Jiggs. Then Larry went away and Jeannie came over to the bar.

The sight of her was somehow more thoroughly breath-taking than it had ever been. She hasn't changed, Jiggs thought. He wished with fierce and desperate desire to feel her lips again upon his own, and he would have given fourteen bucks—every cent he had in this world of wise and wary people—to put his arms around her and kiss her once. Just once. . . . Perhaps that would let him say the things he had to say, the vast apologies that were buried deep within him, for which, he felt, not all the words that Webster ever thought of could be enough.

She said, "Hello, Jiggs," looking up at his face, for he had risen. He could see her eyes now, and he knew that she had changed; the eyes told him that she was older, too. He saw every anxious minute she had spent looking through those eyes at him; and he felt small and cheap and greatly dipped in shame.

"Hello, Jeannie," he said. "Happy New Year." He tried to make his voice seem gay, but somehow the greeting sounded to his ears forced, corny.

He was thinking that they mustn't stand there, a pushball for the mob. As if she could read his mind, she said, "I've got a table inside. Join me?"

They went inside.

Jeannie said she'd have a Scotch, and the waiter said to Jiggs, "Another ginger ale, sir?"

Jiggs said yes, and he could have kissed the fellow on his bald and shining pate, because it was a wonderful thing, the look Jeannie gave him then. He wanted more than ever to kiss her, and he thought it would be fitting if the band played Auld Lang Syne. He felt constrained to say, "Parole board says no drinking. I haven't had a drop of anything stronger since the night I wrecked the car."

"Since Kay wrecked the car." Jeannie said it softly, in the matter-of-fact tone she had used with him upon occasions in the past—when she had told him he was throwing away his career, or when she said she was not cut out for swing songs.

"Kay sent me a letter recently." It was not like Jeannie to leave things unsettled or unexplained, and Jiggs wondered when she'd get to the subject of themselves. "Kay's conscience was bothering her." Jeannie smiled tolerantly. "She wanted to speak up about the whole affair, but she said you had made her promise to keep quiet." She searched his face for a long moment. "That was decent of you, Jiggs."

"It was my fault that she had taken a few," he said. "It got her into trouble enough."

He looked away, because the pity in Jeannie's face was something that he could not bear to see, and because he knew his heart was so plainly in his eyes. He didn't like the topic, but he couldn't think of anything else to say. "How is Kay?"

"Not a mark. The doctors say she'll be singing again."

"This ought to be good—they both pride themselves on their grip!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"Not with a band that's proud, she won't." He would have avoided that, but now that it had slipped out, he went on: "With all respect to Kay as a person, she's a vocal misfit. I spent months arranging swing tunes that she'd kill in three minutes. She's perfect for a parlor recital, but for swing—no dice. She's as much out of place in the jump stuff as you are in serious music. She—"

He broke off abruptly, remembering all the arguments of the past. He should not have resurrected that; he should have kept his fool mouth shut. It wouldn't pay to end this little dream by dragging in the past, by giving Jeannie cause to speak about the future.

There was, surprisingly, no reprimand in sequence to his stupid speech. He had no further words to offer, and he kept his eyes upon his drink, though he made no move to lift it to his lips.

"Hap-py New Year!" The voice was masculine, offensive to the ear. The man who owned it was there at Jeannie's side, blowing one of those paper ticklers which uncoiled like a snake. He blew it at her hair.

Jiggs rose quickly. "Disappear," he said.

The man moved away, his eyes intent upon the fist which Jiggs held ready.

Jiggs sat down, avoiding Jeannie's glance. "I didn't mean to embarrass you," he apologized. "It was simply that he—that I—"

Her smile said that she understood, and Jiggs grew contemplative, wondering if it were possible that she, too, wanted to get back to where they'd been once for four precious years.

Hang on, sucker, he told himself. Don't let the moment run away with you. This is Jeannie, who knows you very well. One little smile doesn't mean she thinks you any less the heel.

He heard the roll upon the drums and knew that something was about to happen, but he did not turn to see as Jeannie did. He was content to clamp his eyes on the soft, sweeping curve of her throat, on the velvet of her mouth.

Just one kiss! Just one. . . .

LARRY BLAIN was speaking into the small, black mike that boomed his voice around the club. "Ladies and gentlemen! Beginning tomorrow night, Jeannie McKenna will be the featured entertainer of the Carteret's new show. This lovely little songstress is here with us tonight, and with a little persuading, I'm sure we can get her to give us a preview."

An amber circle bounced along the floor and stopped on Jeannie's head. She

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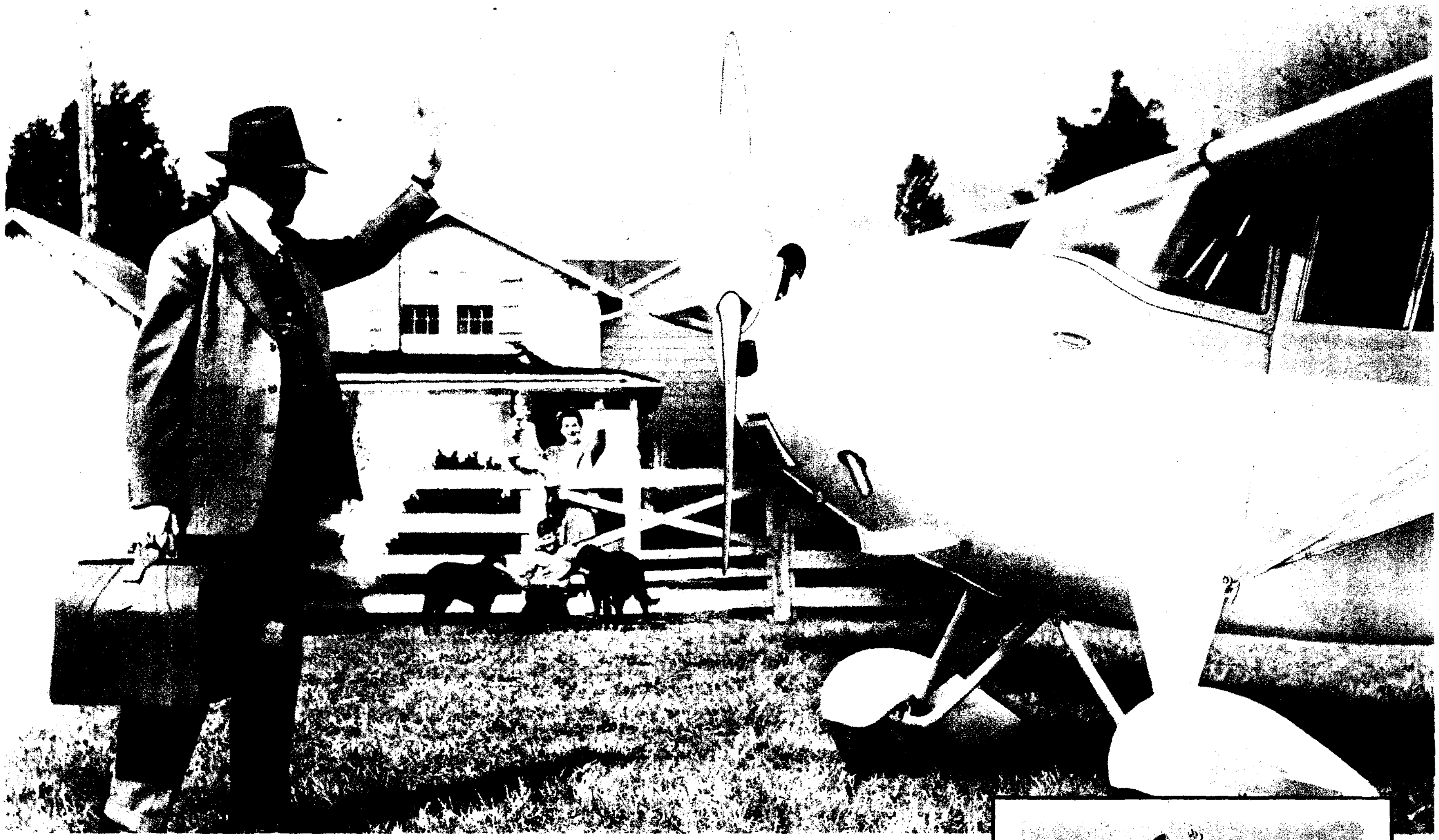

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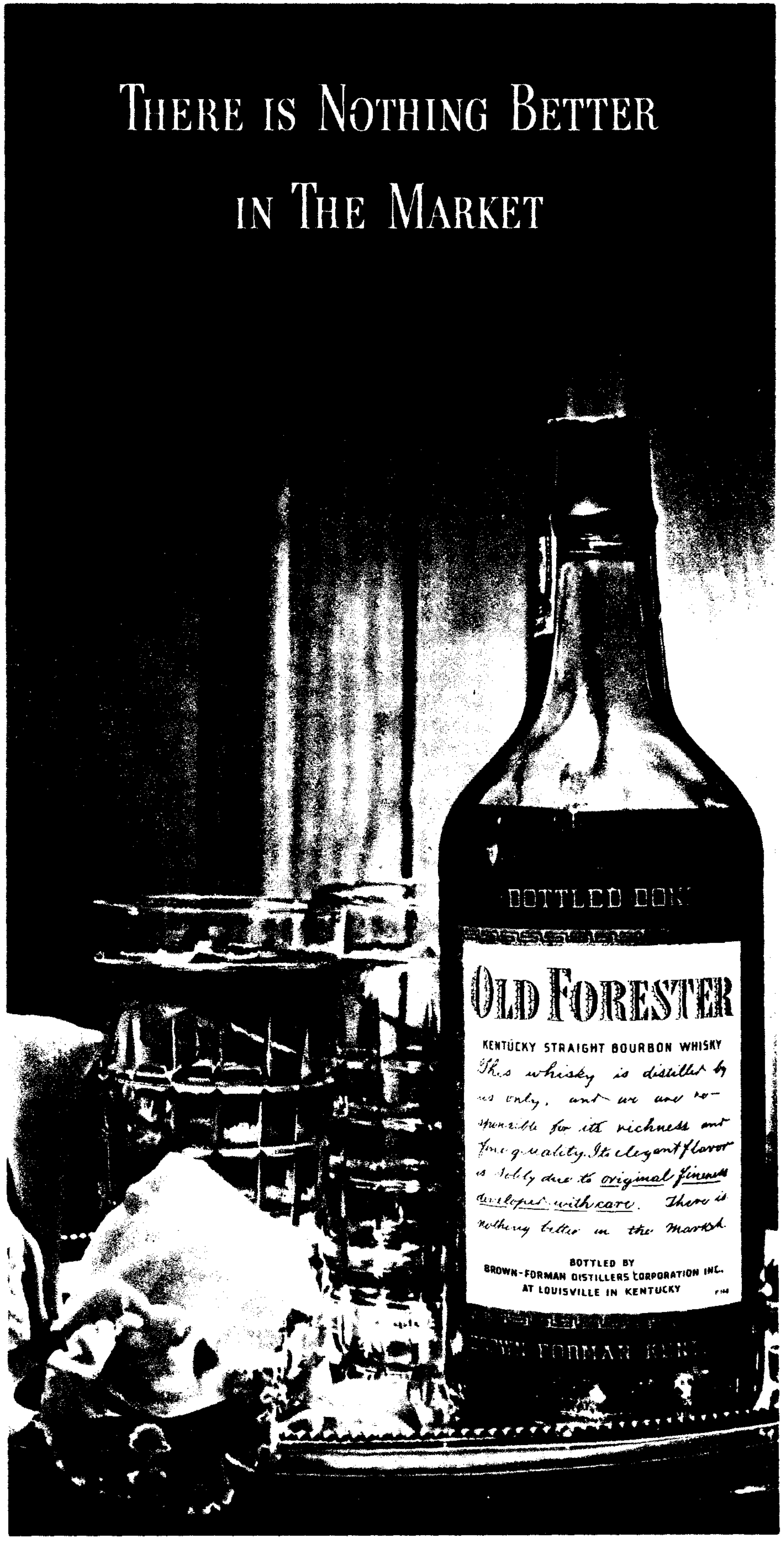
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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INC.,
at Louisville in Kentucky

stood, with the proper amount of simulated fluster, and the crowd noisily approved the lovely sight of her.

Larry came down to their table, baton tucked beneath his arm, applauding with the rest. "Come on, Jeannie. Lordie, we can sure use a shot in the arm!"

Jeannie said, "I have no music, no accompanist." She stopped, looked appealingly at Jiggs. "Would you, Jiggs? Would you play for me?"

For weeks Jiggs had been wanting to play, to test his fingers with a band to back him up. But he hadn't figured on anything like this. He felt a sudden chill come over him. He looked at Larry, and he looked some more at Jeannie. He took another, automatic drink of ginger ale.

"I thought that you and Larry were up to something," he said, anger mounting in his voice. "I thought I made it clear I don't want any sympathy—"

"But, Jiggs—"

"But, Jeannie," he returned. "Oh, it was a fine attempt, all right. 'Give the bum a break—let him tie his keyboard to his up-and-coming wife!' " He rose. The look on her face was all the confirmation he needed. "You and Larry cooked up this little act, didn't you?"

He laughed, spreading his hands for them to look at. "I don't know whether I can play even the stuff you sing, Jeannie. These may not be the same old McKenna fingers, but they have their pride, if nothing else."

She dropped her eyes. Larry said to her, "Frank can accompany you, Jeannie."

Jiggs wanted desperately to leave this place, fast. But he'd done enough to Jeannie already, and walking out on her performance wouldn't help. The least he could do was wait this out.

He sat, watching her in the soft, pink spotlight at the mike. She had never seemed so beautiful; his love for her had never been such torture to contain. She looked, he thought, like a frightened fawn as the first notes sprinkled from the piano. The lad at the keyboard was nothing but a hack, a kid who had rhythm but not an ounce of style. He played an introduction and a portion of the chorus, and Jiggs nodded in satisfaction at the way Jeannie picked it up as the piano softened to a whisper.

THE song was Blue Skies, and he recalled the many times that she had done it with the band. It was one of the better songs in her book—when she sang it jump style.

Blue skies, smiling at me,
Nothing but blue skies do I see.
Blue birds, singing their song,
*Nothing but blue birds from now on. . . .**

She wasn't singing it jump fashion now, which was no great surprise to him. He remembered what she had said, so often, those many months ago: "I won't sing swing, Jiggs. That's final."

Yes, that was final. And this would be final, too. The people were beginning to converse loudly at the tables and in the bar—the surest sign that Jeannie couldn't hold them.

It was the voice she'd always had, a smooth contralto, but it lacked the velvet edge for a slow and throaty arrangement like this. Now, she wasn't any more distinctive than a million other singers, and the crowd knew it. . . .

There was no sense of victory for him in this knowledge that the mob would sit upon their hands when she was done. He saw her face, now slightly turned in his direction, white and pleading for support no one could give. The customers were open competition.

Jiggs cursed them silently. The boys in the band were nervous, too, for this was further reflection on them. Their leader had said that this girl could sing, and she was proving otherwise. . . .

Blue days, all of them gone,
Nothing but blue skies from now on.

Thank God, it was over. Jiggs watched Jeannie standing there at the mike, lost, gone, and he did not want this brutal thing to happen. He didn't want her to find out the hard way that she was wrong. It wasn't nice. He knew. . . .

Joe Carson picked up his sticks. The rest of the men began to fidget for the follow-up number that would wipe away this shame. Jiggs looked to the little drummer, who showed more emotion than anyone else in the band had shown all night. Joe's eyebrows moved slightly upward, and his expressive shoulders moved with them, to say quite plainly that this was how it went. A flop is a flop—though not always so apparent as Jeannie's.

ABRUPTLY, Jiggs arose. He pushed his way through the tables that reached out to trip him, fought his way through the press in the region of the bar. He found the back of the bandstand and jumped up on it, thankful that the darkness screened the piano.

The young fellow looked up with strained concern when Jiggs pushed him along the seat. Jiggs' fingers hovered above the keys, then his hands were on the keyboard.

"I'll take it," he whispered, conscious of the startled glances of the crew. He looked at Jeannie, and his nod told her to wait.

The place was almost still as Jiggs ran his fingers along the polish of the keys. He was grateful that the sounds came out in chords and notes and not in jumbled chunks as he had feared. It was just the first moment that troubled him, he found. After he got started it wasn't hard at all. His fingers found the proper places without the slightest trouble. There was nothing stiff or remote about the music which he made. The fluid passages built around the melody, never quite touching it, never losing it; the hard, driving sharpness of the single-noted playing.

He saw the look of wonder on Jeannie's lovely face; felt the people grow a little more attentive at the sudden change of tempo. He soloed through the chorus, neatly closing the break where Jeannie's second entry should have come. He felt the first few hairs upon his scalp work loose from the comb tracks; they fell across his eyes and through them he could see the boys watching him intently, with something of their old look to his leadership.

Another spotlight joined the batteries of lights above. Jiggs felt it touch him, and knew that everyone could see him now—could see he wore a business suit that might have been a better fit. But no one seemed to mind. Least of all, the boys.

They were grinning at him—the way they used to long ago!

He saw them starting to move around on their chairs, and knew that they were warming to the session.

"Joe! Fats!" Jiggs' lips formed the names without sound, through the music he was making, and he hoped they would respond. There was a long, long moment when they were men of stone, then Joe began getting the skins ready. Fats reached out caressingly for his doghouse. The cymbal started to chant its insistent rhythm; Fats worked his hand against the growling strings.

Jiggs grinned at them, telling them so many things. His fingers, oiled with work, were alive and moving of themselves, surer with each passing bar. He nodded to the trumpets; the mutes were fixed in place. The beat was sprinkled from the keyboard to the brass, then lightly to the whiskers on the drums. Joe was bouncing like a vat of hops, Fats was smiling broadly, spinning his huge fiddle in one hand, beating with the other. Jiggs took eight bars alone, watching the reeds get ready, then he threw the beat to them. They caught it without the slightest doubt.

---

* *Copyright, 1927, Irving Berlin*

The music was a wave of rocking rhythm that filled the club. The customers began tinkling on their glasses.

Jiggs' smile threatened the limits of his lips. He hovered over the keyboard, squeezing out the notes, hoping Jeannie would know the thing to do, hoping she would remember the way they had done it in the past. He brought his pointed finger up and aimed it at her.

She was there, all right, waiting, picking up the beat and putting it into words as she had done so many times before, when they had been together.

Blue skies, smiling at me,
Nothing but blue skies do I see. . . .

She was scatting it the way a voice like hers was meant to do, swaying at the mike, treating the lyrics with proper disrespect.

And they loved it! These paying patrons were politely mad now, captured by the music which Jiggs had fashioned. This was what they wanted—the charging, leading keyboard, the chorus made of brasses, the reeds that jammed it tight.

And Jeannie singing with them! . . .

JIGGS and the boys had to play the number again before the crowd would let another melody invade the club. Fats and Joe and Larry conferred with Jiggs, reviewing their almost forgotten repertoire; Jeannie stored a breath or two, then returned to take another swing vocal, and at her finish the walls were shaking with the noises of approval. . . .

Jiggs was damp with honest, happy sweat when he came down to her table. He had a time of it, picking his way through the boys who tried to slap his back apart. "Good boy, Jiggs!" "Solid, son!" "Nice going, Jiggs!"

Jeannie's face was flushed a becoming pink. She said, "You diagnosed the trouble, Doctor. That was the right remedy, Jiggs."

He couldn't find the words he wanted. The ones that slipped past his lips were not closely related to the conversation. "It's been a long time . . ." He felt luxuriously content when she took his hand and squeezed it. "I've missed you terribly," he said.

"I've been pretty stupid, Jiggs. I didn't do well in Chicago. You were right about my singing. My agent must have used blackmail to get me in here—"

"But you can sing, Jeannie! And the band wouldn't have to break up if you went back—"

"Or if you went back with them," she said.

Suddenly Larry Blain stuck his head into their line of vision. "Both of you are coming back!" He looked meaningly at Jiggs. "The thief who operates this bistro wants to talk about return engagements. What say?" Larry chanted, "His name is Jiggs McKenna, he's the leader of the band," to clarify the point beyond all doubt. "For the love of a union brother, Jiggs, let me get back to my guitar where I belong. I'm no leader. The paying customers are all for you. Yesterday's headlines don't mean a thing. And the boys—well, I think you saw just now. . . ."

Jiggs could not believe these things. He looked from Larry to Jeannie, then to the men who were starting from the stand on another rest session. They were watching him, a trifle shamefaced, like kids who've played hooky and are brought before the teacher. In their faces was confirmation of what Larry was telling him. They wanted him back.

Jeannie said, "Tell the boys that Mr. and Mrs. McKenna accept."

Larry grinned, "I've already told them," and walked away.

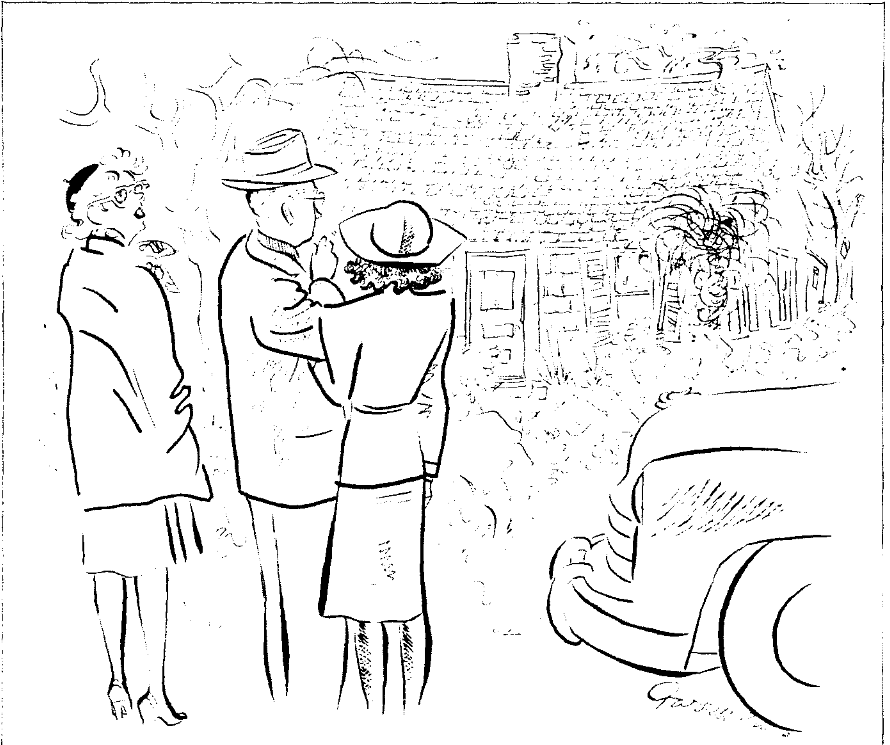
Jiggs was limp on his chair, but he felt warm and fine and full of hope inside. He tried to shake his head to clear it, but the thoughts, the rapid, numbing flow of them, persisted. There were still a million things to say, he felt. Then he realized that speech was not necessary. This modest miracle was such that it had done the necessary things without a lot of words.

He said, "Larry must want to get back to his guitar in a bad way."

"It's where he belongs," Jeannie said. "And it's where you—where we belong, Jiggs." She smiled, the way only a wife can smile in the presence of a husband she is proud of. "It would have been easier if you had let the boys know the truth, but now it's just as well. You let them down once; tonight you picked them up again." She paused. "Sympathy only messes things up." He knew she was remembering the earlier part of the evening. "You were right about that, and about other things, too. . . ."

Jiggs McKenna didn't hear all his wife was saying. He didn't think about kissing her any more. He just leaned across the table. Her mouth was where he wanted it to be.

THE END



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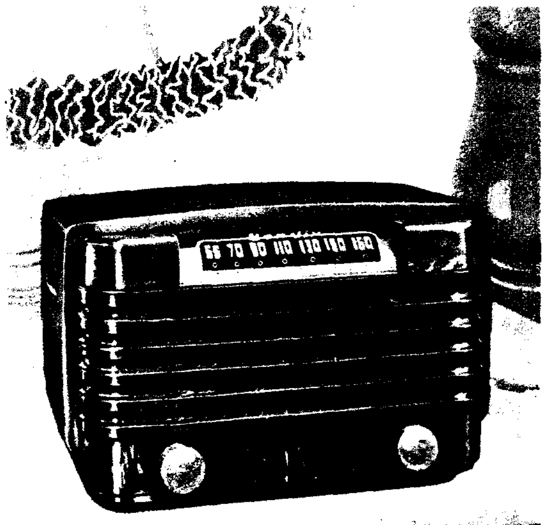

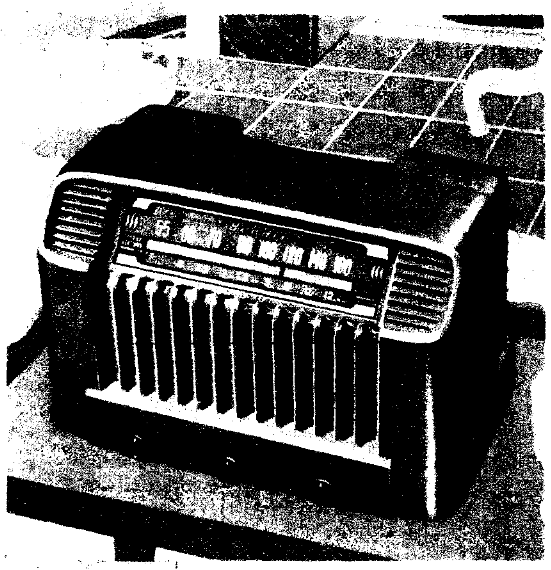

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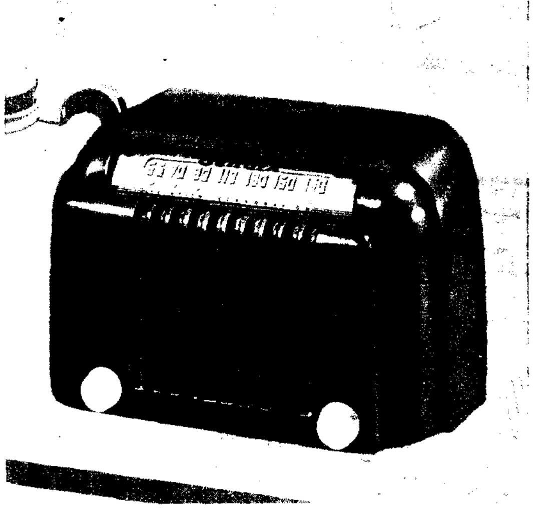

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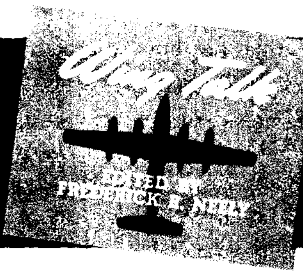
1,000 Miles an Hour?


Wing Talk
EDITED BY FREDERICK C. NEELY

• II

THE Bell XS-1, America's first pilot-carrying rocket plane, was stripped of its powerful motors and heavy fuel load and hooked onto the belly of a B-29 bomber early in February of this year. The Superfort then flew up to 25,000 feet over the Pinecastle Army Air Base, near Orlando, Florida. Down a ladder through the bomb bay into the slip stream climbed Jack Woolams, Bell Aircraft's chief test pilot, to reach the cockpit of his "glider." Then, as the B-29 throttled back to 180 miles an hour, the XS-1 was cut loose and Jack cautiously piloted the little plane back to earth, landing on the air base on its tricycle landing gear at 125 miles an hour.

Ten times he went through these drop tests, and on each flight he experimented a little more with the plane's handling characteristics, from a stalling speed of 120 miles an hour to 400 in dives. Having exhausted his extensive test-pilot knowledge on how to develop bugs in the flying qualities of the Bell XS-1 (Experimental Supersonic and the first of that new class of aircraft), Jack beamingly turned in a final report that the little ship was "the most delightful one to fly of them all"—and he has about covered the field of fast-flying experimental planes both here and abroad.

These drop tests satisfied Jack that this was the safest and most efficient way to launch the XS-1, particularly since it will be loaded with thousands of pounds of rocket motors and fuel. It eliminates at the very start a hazardous take-off from the ground for, regardless of the tremendous size of Muroc Dry Lake, in the California desert, power failure at low altitude would require a forced landing at a speed of over 200 miles an hour, an almost suicidal undertaking. Then, too, a launching from the B-29 at 30,000 feet saves the fuel that would be expended by a ground take-off to reach the altitude for testing and allows him a full four minutes of powered flight, the XS-1's maximum endurance. Rocket fuel consumption is inordinately high.

In the first seconds after he is dropped clear of the B-29 and turns on the rocket motors, Jack will be thinking faster than at any other time in his life—except, perhaps, when he was running vertical dive tests on America's first jet-propelled fighter in January last year.

THAT was when, at a speed of nearly 600 miles an hour, the tail crumpled and the plane flashed out of the dive and charged upward. The resulting forces on the structure jammed his cockpit escape hatch. While the plane wobbled crazily through the sky at 18,000 feet, Jack, even with the superstrength that comes only in crises like this, could not slide the canopy back to bail out. He radioed the details of what had and was happening back to Bell's flight-test section at the factory. Then he concluded: *"I—can't—get—out!"* Panic had not yet engulfed him when he decided to stand up and force the hatch open with the power in his legs and back, at whatever the cost to either or both.

The hatch gave way and he escaped, to land stocking-footed—his flying boots were wrenched off in the bail-out—in six feet of snow and at 10° above zero in an isolated section near Niagara Falls. He would have lost his feet from frostbite except for the timely arrival of a Bell helicopter carrying a physician, the only avenue open to rescue. Having been able to tell the engineers enough for them to figure out exactly what went wrong and why, two weeks later Jack went back to work and completed the dive tests on a similar but slightly modified jet fighter.

Actually when Jack throws the switch that will send out fire and heat from the four rocket engines clustered in the tail of his ship, his official mission will be a rather easy one—just to fly 530 miles an hour at 35,000 feet. This is what the NACA contract calls for; Bell Aircraft has guaranteed that much, and Jack must prove it.

But there is no governor on the rocket motors to hold them back to that mere 530 miles an hour. Bell Aircraft engineers and experts of Reaction Motors, builders of the rocket engines, expect that each succeeding flight during the feeling-out trials will push forward Jack's speed until 1,000 or more miles an hour and a ceiling close to 80,000 feet are reached.

Close adherence to this flying program will take weeks, maybe months, particularly if an epidemic of "bugs" attacks the ship, its power plant and accessories. But should all go well after a couple of warm-up flights, Jack, with his eagerness to break the seal on the secrets of supersonic flight, is prepared to unleash the XS-1's 30,000 horsepower, ram the bulletlike plane through the high sky to its maximum capabilities and give America a head start in the international race for supersonic superiority that is now beginning. (As the war ended, the Nazis were working on a rocket plane estimated to develop a speed of 1,700 miles an hour and reach an altitude of 100,000 feet. Both Britain and Russia have these details.)

Regardless of the speed Jack brings back beyond the NACA requirement, the Bell XS-1, a strictly scientific supersonic flying laboratory with no military characteristics, then will be turned over to the NACA's pilots and engineers who, with no yen for spectacular and sensational speed and altitude records just for the sake of making them, will dig for answers to a mile-long list of questions on highly scientific problems which need to be nailed down as positive facts before more ambitious supersonic aircraft can be flown.

As they accumulate this priceless knowledge from flights in the Bell XS-1, they will feed it to the Army Air Forces for adaptation to supersonic military aircraft, both piloted and pilotless, and eventually to builders of supersonic civilian planes.

WOOLAMS' test flights are so vital to America that he cannot run any risk of losing his life or the plane or both. The XS-1 will be stocked with costly instruments recording voluminous scientific information which he could not possibly write on a knee pad as test pilots of old tried to do, and if the plane breaks up while passing through the trans-sonic range, the instruments and their recorded readings will also break up. To guard against losing everything, telemetering devices will send back, by radio, the more important instrument readings, as long as they can.

But how will Jack get back? He has left nothing to luck or chance. The product of the best minds in the land on his ability to survive the collapse of his plane at the peak of its estimated performance, 75,000 feet in altitude and more than 1,000 miles an hour in speed, has been placed at his disposal. Jack is no stranger to high-altitude flying. As a Bell Aircraft test pilot, he pushed the original Bell twin-engined jet-propelled fighter, the XP59A, to an altitude of 47,600 feet.

He will wear a pressure suit, a tight-fitting garment which, in operation, shrinks tightly to the skin to protect him against the low pressure aloft or a sudden change in the cockpit pressure. On his leg will be strapped an oxygen bottle to operate the pressure device and feed him oxygen, if he has to bail out. He will be connected with the plane's system until then. His helmet, with built-in goggles, and zipper-locked from the nape of his neck to the top of his head—not a bell-diver type—also will be pressurized, as will his rubber shoes and gloves. So will the plane's cockpit.

His standard Army-type parachute is equipped with an aneroid barometric device, set to open at a predetermined safe altitude, say around 10,000 feet. If he has to bail out, it will be up to him how and when he leaves the plane as it will carry no automatic pilot ejector (now being developed to heave airmen out of jet and rocket planes).

Jack well knows he could not climb out of the XS-1 at high speeds and survive. So if the rocket ship becomes disabled, he'll ride it down, counting on it to decelerate to a constant speed when it becomes a free-falling object, and then pick a suitable time to dive out. They say a human body falling through space eventually settles down to a speed of around 140 miles an hour, regardless of whether it started its fall at a slower speed or a higher one. And so Jack figures that if he should lose consciousness in the course of his escape from the plane at a very great height, and if his personal oxygen plant fails, he will free-fall until he is at a safe altitude for breathing when his pre-set automatic parachute will open.

THE END

JERRY COOKE—PIX

This luxuriously appointed C-47 (DC-3) is equipped with eight swivel chairs, two forward lounges and other comforts. Designed by Raymond Loewy Associates in New York, the conversion work was done by Northwestern Aeronautical Corp., Holman Field, St. Paul

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“Is it any wonder I consider the railroads just about the best kind of partner a man could have?”

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The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: Artist Francis Chase painted a very pretty picture of Niagara for the June 8th edition of Collier's. But he put the moon in the north, and it shouldn't be there.
W. LAUER
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Mr. Lauer has on-the-spot knowledge. Mr. Chase demands poetic license.

DEAR EDITOR: I'll lay you fifty to one that the flag you suggest for United Nations isn't adopted. It's attractive and Tom Paine was a great old lad. But why should *we* pick the flag for U.N.? Wouldn't it be better to have a U.N. committee do it?
WILBUR C. SMITH
Washington, D. C.

Referred to U.N.

DEAR EDITOR: I notice a tendency among some English teachers to use "Aren't I?" for "Am I not?" In so doing, are they being correct?
A SUBSCRIBER
Norton, Va.

Usage sanctions "Aren't I?" but, strictly speaking, "Am I not?" is correct but unwieldy. We stick to good old "ain't."

DEAR EDITOR: Having just completed a tour of the 48 states, I am in a position to state definitely that the most beautiful young women in America are to be found in (1) Texas, (2) Virginia, (3) Georgia, (4) California. The ugliest are to be found in—well, maybe I'd better withhold that information, since I'm going to sign my name.
EDWARD SLOANE PEEL
Boston, Mass.

For your invaluable report on a vitally important subject, requiring much research, our sincere thanks.

DEAR EDITOR: At last the expectant mother has come into her own in Collier's, through the article, Wardrobe for Waiting, in your July 13th issue. I am 21 and expecting my second child, so I'm still young enough to appreciate those extra touches of glamor in a maternity wardrobe, as well as in a "before and after" outfit. Many thanks!
MRS. KENNETH HILEMAN
Clay Center, Kans.

DEAR EDITOR: There is no other magazine in the United States which prints one-panel laughable cartoons that anywhere equal yours. How you select them is beyond me; you must have a wizard as a cartoon editor.
MONTGOMERY MULFORD
Buffalo, N. Y.

That's right. Meet Wizard Gurney Williams:

The Week' Work

Frances Perkins i
seen talking to on
of the workers o
a Flying Fortre

FROM where Frances Perkins sat throughout the Roosevelt administration, she had a unique view of the late President. (The Roosevelt I Knew, p. 11.) One of Roosevelt's first acts, after taking office, was to appoint her Secretary of Labor. For 12 troubled years, while labor strife raged around her, Miss Perkins' life was made difficult by constant criticism from labor, industry and the press A comment by Robert Moses was typical: "The attitude of both labor and employer toward Miss Perkins," he said, "is a good deal like that of habitués of a water-front saloon toward a visiting lady slummer—grim, polite, and unimpressed."

Through all of this, Roosevelt gave her strong support. He had been impressed with her earlier work as chairman of the New York State Industrial Board, and when he became New York governor, he made her Industrial Commissioner.

Miss Perkins began her career as a social worker. After she graduated from Mount Holyoke College, she was offered a job as an analytical chemist, but her family opposed her accepting it, since they disapproved of women working outside the home. So instead she did social work for the Episcopal Church in Worcester, Mass., her home town.

Later, she took a teaching job in Chicago and drifted toward Hull House. Then, after more social-work training at Columbia University, she became secretary of the New York Consumer's League, which worked for protective legislation for industrial workers, particularly for women and children. Miss Perkins witnessed the Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire in which 146 girls died, and thereafter turned her attention to safety legislation. She was largely responsible for the passage of legislation limiting the work week for women to 48 hours. It had been 54 hours.

Her first act as Secretary of Labor was to disband a group of undercover men in her department who had been assigned "to investigate violations of the alien-labor law, Bolshevism, moral turpitude, grand duchesses, foreign movie actors who overstay their leaves and similar menaces."

Miss Perkins has been praised for the work she did with the Children's Bureau and the Women's Bureau. Both functioned efficiently under her. She al improved the Department of Lab Standards and the Bureau of Labor St tistics.

Her friendly critics say that the me fact that she was a woman handicapp her. However, she asks for no conce sions on that score. "Being a woman h only bothered me in climbing trees," s says.

Miss Perkins' article in this issue is t first of a series. They were adapted fro her book of the same title, which is d for early publication by Viking Press.

AUTHOR HELEN WORDEN, wh writes about the secluded life Mrs. H. McK. Twombly in Dowag Queen (p. 29), says she always has bee fascinated by people who lead remo existences. "Perhaps this is because used to run across an occasional herm in the Colorado Rockies when I was child. My grandfather knew sever tucked off in obscure cabins up forgotte gulches. Most of them were Englis remittance men with George Berna Shaw beards.

Helen Worden

"Their rare appearances were noctu nal. Sitting on the shaft-house doorste of whatever mine m grandfather happened t own at the moment, w would see the will-o'-th wisp light of a lanter twinkling by and gran father would say, 'Ther goes a hermit.'

" 'What hermit?' I ask then, and he woul answer, depending on th location of the min 'Captain Adaire,' or 'M D. K. Jones.' Then h would call in a voi which could be hear all over the mountai 'Hall-oo!'

"Back would come shy, 'Hello, Colonel Te ers,' but that was all. Abruptly the b bing lantern would vanish into a gul or around a mountain slope.

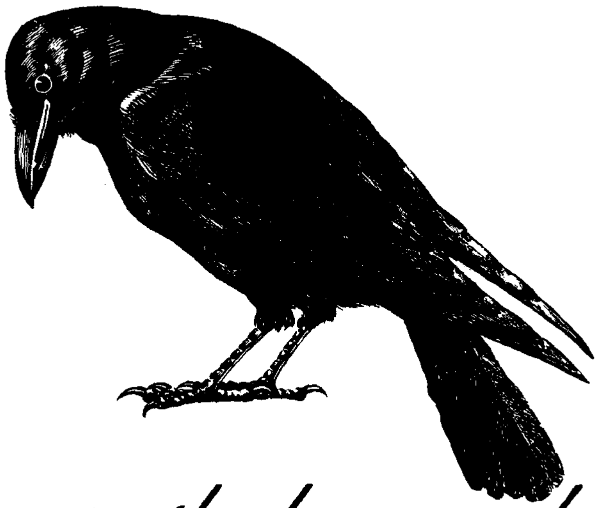
"I wanted to know why they we hermits. In the case of Mr. D. K. Jone the postmistress answered by showin me a newspaper clipping of the will of long-dead Boulder County banker. U derscored was a bequest which read, leave $1,000 to D K. Jones, my wife unsuccessful suitor.' "

When Miss Worden came from Par to work on the New York World i 1926, one of her assignments was El Wendell, a recluse who lived in a Fift Avenue mansion. Since then, Miss Wo den has stalked many a hermit. . . . A.

Fame and Fortune lay before him

as James Crow looked down on fair Kentucky

Coming over the mountains about 1825,
James Crow introduced new methods and standards
which revolutionized the making of whiskey in America.



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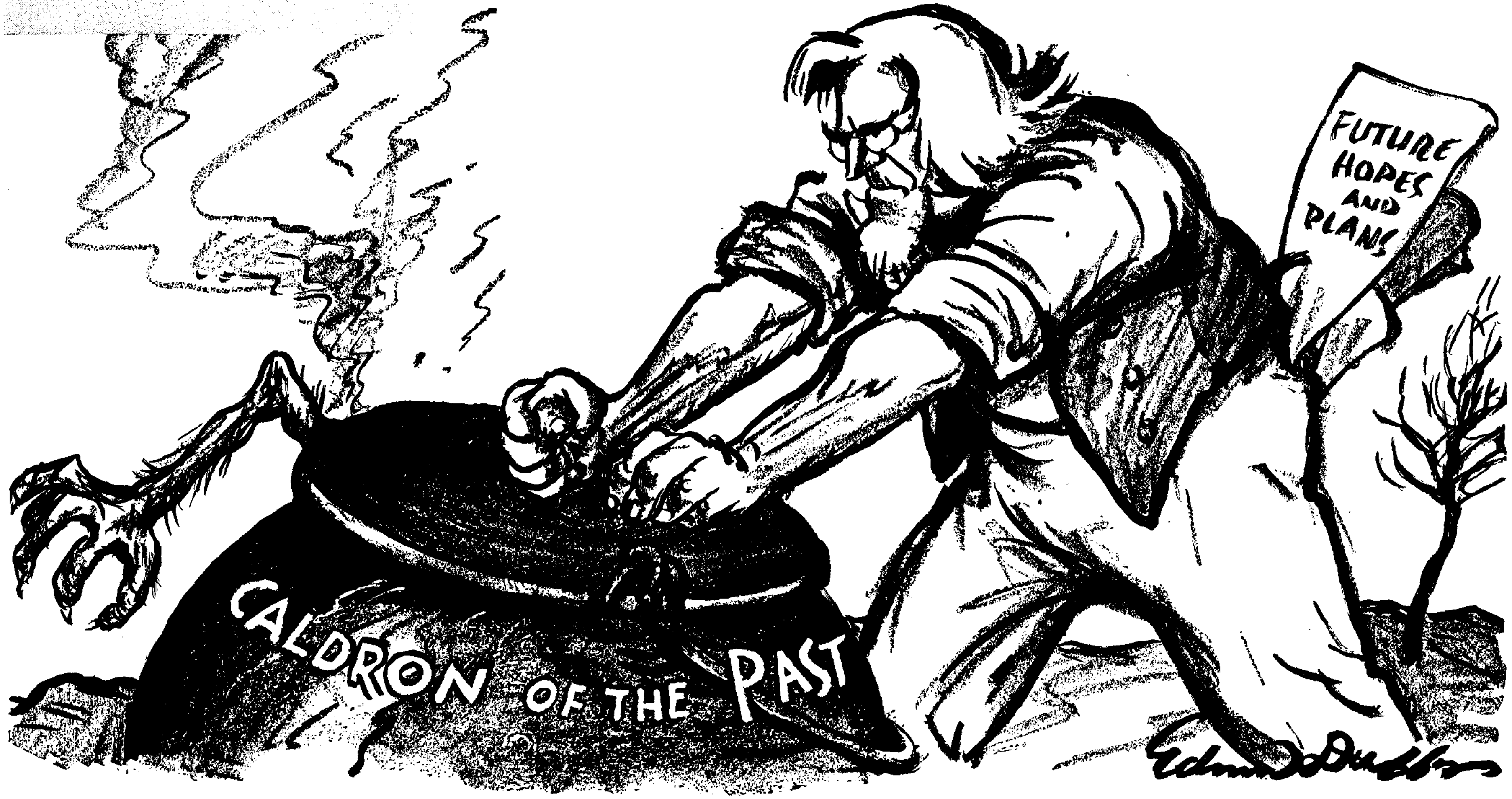


ONE YEAR AFTER V-J DAY

VICTORY-JAPAN DAY officially was September 2, 1945—the day General of the Army Douglas MacArthur and Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz took the formal surrender of the Japanese Empire aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay.

Actually, the major fighting in World War II ended August 14, 1945. That was just eight days after the explosion of the first atomic bomb used in war, over Hiroshima, and six days after the second such bomb tore the heart out of Nagasaki.

It seems hard to believe that the war ended only a year ago. So many things have happened since then, in so many parts of the world, that one has a feeling that a decade or worse must have passed since V-J Day. This last year did not run out swiftly.

How is the world doing a year after V-J Day?

The most optimistic answer one can make is: Hopefully, thanks, but not too well.

Hunger is prowling large areas of the earth. The United States, as in the first years following World War I, is carrying most of the burden of famine relief. It looks like a long pull, though it is hoped the worst may be over next month.

Consumers' goods are so scarce everywhere that all major countries are suffering more or less inflation. A wave of big strikes in this country earlier this year slowed production badly, so that it seems impossible for us to freeze our own relatively mild inflation at its present point.

The best way to fight inflation, regardless of what our friends of the leftist and funny-money persuasions have to say on the subject, is to produce more and more consumers' goods, to postpone further big strikes until we're reasonably sure that the dollar is going to continue worth striking for.

Internationally, the picture is anything but good. Russia's Communist government and Great Britain's Socialist government oppose each other heartily, and there is uneasiness in this country lest we be drawn into some sort of showdown between Great Britain and Russia.

In the Security Council of the United Nations, Russia has been stubborn and unco-operative. Comrade Andrei Gromyko has exercised his veto power in such petty disputes that gossip now buzzes around about a possible Russian intention just to walk out of the U.N. someday, as Germany and Italy walked out of the old League of Nations.

Jitters concerning the atomic bomb and how to control and peaceably develop atomic energy go on afflicting people. These jitters are not precisely alleviated by the fact that the Baruch plan and the Russian plan are in conflict with each other and no compromise has been worked out as this is written.

In the matter of the defense of the United States, we have already relaxed into the apathy which overtook us soon after World War I. Congress has passed an essentially phony extension of the draft law—though it has had the good sense to up Army pay in all echelons, in hope of attracting enough volunteers to carry on our Japanese and German occupation tasks and maintain a respectable Army at home.

We're still doing fairly well by the Navy and the Air Forces, which is one bright spot in the postwar picture. But we wouldn't care to predict how long it will stay bright. There are other bright spots if you look hard enough—not big, but encouraging.

For one, such things as the revived Ku Klux Klan don't seem to be getting very far this time, whereas hatred and intolerance were sweeping the nation a year after the end of World War I.

For another, the long-predicted postwar crash in employment hasn't come to pass. Some 52,000,000 Americans have jobs, most of them reasonably well paid, and only about 3,000,000 are drawing unemployment insurance of any kind. The latter figure includes a lot of veterans who want to rest up a while on their $20 a week before looking for work.

We've come to a lull in the big strikes. Though our labor leaders by and large go on talking big and tough for publication, the word from the inside is that most of them are now highly sensitized to the general public's state of fed-upness regarding strikes.

Still another bright spot in the picture is the fact that General MacArthur has done and is doing a superb job in occupied Japan.

Our occupation forces in southern Germany are not doing so well, chiefly because four nations are trying to run Germany jointly. But MacArthur, flatly insisting on being the big and only boss in his bailiwick, has made such a hit with the Japanese that they are now eagerly lapping up a tale that one of his forebears by some unexplained miracle was a Nip.

So no more than a year has passed since the biggest, most devastating war in history came to a close.

You don't get over such a catastrophe as that in one year. Most of Europe was in turmoil for 20 years after the Napoleonic Wars. Trouble, hatred and financial upsets went on for fully 10 years after our Civil War, and there are places in the South that haven't really got over that conflict yet.

If the human race can muddle through the next 10 years or so in its immemorial dogged, never-known-when-it's-licked fashion, that will be about the best we can expect. Then, if it can manage somehow just not to fight World War III, the race's future should begin to look more than promising.

You're going to love the New Jeep Station Wagon

YES, SIR . . . love at first sight, because the "Jeep" Station Wagon meets your need for a double-use family or business vehicle with room for everybody and everything.

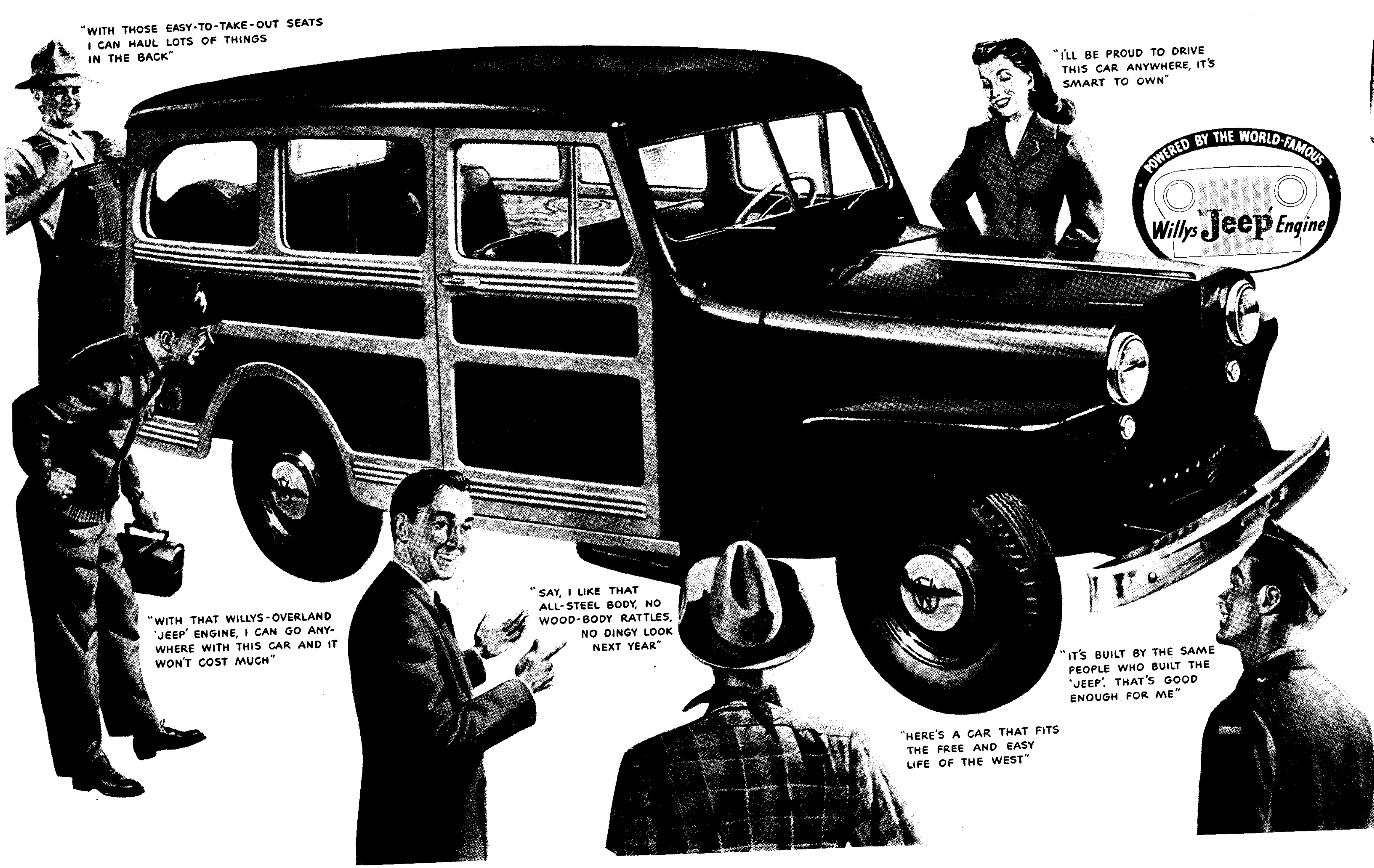
All-steel body . . . steel top. The "Jeep" Station Wagon has an all-steel body and top. That means safer driving, lasting beauty, and no wood-body squeaks.

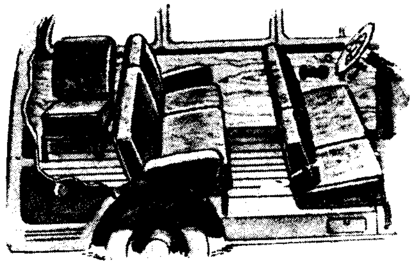
Willys-Overland designed it for wide utility, comfort, performance, low operating costs. The big, wide body seats seven adults, comfortably. You can remove all seats except the driver's—and have space for an amazing amount of packages, luggage, camp equipment or what have you!

The "Jeep" Station Wagon is rich in other features: Beautiful interior . . . easy-cushion seats . . . fenders that won't invite dents . . . many another.

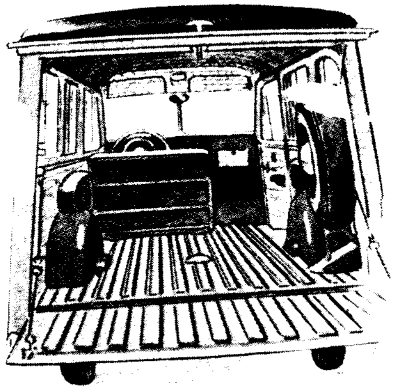
Jeep performance. The "Jeep" Station Wagon is engineered for smooth, comfortable riding. And under its distinctive hood is the Willys "Jeep" Engine, refined for even more flashing performance and long mileage.

See it now at Willys-Overland dealers.


"WITH THOSE EASY-TO-TAKE-OUT SEATS I CAN HAUL LOTS OF THINGS IN THE BACK"
"WITH THAT WILLYS-OVERLAND 'JEEP' ENGINE, I CAN GO ANYWHERE WITH THIS CAR AND IT WON'T COST MUCH"
"SAY, I LIKE THAT ALL-STEEL BODY, NO WOOD-BODY RATTLES, NO DINGY LOOK NEXT YEAR"
"I'LL BE PROUD TO DRIVE THIS CAR ANYWHERE, IT'S SMART TO OWN"
POWERED BY THE WORLD-FAMOUS Willys 'Jeep' Engine
"HERE'S A CAR THAT FITS THE FREE AND EASY LIFE OF THE WEST"
"IT'S BUILT BY THE SAME PEOPLE WHO BUILT THE 'JEEP'. THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"



SEATS FOR ALL in the roomy "Jeep" Station Wagon. Deep-cushioned full-size seats for *seven* adults. All except driver's seat removable to provide big carrying space.



DOUBLE DOOR at rear makes loading easy. Bottom door can remain down to carry extra large load. Rear space large enough for bundles even when seven ride.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

QUALITY OF PRODUCT
IS ESSENTIAL TO
CONTINUING SUCCESS
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
Means Fine Tobacco
. . . and in a Cigarette
it's the Tobacco that counts
Yes, L.S./M.F.T.
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.